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Saturday Review

APRIL 18, 1970 50¢

VERMONT SCHOOLS

Young Ideas In An Old State

by DIANE DIVOKY

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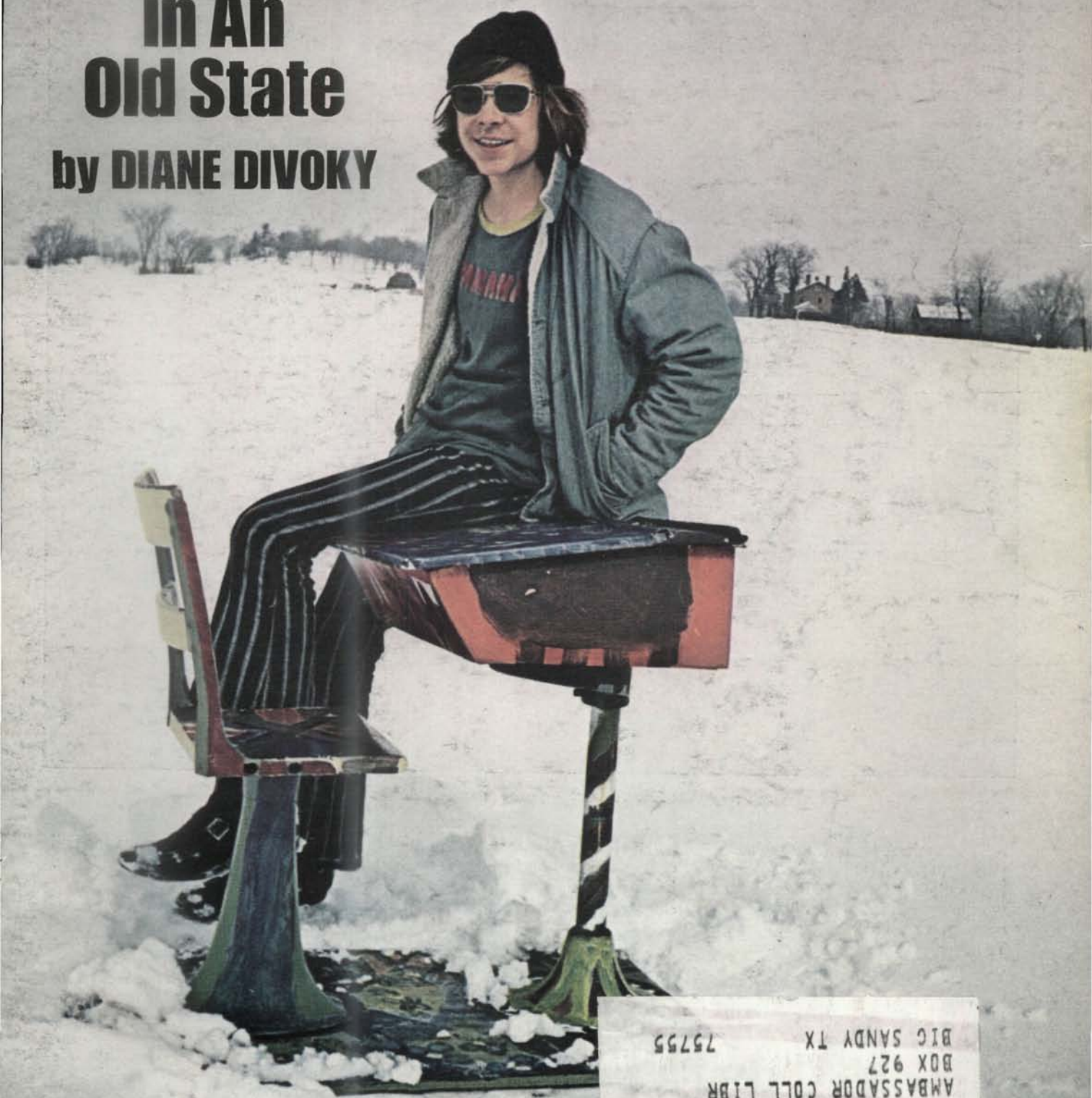

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Saturday Review

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Did your Easter visit to family or friends include at least one frustrating wait in traffic on the freeway? Mine did. And while trying not to breathe the fumes and to stay calm at the same time, I thought back to the days when driving was fun. Remember? What turned it into a nightmare?

I found the answers in a new book called SUPERHIGHWAY—SUPERHOAX. The author, Helen Leavitt, lives in Washington, D.C. and got interested in superhighways when she discovered that one was planned that would bisect her living room. She helped stop that one and began to research the wreck of the American transportation system. The result, says *Publishers' Weekly*, is "a bombshell in the Nader tradition, a wrath-provoking book that names names and lays on the facts that spell out a portrait of the superhighway superhoax.

It's quite a portrait. SUPERHIGHWAY—SUPERHOAX could be subtitled 'The Making of a Monster' as it chronicles the development of the Highway Trust Fund that began as a relatively modest system in 1944 for the purpose of transporting troops in time of emergency. Can you imagine transporting troops on the Long Island Expressway?

Lewis Mumford read an early copy of SUPERHIGHWAY—SUPERHOAX and said, "It will be as much dreaded by the motorcar-highway coalition as Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* was dreaded by the manufacturers of herbicides and pesticides. . . . Here is ammunition for those citizen groups all over the country whose welfare has been wantonly sacrificed to promote the sale of motorcars, gas, oil, concrete, highway building machinery, and all the accessories that go with them."

April 22 is Earth Day—a day devoted to saving our environment. Read SUPERHIGHWAY—SUPERHOAX. You will find that it can help you save part of *your* environment.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

SUPERHIGHWAY—SUPERHOAX ($6.95), by Helen Leavitt, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained at any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 17116 Kercheval Avenue, Grosse Pointe, Michigan 48230.

Cover story, page 62

Vermont Schools: Young Ideas in an Old State

by Diane Divoky

Cover: Al Vandenberg

IDEAS

19 Book Publishing's Hidden Bonanza by Curtis G. Benjamin

22 Libraries and the Inner City by David Dempsey

EDITORIAL

24 To Those Who Take Freedom Seriously

BOOKS

27 Index of Books Reviewed

27 When America Was Singing "Buddy, Can You Spare a Dime?" by Henry S. Resnik, an essay review of "Hard Times: An Oral History of the Great Depression" by Studs Terkel

30 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

36 Books for Young People by Zena Sutherland

EDUCATION

57 Education Index

62 Vermont Schools: Young Ideas in an Old State by Diane Divoky

66 The Skill of Relevance or the Relevance of Skills by Jerome Bruner

69 What's Left When School's Forgotten? by Terry Borton

THE ARTS

THEATER

26 Henry Hewes appraises "Borstal Boy" and "Applause."

MOVIES

42 Roland Gelatt reviews "Woodstock."

MUSIC

44 Irving Kolodin: The Remarriage of Figaro; Orchestra from Rotterdam.

TRAVEL

50 David Butwin adapts to Club Med existence on Martinique.

COLUMNS

8 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

12 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

16 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds

25 Letters to the Editor

46 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

47 John Lear: Science

48 Nicholas G. Balint: As Others See Us

WORD GAMES

28 Your Literary I.Q.

32 Literary Crypt

77 Wit Twister

90 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1880

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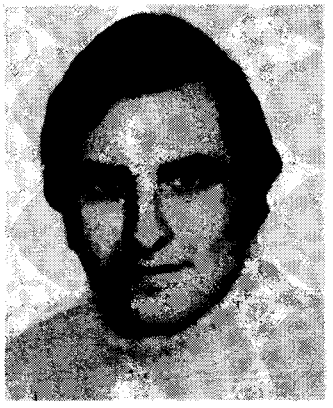
The F.B.I. helps teach reading in Bedford-Stuyvesant

Watching popular television shows like "The F.B.I." and "Room 222" at home is part of an unusual program developed by Edward Chervin, remedial reading teacher at Whitelaw Reid Junior High in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section. He used this mass medium to stimulate his seventh-graders' involvement and participation. Here's how he did it:



Mr. Edward Chervin, Whitelaw Reid Junior High School, Brooklyn, New York.

"The students weren't interested in available material."

"When you're teaching economically and socially deprived children to read, you have to use their interests to involve them. Our fourteen-year-olds laugh at the third- and fourth-grade books they can manage, but they lack the reading comprehension to handle materials appropriate for their own grade level. So I have to find material that doesn't insult their minds, but encourages them to want to read.

"First assignment . . . watch television."

"I asked my classes to hand in as homework a list of their five favorite television programs, and two things happened. For the first time this semester I received a paper from almost every student, and I became a TV addict. Each night I watch the shows they listed, being careful to jot down names of characters and places. Then I go to my fluid masters and write out the plot of each show in short story form.

"TV plots introduce new words."

"At the start of each story I include ten to fifteen new vocabulary words, and after the story I add some thought-provoking questions for the students to answer. Then I run them off on our duplicating machine and hand them out the next day. So far, we've found it works with regular shows and also news events. I don't claim to have accomplished any miracles, but with relevant curriculum adapted from their favorite TV shows, at least I'm seeing some raised hands in my classes. And I know by watching their faces that they look forward to each new story."

Sometimes the prescribed curriculum just doesn't work. That's when teachers like Mr. Chervin are creative enough to let their students help restructure it.

If you'd like to start something like this in your school system, write us for a copy of Mr. Chervin's story quiz "The F.B.I." A. B. Dick Company, 5700 Touhy Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60648, Dept. SR-4.

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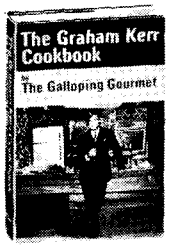
WHICH OF THESE BOOKS HAVE YOU



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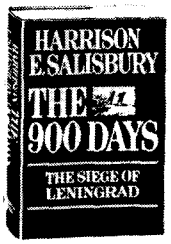

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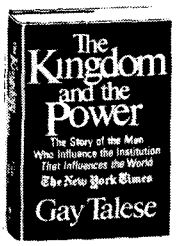
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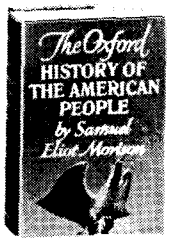

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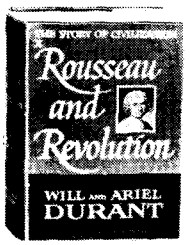

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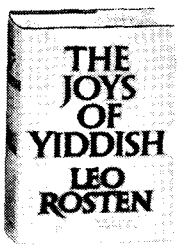

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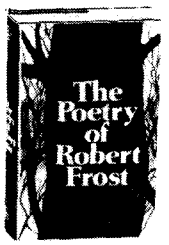

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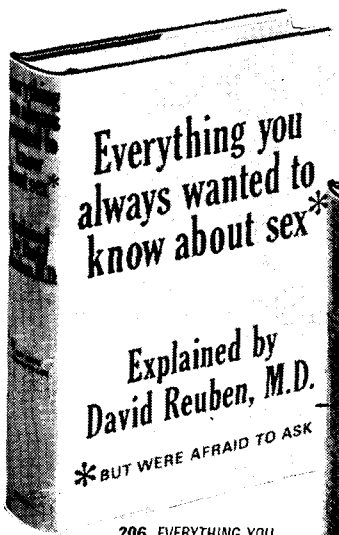

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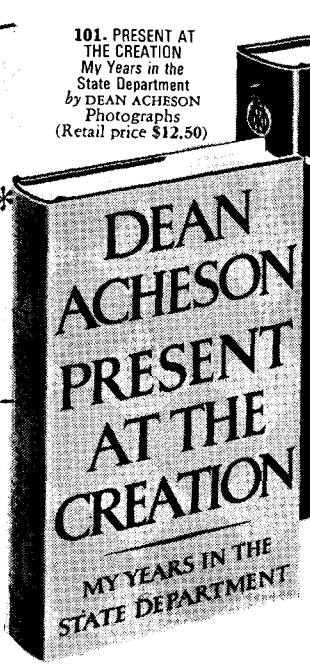

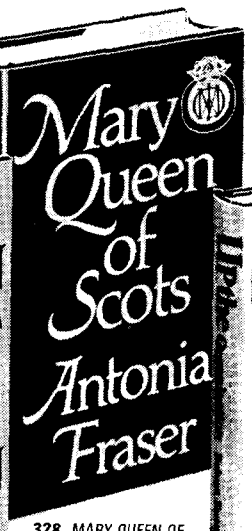

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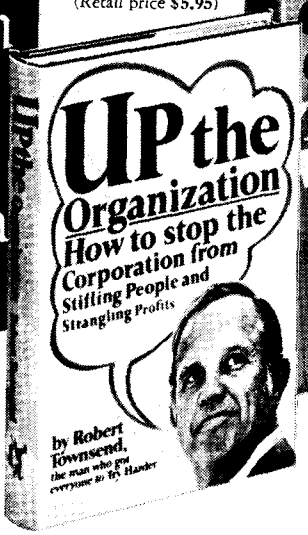
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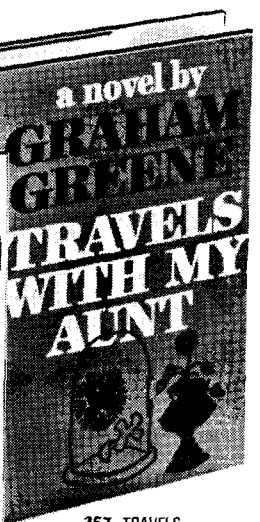

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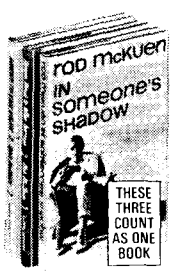

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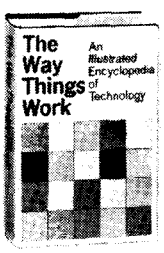

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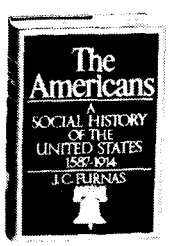

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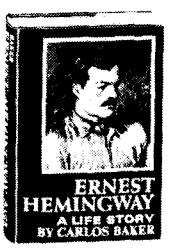

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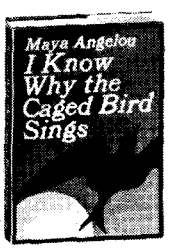

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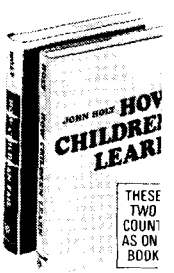

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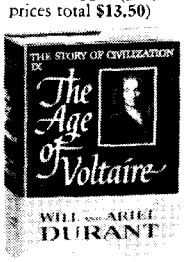

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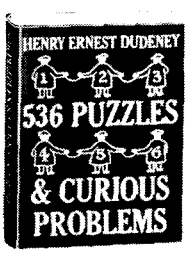

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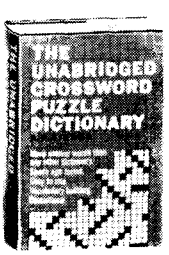

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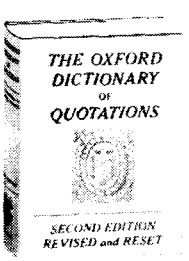

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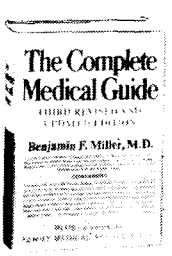

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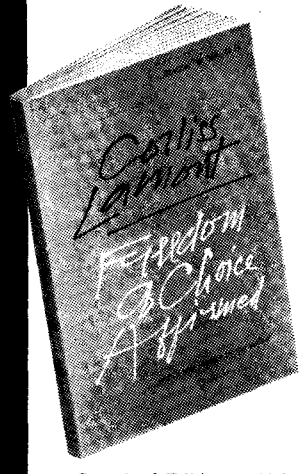

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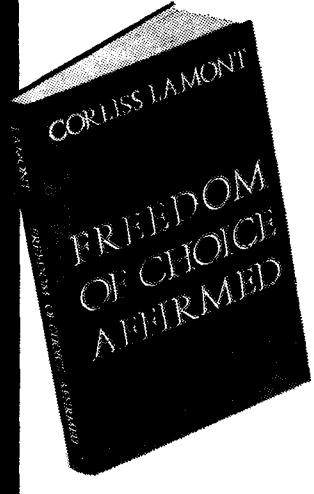

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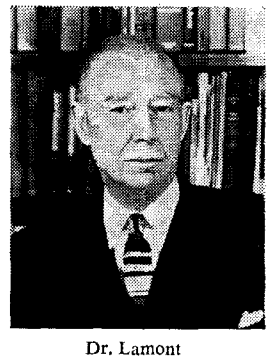

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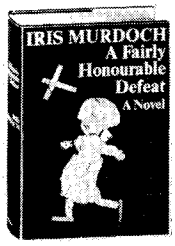

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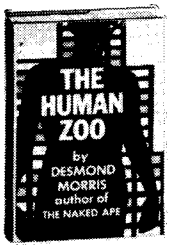

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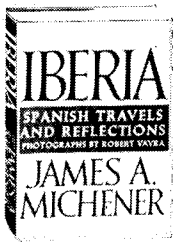

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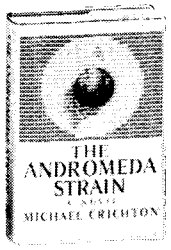

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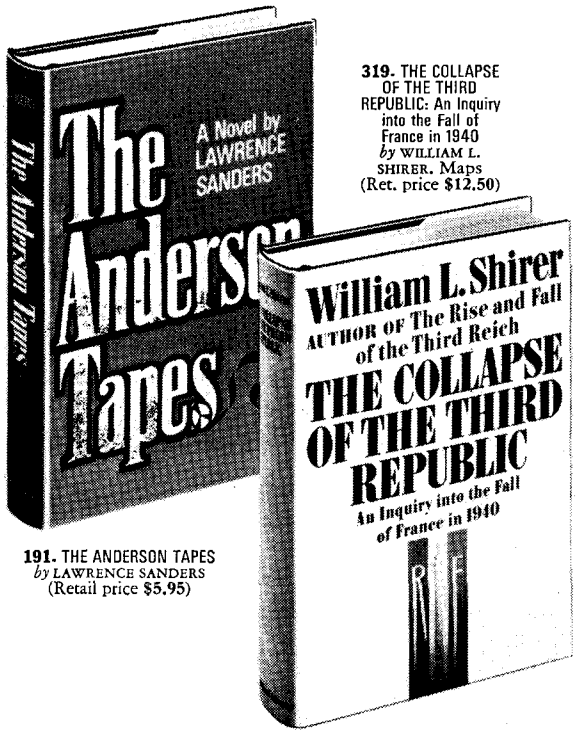
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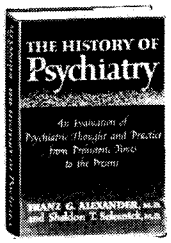

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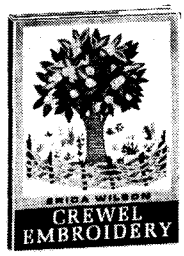

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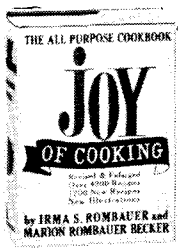

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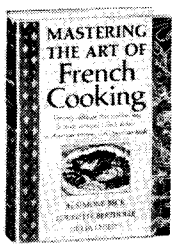

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Architect

ON A CORNER of Park Avenue in mid-Manhattan there stood for many years a quaint, four-story, red brick building that housed the American Bible Society. In one of the windows there was always, on a stand, a king-sized pulpit Bible, opened to display the quotation of the day.

It was my wont, as I passed every day, to pause for a moment of brief, but deep, contemplation, to read the featured passage. The last one I recall reading was "I am the Lord thy God . . . thou shalt have no other before me."

Suddenly, the American Bible Society packed its Bible and its stand and moved out. Then, in 1968, the Republican Party took over the building as its New York campaign headquarters.

Every day I passed, I paused in brief, but deep, contemplation, to read the quotation on the window: NIXON'S THE ONE.

Later that year, when it turned out Nixon was indeed the one, the Republicans packed their buttons and their promises, and moved to Washington, D.C.

Some weeks later, along came the steam shovels, the bulldozers, the dynamite, and the tin-hatted men. Park Avenue, or the Glass Canyon, was to acquire another skyscraper.

This is progress, a more scientific way to reach that heaven which the American Bible Society had for many years been so earnestly selling in its quaint, four-story, red brick building.

The new building is to be thirty-five stories. And yet, from my expertise, gleaned over the years as a sidewalk superintendent, during which I erected at least a dozen of these formidable structures, I have already detected several major mistakes on this new job.

As I pass this project, I pause in brief, but deep, contemplation, through peephole No. 4. The men keep digging, and the steam shovel—well, it don't say nothin', it just keeps shovelin' along. They're so far down now that, from my peephole, the men look like ants. I know our government is making overtures to recognize China, but this is ridiculous.

The pattern never varies. A man blows a whistle, another man sets off a blast of dynamite, and the hungry steam shovel grabs a mouthful of rubble and spews it into the waiting trucks. The trucks go and come up and down a hill of dirt that the steam shovel has left standing.

And that's where they are going to run into their first knotty problem. Once that hill is removed, how, if you don't mind my pointing, will that monster of a steam shovel get out of that hole into which it has painted itself? And how am I going to get out of that lousy metaphor I dug myself into?

The answer is that neither of us will. Yesterday, when I went to my surveying office at No. 4, the dirt hill road was gone, and the steam shovel was quietly sitting down there getting a tan in the noonday sun.

It was surrounded by a group of the tin-hatted men who were holding a crash luncheon-business conference. I couldn't hear what they were saying between their sandwich bites, but, from the way they gulped their food, it was obvious the topic was "how do we get this damn thing out of here?"

That evening, I passed again when the men were knocking off work. The steam shovel was still down there, but the men were so jolly and carefree that I immediately suspected what they had decided. But they are not going to get away with it.

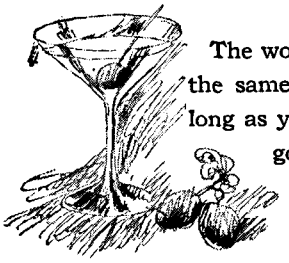
When that building is up, I will go directly to the sub-subbasement and look for a mound of cement that has the outline of a steam shovel. So when you read that a new thirty-five-story building had to be torn down and put up again, you'll know why.

I know what you're asking. "If you're such an expert, why didn't you warn these workers?" I'll tell you why. When I started superintending construction many years ago—it was the Schenley Building—I detected such a stupid miscalculation through my peephole that I was sure those tin hats had been supplied with the Schenley product.

What a faux pas! They had forgotten to leave space for elevators! Naïve apprentice that I was, I mentioned it to one of the journeymen. He stared, shook his head, walked away. But don't think he didn't hear me. They made space, and to this day there have been elevators there. And not a word of thanks, or even a jigger of the product.

The American Bible Society would have been more charitable. The quotation in the window that day would have read: "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

Olive? Onion? Twist?



The world would be a dulldumb place if everybody liked the same thing. "Give 'em a choice," we always say. As long as you only get to choose from the best, you can't go wrong. Like choosing from one of these basically different, but all great cheese snacks to serve along with your favorite drink.

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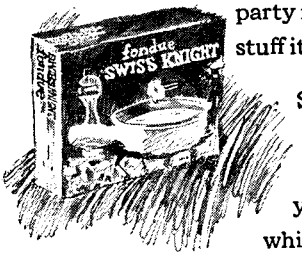

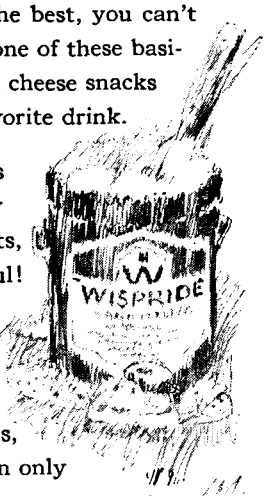

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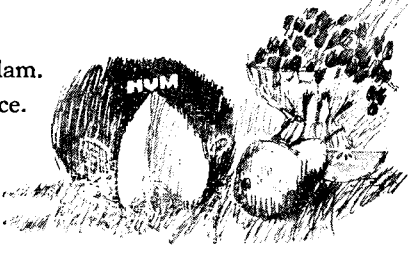

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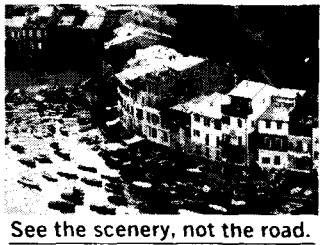

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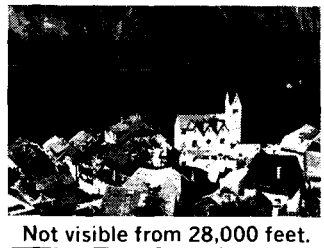

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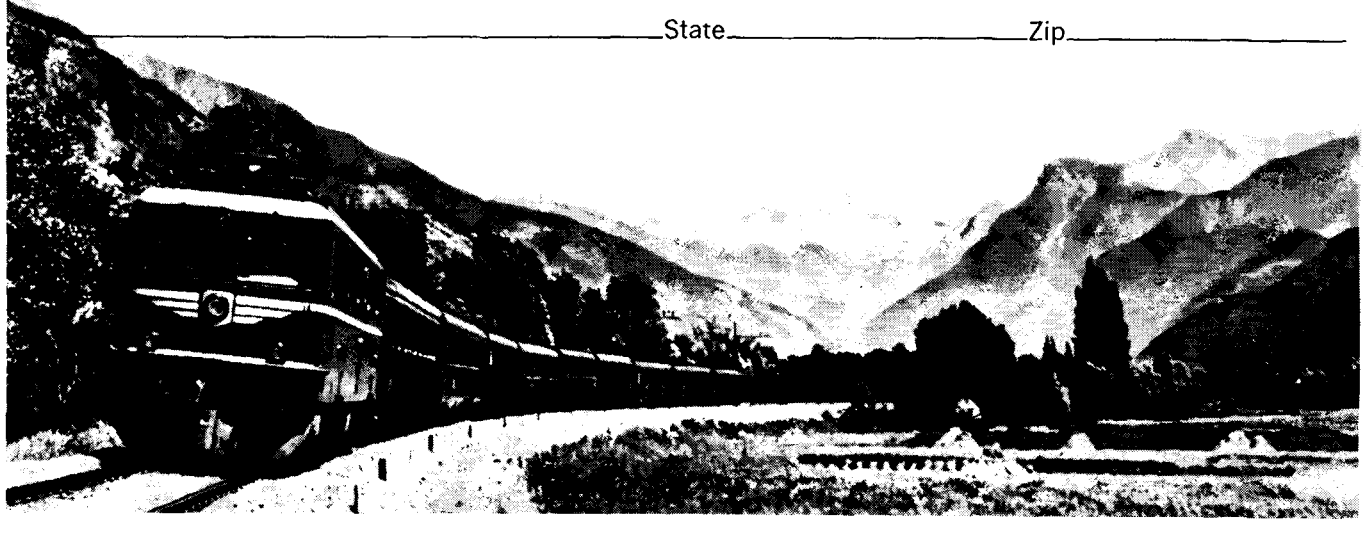

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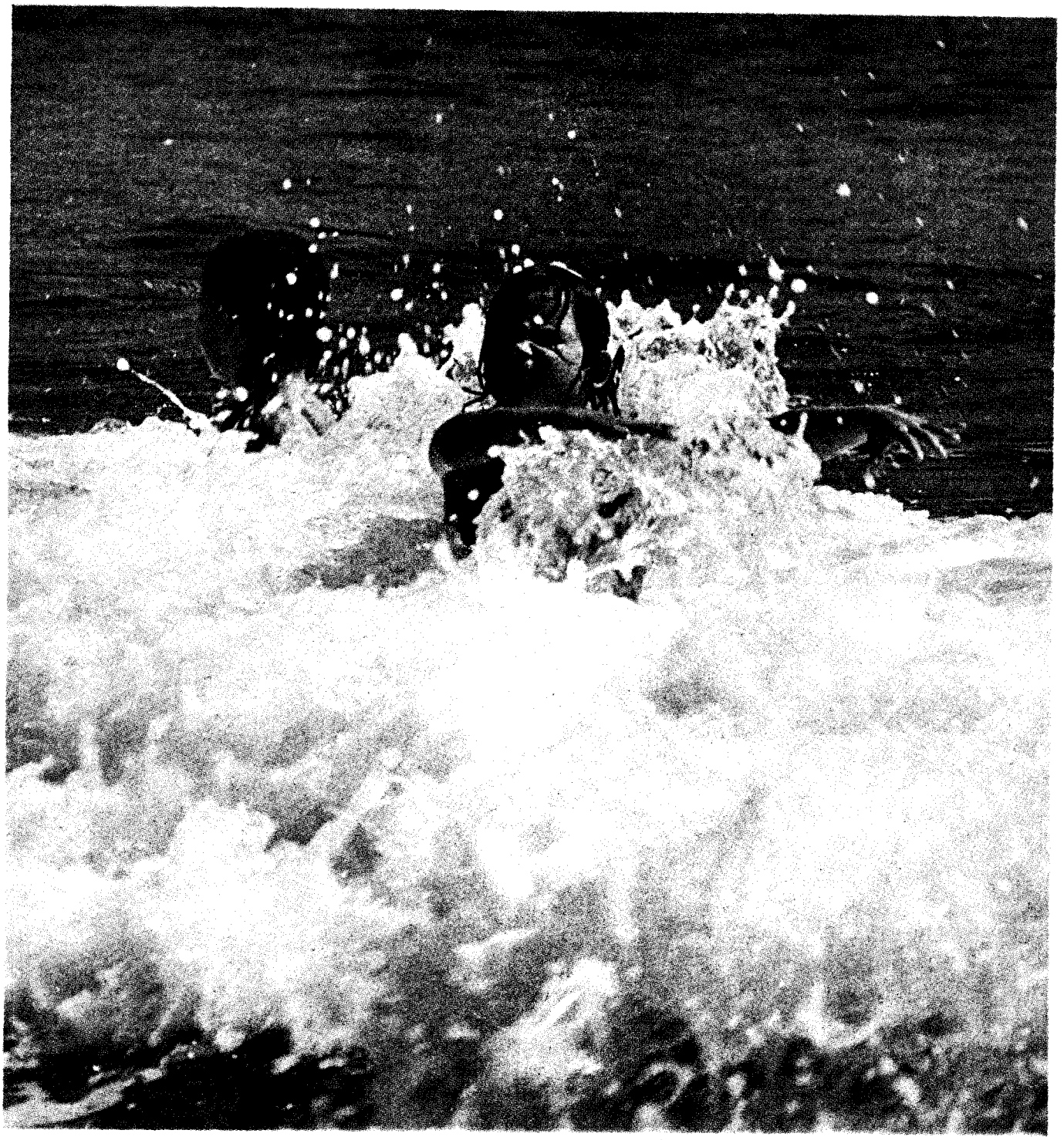

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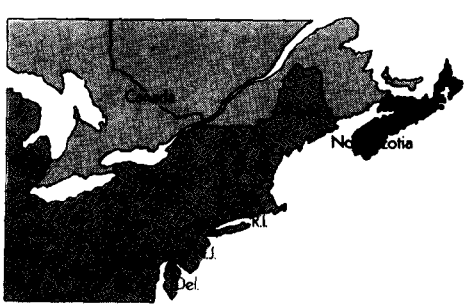

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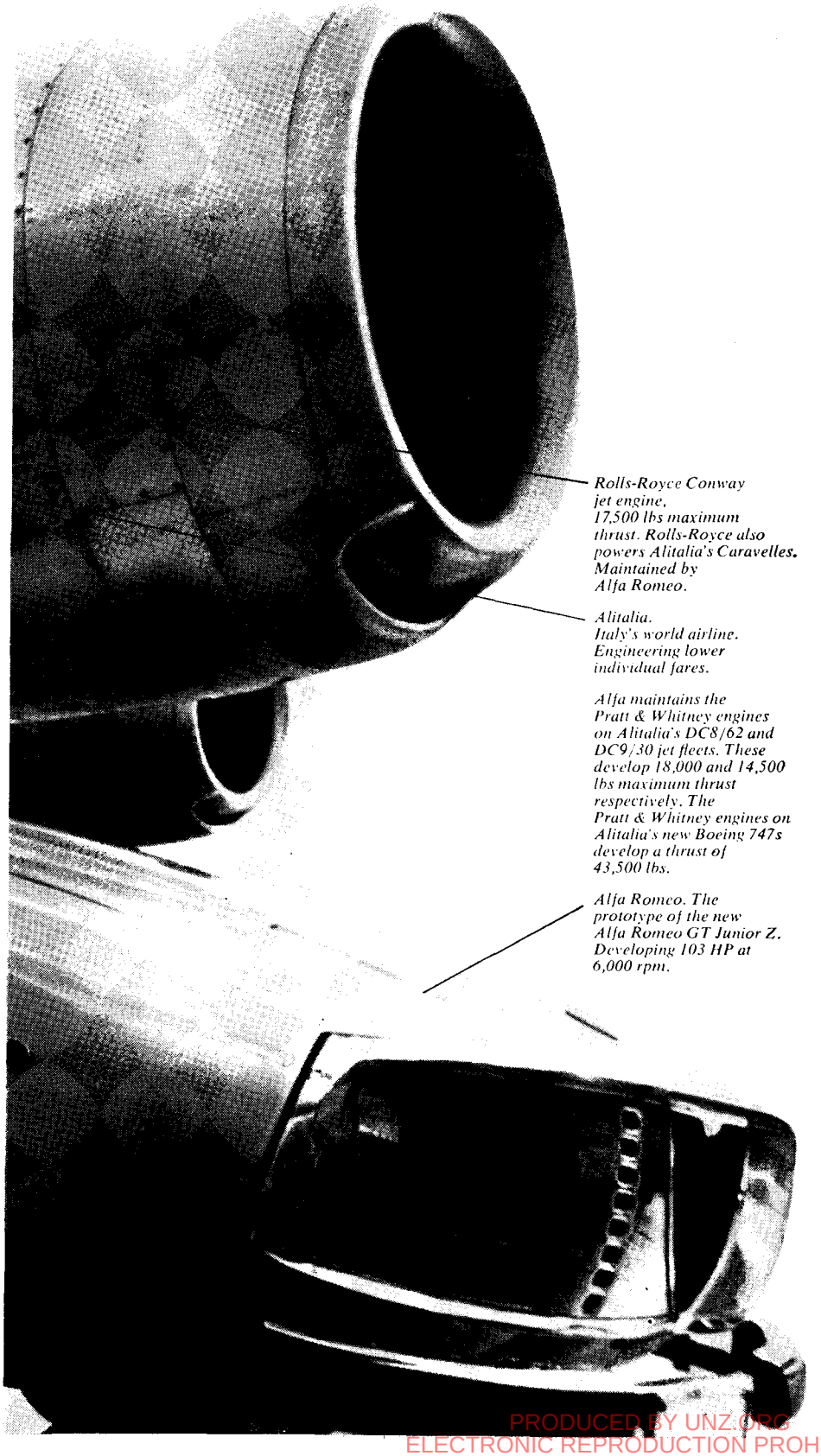

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RANDOM HOUSE

Photo: Karl Bissinger

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The Man Who Criticized the Younger Generation

IN A SMALL CABIN in the Maine woods, living on roots and yogurt, is a troubled, middle-aged figure. Why did he do it? Even now, in his first interview, the Man Who Criticized the Younger Generation does not know why.

Q: Are you here for your safety?
A: I'm here to rethink my life. To re-examine my value structure.
Q: Alone?
A: My family knows this is something I have to work out for myself.
Q: They're standing behind you?
A: They've been wonderful. My oldest son has sent me the *I Ching*, in paperback, from his commune in Death Valley. My youngest son, at his revolutionary headquarters in Canada, has copied out and mailed me a deeply moving passage from the diaries of Che Guevara.
Q: You've been spending your time here reading?
A: And meditating, among the hills.
Q: Are those prayer beads you're wearing, under your Army fatigue shirt?
A: My wife gave them to me, when we were saying good-by. To see if I can find peace and harmony with the Lord Krishna, as she and our daughter have.
Q: Would you mind describing again what happened? At that cocktail party?
A: Well—
Q: If it's not too painful.
A: It was an ordinary cocktail party, like any other. A friend of ours was talking about how his children had taught him to really look at himself as he is, truly and deeply. Another fellow we know was telling about the way his son had shown him how to face the failure of his middle-class existence, honestly and without hypocrisy.
Q: And then—
A: Someone said that after a conversation with his daughter he was beginning to understand for the first time the breakdown of the Judeo-Christian ethical system, and someone else said he hadn't realized what "Amerika" really stood for until it was spelled with a "k." And his wife said the one thing that would save us was the young people—
Q: And—
A: I went away to get another drink, and when I came back another person was talking about vodka martinis, and how compared to cocktail parties the drug experience was a searching, a yearning—
Q: And then it happened?
A: One of the other wives said young people were so beautiful, when she looked into their eyes she wanted to cry. And someone else said they weren't like us. They weren't like any generation that had ever lived. And—
Q: You said it?
A: It must have popped out of me.
Q: You don't remember saying it?
A: I just remember that there was this awful silence.
Q: "They're only human.'

The words echo through the cabin. The Man Who Criticized the Younger Generation passes his hand over his forehead.

A: Well, no.
Q: That isn't what you said?
A: I don't think so. Not exactly.
Q: That's the way it was reported in *The New York Times* and the *Village Voice*.
A: I think I said, "They're only human, aren't they?"
Q: Oh.
A: I mean, I think it was a kind of question.
Q: Yes.
A: With "aren't they?" at the end.
Q: I see.
A: I mean, don't you think that could be a kind of question?

There is nothing to say. The Man Who Criticized the Younger Generation knows there is nothing to say. He takes a deep breath, his Army fatigue shirt rising and falling. He fixes his gaze on the hills. His fingers click the prayer beads. —GEOFFREY BUSH.

Trying My Hand

I HAVE ALWAYS wished dogs could speak, because I have some questions I should like to ask them. For instance, I wish I could step up to a friendly, intelligent-looking dog and ask him to give me his frank opinion about something I read recently. What I read was this: "Always approach a strange dog with the back of the hand outstretched."

Of course, I could try it and find out in an experimental, pragmatic way. I started to say firsthand way, but, since I am not sure which hand I would try it with first, and what I would be doing

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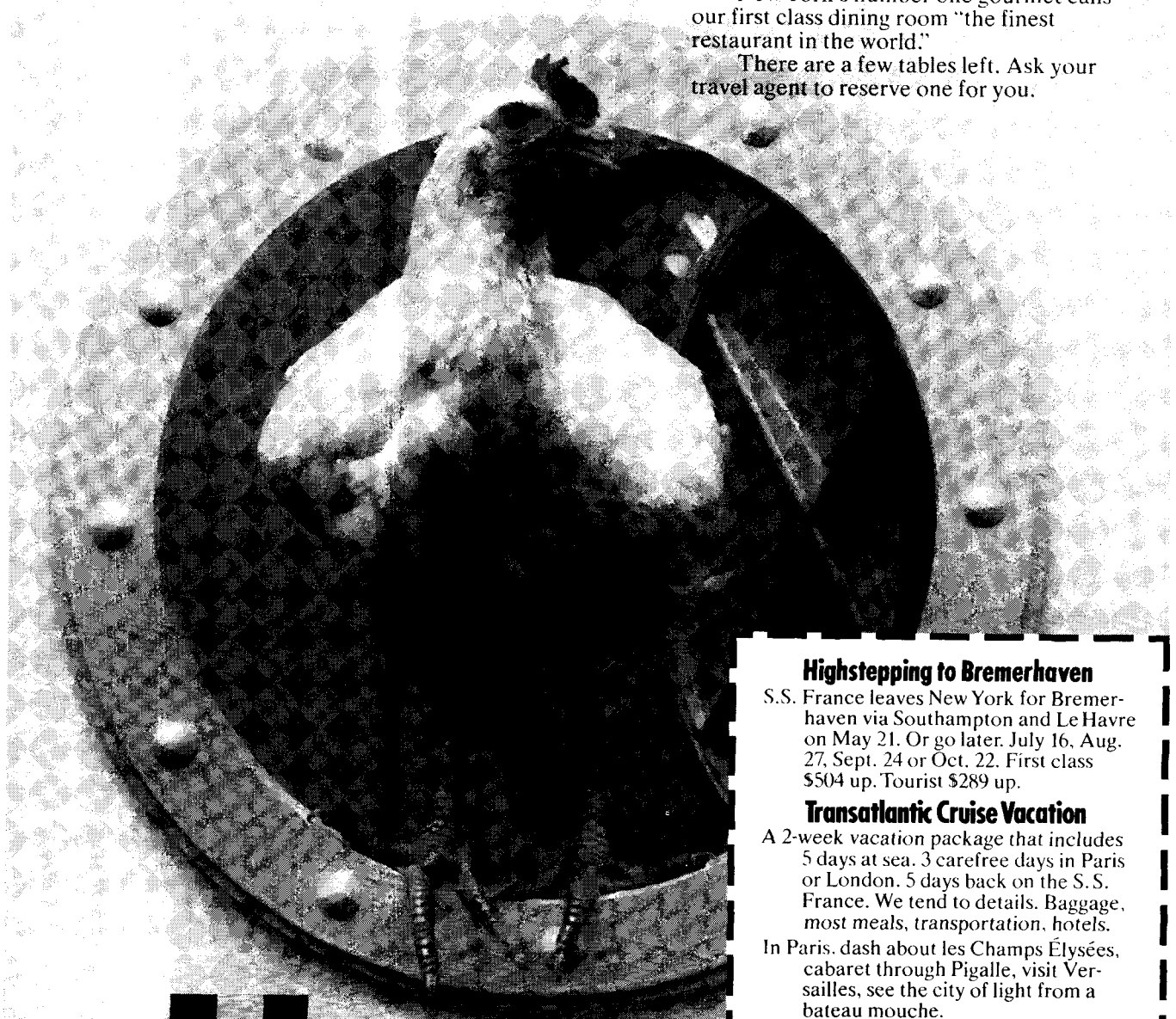

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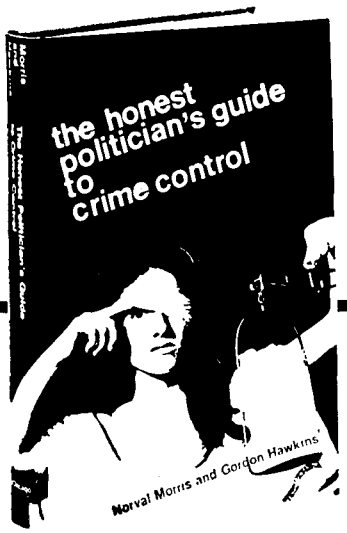

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SANFORD KADISH,
Professor of Law, University of California, Berkeley

* "It presents the distillation of the best thinking on the subject in the straightest talk the public has heard in a long time."

JUSTICE TOM C. CLARK

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with the other hand, I eschewed such terminology. Even the word eschews makes me a little nervous when I think of a strange dog with vicious-looking teeth (appropriately called canines) anywhere near my outstretched, unprotected hand. I soon might have my hands full or, even worse, the dog might have his mouth full, living as he does a hand-to-mouth existence.

Offhand (and there I go again), I would think you should approach a strange dog with your palms up, so that the dog could see you were not carrying a knife or a can of Mace or something else lethal or at least unpleasant. Most human gestures of salutation, including handshaking, permit the person being greeted to see or feel the palm of the hand. To show only the backs of the hands undoubtedly would arouse suspicion.

Indeed, we have the expression to give someone "the back of the hand," which I assume means to be less than gracious. And a backhanded compliment is hardly flattering. The word handicap, I understand, derives from "hand in cap," an expression that comes from an old betting game in which each player kept the amount of his forfeit hidden, the money held in his hand and his hand inside a cap. "Hand in cap" has a certain secretiveness, and I find it a far remove from the openness and humility of "cap in hand."

"Always approach a strange dog with the back of the hand outstretched." Might the person who wrote this have some diabolical motive, perhaps taking a sadistic pleasure in luring innocent persons to bone-crunching disaster? Was the writer only speculating, never having himself put his theory to a test, perhaps hoping that others, less cowardly, would do it for him? Or could it be a typographical error, the word "palm" having been mistakenly written "back"? Both, after all, are four-letter words.

The answer, however, may be in another word: "strange." A strange dog, in this context, may not be an unknown dog but an odd dog. Reference may be to the one dog in a thousand, or ten thousand, who finds the back of the hand appealing, perhaps even has a back-of-the-hand fetish. Such a dog should, of course, always be approached with the back of the hand outstretched. The palm of the hand might seem discourteous, even suggesting a slap in the face.

But how does one determine whether a dog one has never seen before is strange in this way? Unable to find out, one is left nervous and uncertain.

It's the sort of thing only a dog could explain. And the dogs who know aren't talking. —RICHARD ARMOUR.

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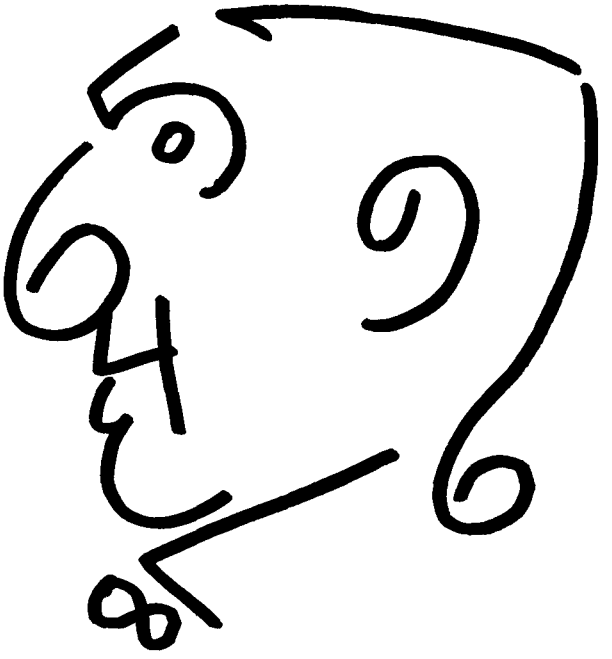

It's just not in us to make a number out of you.

If you've been out in the world lately, you've been up against the number-makers.

Not that anybody really wants to turn you into a number. But with everything going whiz-bang, people sort of forget what being a person means.

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Sign of the Times came in unsigned. In any case, it was posted on a sports car dealer's shop in Boulder, Colorado:

> Motorsport, Inc., assumes no responsibility for cars left for repairs with respect to fire, theft, or acts of God *or His representatives.*

Always insist, we always say, on seeing proper credentials. Besides signs, however, ads of the times also poured in—to wit, Frederick Tubbs's offering from the *Want Ad Digest*:

> WENCH—Sargent model 38, off an Oliver model B.G., holds 75′ of ⅝″ cable, $100.

We could hardly wait to send someone for a left-handed model. Meanwhile, Mrs. S. Salemi of Woodside, New York, favored us with a "Domestic Situation Wanted" from the Long Island *Press:*

> MIDDLE age woman with car wants sleep in housekeepers job with refined gentleman preferred till she can get her father's estate.

How refined, we ask, can you get? Finally, Mrs. Herbert Miller of Chesterton, Indiana, came through with a whole story from the Chesterton *Tribune*:

> WATCH YOUR EYES
> IN ECLIPSE
> by Edward K. Delong
>
> San Antonio, Tex. Dr. Hubertus Strughold, the retired chief scientist of the Air Force's School of Aerospace Medicine, says don't look directly at the eclipse of the sun. He speaks from personal experience.
>
> As a boy in Europe, Strughold said he looked directly at a solar eclipse in 1912.
>
> "Now, when I look at a row of telephone wires, some of them appear bent or broken because of the blind spot in my eye," he said Thursday. "Or if I look at a man from 100 years away he seems to have no head."

And, from 150 years away, we suppose, just a damn blur. In any case, closer to home, we liked, during the postal strike, Groucho Marx's assessment of the strike on *The Dick Cavett Show*. Mr. Marx thought the postmen should be given an increase immediately—and that it should be sent to them by mail.

The Quotes of not only the Fortnight but the whole month belonged to Senators Hruska of Nebraska and Long of Louisiana—on the subject of Judge Carswell. Said Hruska, "There are lots of mediocre judges and people and lawyers. They are entitled to a little representation, aren't they?" Said Long, "Would it not appear that it might be well to take a B student or a C student who is able to think straight, compared to one of those A students

who are capable of the kind of thinking that winds up getting 100 per cent increase in crime in this country."

Two minds, we say, without a single thought. But do not despair. Because one good thing happened, too, during the fortnight. An editor of *SR* who shall be nameless located the last unspoiled place in America—its name: Patagonia, Arizona. He stopped off for gas there at Harvey's Gas Station, and saw a sign in the window saying that if no attendant is present, "just help yourself and put the money in the box on the window sill. If you don't have the right change, the cash register is on the counter inside." Our editor, amazed, couldn't help wondering if Harvey had ever had the experience of having somebody help himself to the cash as well as the gas. It was Harvey's turn to be amazed. "What," he asked, "would a feller want to do a thing like that for?"

For ourselves, visiting the Magdalen Islands of Canada during the terrible baby seal hunt, we were advised by Joe Geraci, of the Department of Zoology at the University of Guelph, not to bother with the local museum. Dr. Geraci, it seems, had called the museum, but found it closed. The operator had advised him to try the local priest who, she said, ran the museum. The priest, however, informed him that many people on the island had the flu, that he had not had it yet, that it was damp in the museum and that he would not open it. But he did advise Dr. Geraci to try the home of a certain

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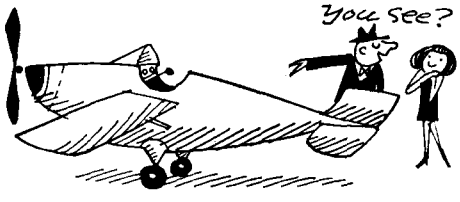
man up the street, a fellow who, he said "made most of the stuff in the museum anyway." "Whatever you want," the priest told him, "he'll make you."

One interesting lecture we had during the fortnight was to the Women's Committee of 100, at Birmingham, Alabama. Here we met a lady who was described as "the Perle Mesta of the South." She was just back from what apparently had been a very interesting trip to Virginia. She had repaired there, she told us, "to trace her Wallace line." "George," we exclaimed quietly. But the lady ignored us. Later, when it came time to introduce us, she rose. "Ladies," she said, "today I have decided I am not going to introduce our speaker to us. Instead, I am going to introduce *us* to our speaker." And with that she began on a capsule series about the stalwarts of the Committee of 100. Our favorite was the lady who was the reigning committee chairman —one in charge, our introducer informed us, of the club's three major current projects: Pure Air, Pure Water, and Pure Movies.

Finally, the perils of bachelor authordom were sharply brought home to us by Boston's John Walsh. Mr. Walsh recently purchased a twenty-two-year-old airplane with the profits of his book *Time Is Short and the Water Rises*. Worse than that, however, he also had the gall to tell more than one female acquaintance that he was naming his plane after her. Eventually, one challenged him on it. She went even so far as to bet him he had not named the plane after her. Walsh took the bet, and together, side by side, they approached the evidence. There, clearly lettered on the side of the plane, were the words, "After You."



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BEFORE YOU BUY A PORTABLE TYPEWRITER, ASK IT TO TAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST.

1. Weight

A. Is it really light enough to be portable? Yes ☐ No ☐
B. Is it heavy enough to sit still as you work? Yes ☐ No ☐
Example The Hermes 3000 weighs 18 lbs.,which is a reasonable carrying weight–but solid enough not to skid around as you type.

2. Sturdiness

A. Is the body designed to be shockproof? Yes ☐ No ☐
B. Is the metal-work solid? Yes ☐ No ☐
Example The cast-aluminum cross-frame of the Hermes 3000 protects the working mechanisms, stands up to hard knocks.

3. Action

A. Are the keys comfortable to the fingertips? Yes ☐ No ☐
B. Is the key-stroke properly balanced for fastest typing? Yes ☐ No ☐
C. Does it have 4-position touch control? Yes ☐ No ☐
Example The keys of the Hermes 3000 are shorter and finger-tip shaped for comfort and speed. There is push-button carriage release for fast-action and personal touch control.

4. Noise

A. Is it soundproofed? Yes ☐ No ☐
Example The Hermes 3000 is lined so you can bash away for hours without getting a headache.

5. Special Features

A. Does it tabulate? Yes ☐ No ☐
B. Does it have audible and visual margin controls? Yes ☐ No ☐
C. Will it type for the whole width of the carriage (10")? Yes ☐ No ☐
D. Can it be personalized in any way? Yes ☐ No ☐
E. Does it have any unexpected extras? Yes ☐ No ☐
Example The Hermes 3000 has the full tabulating abilities of an office machine: exclusive Flying Red Margins®: types edge to edge on a 10" envelope: has a choice of 12 typefaces and 37 languages for individuality: an unusual unjamming key, to release jammed keys automatically.

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A. Is the price on the tag built into the machine? Yes ☐ No ☐
B. Is the cost a reasonable investment for you? Yes ☐ No ☐
Example At $129.50, the Swiss engineered Hermes 3000 is the most expensive portable in the world. As to whether it's worth the money, see sections 1 to 5 above! As to whether it's worth the money to *you*, that depends on how seriously you need a long-lasting, full featured, trouble-free, easy-to-work-on machine.

If you only want to buy a typewriter once, buy a Hermes.

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Saturday Review
April 18, 1970

Book Publishing's Hidden Bonanza

Behold the nonliterary book. In the last forty years, its production has increased by 380 per cent, compared to a mere 40 per cent for literary books. Herewith a report on the whys and wherefores.

by CURTIS G. BENJAMIN

The division of the book world most readily recognized by the general public is between textbook publishing and general (or "trade") book publishing. Indeed, the U.S. book industry has for many years divided itself in this way by maintaining two trade associations: the American Book Publishers Council for producers of general books, and the American Educational Publishers Institute for producers of textbooks and related teaching materials. But this dichotomy loses validity every year as educators continue to move sharply away from the traditional one-subject-one-book teaching practice. In fact, most publishers today, foreseeing a sure meeting of the twain, think their two trade associations should be merged; this move seems imminent.

Another division, and a more natural one, is between what are known within the industry as literary books and nonliterary books. The first category includes fiction, biography, poetry, drama, and general literature. The second encompasses several classifications of practical and professional works in such subject areas as agriculture, business, economics, education, law, medicine, science, and technology; and it includes a multitude of handbooks, manuals, directories, statistical reports, sets of numerical tables and data, and "how-to" guides. Most textbooks, by nature as well as subject matter, fall into this second category. The classifications of the respective categories have been used since the turn of the century by the *Publishers' Weekly* annual statistical reports.

CURTIS G. BENJAMIN is a consultant to McGraw-Hill, Inc., and former president and chairman of the McGraw-Hill Book Company.

This division represents two worlds of publishing, each quite different and separate, and sufficient unto itself. There is, in fact, a far greater distinction between literary and nonliterary houses than between textbook and nontextbook houses.

During the 1960s, there occurred an astonishing explosion of nonliterary books. This unexpected development was doubly astonishing in that it was within the hardcover realm, and it came at the end of a long and little noticed sea change that began some forty years earlier. Although the explosion was a big one, not many people heard it, or even heard about it. This was because it occurred in the hidden part of the book-industry iceberg, the much larger part that is all but invisible to the general public, and that is not much celebrated within the industry itself.

In the early years of the century, newly published literary works outnumbered nonliterary works by two to one. Then, starting with the 1930s, there came a change in this imbalance; the production of literary works declined, while that of nonliterary works increased in proportion. The decline of the former was caused presumably by restricted spending for nonessentials during the Depression.

In the following decade, the 1940s, literary works declined a little more, while nonliterary works climbed a little higher. Then both categories climbed sharply through the 1950s, and by the end of that decade the two were almost even. Happy days were here again for all kinds of literary books, and for fiction especially. Income from sales of reprint, book-club, and motion-picture rights gave novels a new lease on life, and restored their production to an interesting level of profitability.

Then came the 1960s and the spectacular leap ahead in the production of nonliterary works. In that decade alone, the number of such works produced annually increased by 164 per cent, while literary titles increased by only 29 per cent. The imbalance of the earlier years was completely reversed, and by 1969 new nonliterary works outnumbered new literary works by more than two to one.

The long-range change over this forty-year period was even more striking: Annual nonliterary book production increased by some 380 per cent, while literary production increased by only 40 per cent.

The story is dramatically revealed in Chart I (p. 20). What cannot be revealed as simply are the more subtle mutations in the health and behavior of the book industry that came with the change. Certainly, the industry as a whole became more stable, more vigorous, more venturesome, and more prosperous. Also, it grew enough in size and affluence to be recognized nationally as a moderately important area of commercial enterprise and financial speculation.

How much each of the subject-matter components contributed to the nonliterary explosion can be seen in Table I (p. 82), which shows the historical thrust as well as the total surge of the category. Note in particular the astonishing records of books in the social sciences and in the natural sciences and technology.

It is amusing to note the aloofness of certain lofty-minded literary publishers and commentators who like to describe many kinds of nonliterary works as "nonbooks." The publishers of these books laugh all the way to the bank over this disdainful characterization. They know that these "nonbooks" are in great demand, that they have high societal value, and that they are of

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large importance to the overall resources and economy of the book industry. They know, too, that in many a large, multi-interest publishing firm, the profit earned by nonliterary titles bankrolls the whole house; that more often than not this profit provides large sums for investments in glamorous but uncertain literary ventures of great worth and prestige—ventures of the very kind that always are warmly applauded by the literary buffs.

Another possible division of the book publishing world is the paperback/hardcover bisection. This division actually is not as sharp or as meaningful within the industry as it is in the public's mind. Strangely, one of the most persistent of current myths about book publishing is that the two kinds of books are locked in a battle for survival. Indeed, many people on the fringes of the publishing world now believe firmly that paperbacks are *in* and hardcovers are *out*. This belief has gone so far that many students today suspect the value of any book that has not been reprinted in somebody's paperback series. I, myself, often have to suffer the pity of certain of my young friends when I insist that hardcover books are here to stay. To them paperbacks have a high public visibility—at bookstores, newsstands, drugstores, supermarkets, railroad stations, bus terminals, and airports everywhere. Besides, they have had the truth of the matter from their teachers and from numerous reporters, columnists, lecturers, TV commentators, and book reviewers.

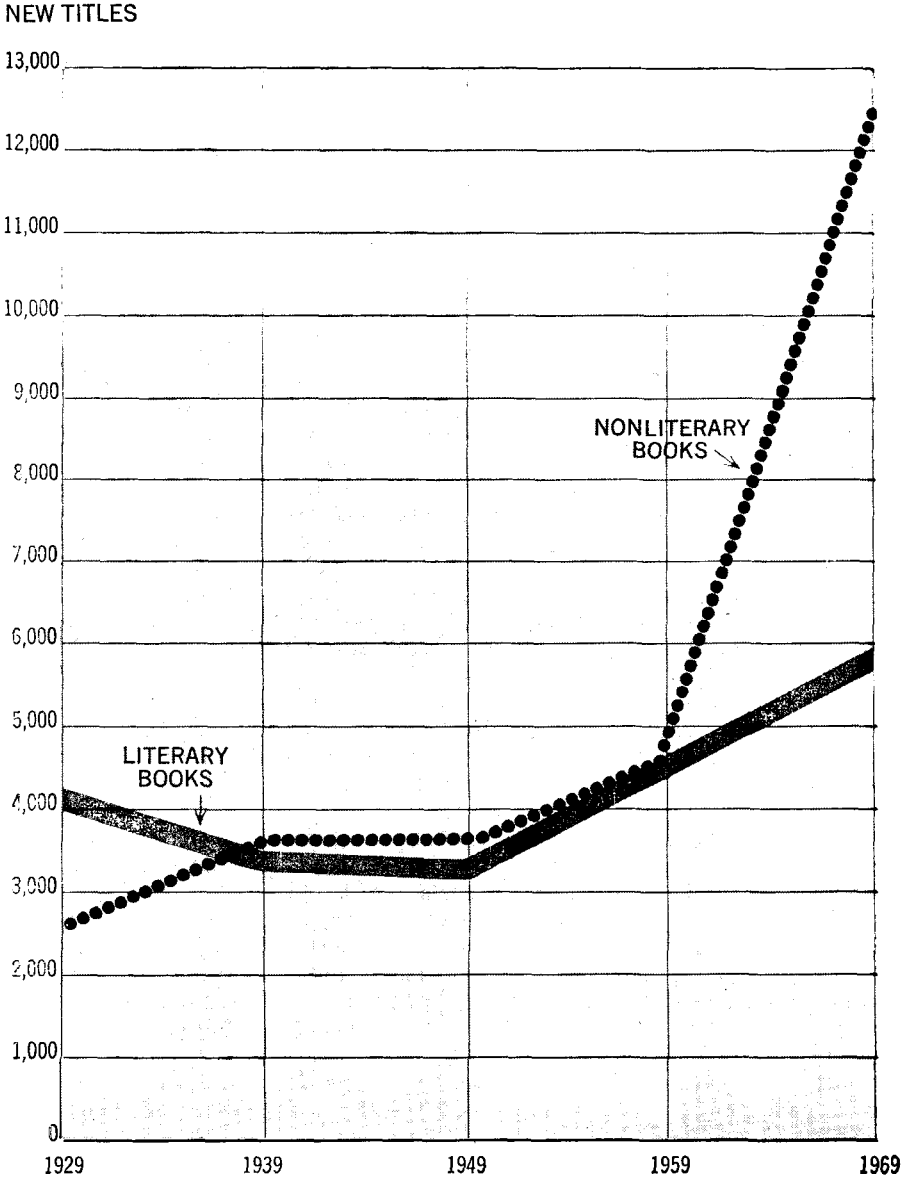
As an example of how the public can be misinformed about the fortune of paperbacks and the fate of hardcovers, a statement in *The New York Times* of January 31, written as background to a review of a recently published history of the Houghton Mifflin Company, read:

> The economics of publishing today has reached such a stage that the hardcover book is almost a liability to the man who brings it out. Since all the money is in the subsidiary rights, in what can be spun off in the form of movie options, stage adaptations, paperback rights, digests and the like, the publisher wishes the hardcover would go away and leave him alone.

Imagine with what dismay this statement was read by those insiders who know for certain that in recent years hardcover books have provided almost 90 per cent of our industry's sales and about 95 per cent of its profits. Naturally, the question arises why the public fancy has been so far misled. Why has the paperback "explosion" been so overcelebrated? Why has its supposed impact on hardcover publishing been so overstated? The answer, of course, is that large segments of the general public, and some people in book publishing as well, want it that way. Indeed, they want it that way so badly that they refuse to believe hard facts and figures. They simply will not believe that mass-market paperback publishing is, economically speaking, only a small part of the total publishing world. Nor will they believe that the paperback explosion actually has been more helpful than hurtful to hardcover publishing.

The foregoing observation should not be taken in any way as a denial of the status of paperback publishing. Everyone knows that the paperback explosion of the 1950s had large importance of its own. Everyone recognizes that paperbacks, and especially mass-market paperbacks, also have high and special societal values. The insider knows, too, that paperbacks have made a large indirect contribution to the overall prosperity of the U.S. book industry. He sees that they serve to hook thousands of new readers every year who would never have started on the hardcover stuff. Thus, he knows that the importance of the many millions of paperbacks sold each year is far greater than the dollar income and profit derived from their sale.

In this light, it is especially regrettable that paperback publishing had several difficult years in the second half of the 1960s. Although between 300 million and 350 million copies of mass-market paperbacks were sold annually, some of their major producers had rather rough going. The trouble came not from a lack of buyers, but rather from excessive payments for reprint rights and from costly competition for market outlets. Some of this trouble was offset by newfound success with what have been dubbed "instant paperbacks"—meaning quick reprints in large quantities of certain public documents of wide popular appeal, such as the report of the Warren Commission. These quick reprints, in some instances, have put paperback books into fairly direct competition with the



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news media, and thus have given a "new dimension" to the book industry.

In fairness, the quotation from the *Times* is true of fiction; still, fiction represents less than 10 per cent of the present annual output of new books. In any case, it appears that the *Times* reviewer, like most other outside observers of the publishing scene, was totally unaware of the great hardcover explosion that had occurred on the nether side of his world.

The striking aspect of the book market as a total aggregate is that, while the annual production of new books of all kinds increased by only 40 per cent in the three decades that ended in 1959, the increase in the subsequent ten years was over 100 per cent. It was inevitable, of course, that there would come with this sharp increase an intensification of the perennial cry that too many books are being produced. Unfortunately, this cry has been repeated through even the years of the book industry's greatest and soundest growth. It comes from certain breast-beating publishers who loftily call for "fewer and better books." What they plainly want, of course, is to cut out the other fellow's trash. Often they want also to eliminate all those dull "non-books" that no one ever sees.

Nearly all these advocates of fewer and better books are literary buffs. Observing the publishing scene narrowly, they look no deeper than the rising total numbers of books produced annually, and then declare positively that the market cannot possibly absorb so many new titles. Often they wail, correlatively, that quality is being sacrificed for quantity, that bad books are driving out good books, and that the book industry is going to hell in a crassly overloaded handbasket. Such talk has always been popular with literary audiences and with reporters looking for stories about the charismatic world of publishing. Yet, it has never made sense, and it never made less sense than in the 1960s. For example, how could the great increase in scientific and technical books have anything whatever to do with the quality of the new fiction of the decade? And did the slowdown in published general literature really improve its quality? No, the postulate of fewer and better books patently has no general value as a working principle for the industry.

Far from being choked up in recent years, book markets have actually been expanding rapidly in size and receptivity. In fact, sales of almost all kinds of books climbed sharply through the 1960s. In that decade, total dollar volume of industry sales increased by almost 150 per cent, from $1.106-billion to $2.760-billion. Much of this gain came, to be sure, from higher prices and inflated dollars—about a fourth of it, roughly. With an adjustment for this inflation factor, the real ten-year gain was about 110 per cent. In the same period, the country's Gross National Product, after application of the same kind of implicit deflators, grew by only 50 per cent. It is clear, then, that the book industry's growth was far greater than that of the nation's economy as a whole.

"One of them just bit me."

In the longer view, looking back through the earlier years of sea change, the book industry as a whole in a way scored a truly remarkable long-term growth record, but in another way it seemed not to keep up with its true potential. Some interesting comparative figures on forty-year growth trends appear in Table II (p. 82). According to these figures, the book industry in sales growth again far exceeded the long-term growth of the national economy. (The dollar figures for both book sales and GNP are adjusted to 1929 values—and who won't be shocked to see that the 2.760-billion of 1969 sales dollars converts to only 1.290-billion of 1929 sales dollars?)

On the other hand, looking at the long-term growth in the nation's population of college graduates, one can ask whether the book industry has not failed to make the most of its growing opportunity. Assuming that college graduates represent the country's hard core of book buyers, it appears that publishers have not kept up with the natural growth of their markets. (In the forty-year period, the college graduate population increased eightfold, while book sales increased only sixfold.) Indeed, it can be fairly said that the industry as a whole has been riding rather than making the long wave of its good fortune.

The publishers of educational and reference books rode high on the wave through the 1960s. The injection of massive federal funds into education and library budgets caused a soaring of sales that reached a truly dizzying height in 1966: In that year, an aberration in government disbursement practice caused most of the funds for two federal fiscal years to be spent in the one calendar year. In the following three years, there was a disappointing slackening in the sale of textbooks and related instructional materials, and of encyclopedias, dictionaries, atlases, etc. Still the publishers of such works, always more prosperous than general book publishers, never had it better. In the decade, their sales increased by 156 per cent. Their net profits failed to soar proportionately, largely because the costs of intensified competition exacted a heavy toll as more and more firms rushed to what was for them a newfound and unfamiliar mother lode.

Many inside observers were bemused by one particular behavioral response of educational publishers in the 1960s. This was the alacrity and enthusiasm with which many reputedly turgid textbook firms answered the call of educators for more and larger multi-unit instructional packages. When teachers began some years ago to move away from the conventional textbook as a monolithic instructional instrument, many textbook publishers pushed to the head of the parade. Sure, they could supply rather quickly the needed multi-unit packages containing core text materials, supplementary readers, laboratory manuals, workbooks, tests, and whatever else was wanted. Some could, and did, supply even larger and more costly multimedia packages (including films and tapes), which were scooped up by the more affluent school systems and certain government-financed special programs. All this explains in part the juiced-up growth in the educational publishers' sales volume. It also explains how many an old-line textbook firm quickly acquired a refreshing stimulant and a higher sense of pro-

(*Continued on page* 81)

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NATIONAL LIBRARY WEEK

Libraries and the Inner City

by DAVID DEMPSEY

—Courtesy Queens Borough Public Library.

The Langston Hughes branch of the Queens Borough Library in New York—"giving books a chance to help young people who might have no other contact with them."

In Buffalo, New York, a group of young, unwed mothers meets to discuss their new and difficult role: bringing up a child in a fatherless home. In the same building, at other times, teen-agers who have run afoul of the law keep appointments with probation officers. Nothing unusual about these events, except that they take place in a branch of the Buffalo Public Library. Project Leap, directed by librarian William Miles, and supported by gifts from local businessmen, puts social services in a new context, while giving books a chance to help young people who may have no other contact with them.

In other cities, community-run storefront libraries are springing up as adjuncts to regular service. The Langston Hughes branch of the Queens Borough Public Library in New York City, for example, is manned by local residents working with a trained librarian. Occupying what was formerly a five-and-dime, the branch acts as an information center on the problems that beset its neighborhood. On the West Coast, Young Adult Program (YAP) libraries have been installed in shopping centers and other convenient locations.

The idea doesn't always work. For instance, librarian Edward Howard in Terre Haute, Indiana, converted an old railroad car into a library to serve the city's black ghetto. Perhaps because railway cars are often associated with segregation, Terre Haute's Negroes refused to accept it. The car's windows were smashed, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" scrawled on its side. A "Petition for the Rejection of the Train as a Library" got more than 7,000 signatures. "They wanted what the white community had —a decent building," explained a librarian who investigated the incident.

Gary, Indiana, is undergoing similar "soul" searching. For four years, the black community has fought for a better location for a new consolidated library scheduled to replace three outmoded branches. Does the fact that Gary's mayor is black make it easier to fight City Hall? "Not a bit," a librarian there says. The community wants to keep the neighborhood branches open as children's libraries, and to make the new building a community center with a 500-seat auditorium. A suggested design has been called "too book oriented." Meanwhile, an open workshop on "The Model Library and the Model City" is scheduled for April 24 through 26. "We'll try to determine the information needs of Lake County," Miss Kathy Weibel, one of the conference organizers, has explained. "A library can't solve all the problems, but it can play a much greater role than it does now."

There is nothing new in bringing the mountain to Mohammed. Bookmobiles have been roaming the streets and country roads for years. But why take a white man's library into a black ghetto? Speaking at the American Library Association convention last year in Atlantic City, Gerry Clark of the New York City Board of Education's Bureau of Libraries said: "Libraries are part and parcel of the Establishment, and such issues as race, drugs, sex, war, and poverty" are offered to the public in "the most congenial form" to the status quo. Along with many of his younger colleagues in the ALA, Clark would like to see libraries take a more militant stance on social issues, and involve themselves directly in community problems.

New York City's Commissioner of Community Relations, Major Owens, is compiling an "action bibliography" for ghetto residents. What to do about rats in your building (to cite one example) and the slumlords who tolerate them. Owens calls this "information power," an aspect of the "library of advocacy" sought by activists in the profession today.

Traditionally, librarians have not been very militant. Until recently, the average library was more of a storehouse than a clearinghouse, reflecting community interests but seldom trying to influence them. (Suburban smugness as well as ghetto "irrelevance" were merely perpetuated.) The issues centered largely on book censorship, but despite a half-dozen court cases pending at present, censorship is simply not the big issue today. In part, this is because the ALA drew the fangs of the serpent several years ago with its "Library Bill of Rights," which armed librarians and trustees with nationally recognized standards of book selection for fighting off community pressure groups.

The librarian himself, however, enjoys no personal immunity. The activist, the experimenter, the nonconformist is left to pioneer at his own risk. Although the ALA has an Intellectual Freedom Committee, and an Office of Intellectual Freedom, neither engages in direct action for intellectual freedom. Their functions are policy formulation, education, and information, none of which is of any help to the librarian in trouble. Last year, the city of Roswell, New Mexico, fired librarian Gordon McShean for "bad judgment." McShean claimed that a

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hippie poetry reading—one of a series on different styles—was the reason. In Martinsville, Virginia, librarian Ellis Hodgin got the axe (although he had recently been given a new contract, with a $1,000 a year raise) when he joined a group of citizens opposed to religious instruction in the public schools.

As a result of these cases, an ad hoc National Freedom Fund for Librarians was set up, with headquarters in Pittsburgh. The ALA has since created its own Freedom to Read Foundation to raise money for a similar purpose, although critics say the foundation's definition of intellectual freedom is too narrow to help the activist librarian who wanders very far off the reservation.

One important outgrowth of this ferment was the emergence, two years ago, of a group of dissidents led by Kenneth Duchac, who has since been appointed director of the Brooklyn Public Library. A Social Responsibilities Round Table was loosely organized in chapters around the country; it expresses not only the discontent of younger librarians with the leadership of the ALA, but the drive to "radicalize" a profession that has traditionally been neutral on public issues. A petition calling for establishment of the SRRT at the association's convention in Kansas City in 1968 set forth these objectives: 1) To provide a forum on the major issues of our times . . . and the responsibilities of libraries in relation to these issues; 2) to examine current library programs on these issues; 3) to propose activities that will increase understanding of these issues; 4) to promote action toward resolution of attendant, critical problems.

Librarians are caught in the dilemma facing many professionals today: How to choose between their responsibilities to a given occupation and their desire to be good citizens, when the choices are seemingly in conflict. It was fairly evident that the first three Round Table objectives weren't going to get anyone in trouble; number four, however, opened a new door. It meant taking a point of view, going into the streets, using the library as a base from which to proselytize. A bibliography of protest literature has been compiled, and money collected for the ad hoc National Freedom Fund.

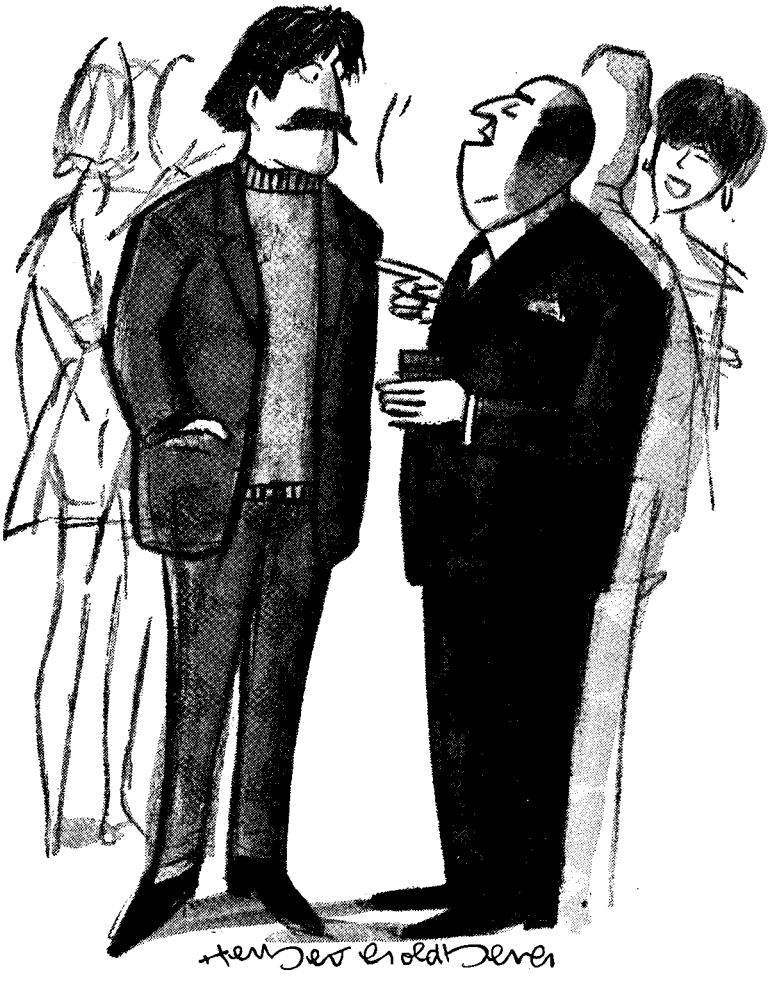
At an organizing meeting, the New York chapter toyed with ways of attacking the race problem. To combat prejudice, it was decided to present local precinct stations with a collection of black literature. "After some discussion," reports Mrs. Patricia Schuman, a librarian at the New York Community College, "we discovered that none of us possessed the sheer nerve it would require to walk up to the desk sergeant with a copy of *Freedomways* under his arm."

An Action Council has been formed, with a clearinghouse for volunteers. "Task forces are organized around specific issues," Mrs. Schuman says. "We have no chairman, only a clerk who will call meetings." The Round Table has joined forces with other rump groups within the ALA—the Congress for Change, the Black Caucus, the National Call for Library Reform—to shake up the leadership. At the association's Atlantic City convention, a manifesto advocated committing the library "to the needs of the urban poor by taking and admitting a point of view."

The national SRRT is compiling a guide for librarians who are confronted with the vast outpouring of reprint materials on minority groups. At the ALA convention in Detroit this coming June, it will sponsor a two-day pre-conference, "In Search of Soul," which will be directed to white librarians in the suburbs who want to help fight racism. Detroit's is the first major system in the country to appoint a black—Mrs. Clara Jones—as director.

Even without the militants, who represent but a small fraction of the ALA's 40,000 membership, things are stirring—too much so, in the opinion of some. Should a library be an instrument for social change, or a collection of books? Should young people bring their motorcycles into the library to work on, as a branch in Venice, California, encouraged them to do? (Films were made there, too.) A YAP library elsewhere in that state calls itself "underground"—and co-opts some of the neighborhood street gangs. "Somebody ought to be doing these things, but not the libraries," an ALA conservative complains.

The *Library Journal* asks: "Can a traditional professional liberalism, a long-standing definition of purpose for ALA, and a library institution based on both, accommodate the demands of a society in revolution?" The answer isn't in yet. Says ALA President William Dix, of Princeton University: "Be a good librarian. . . . The way of reason and its instruments, libraries and books, are still effective." The Round Table's Pat Schuman declares: "I want to be part of the solution, not part of the problem."



"You know, in the insurance world, I'm as great an artist as you are in yours."

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To Those Who Take Freedom Seriously

Some Items in the News:

► Chester Bowles, former Ambassador to India, predicted on the editorial page of *The New York Times* that U.S. military assistance to Pakistan during the past fifteen years will be regarded by future historians as "among the most costly blunders in American history." The program, he said, was begun in 1954 when Washington became convinced that Pakistan's army could, with our aid, contain any Soviet or Chinese military thrust toward the Bay of Bengal or the Arabian Sea.

When this extraordinary theory was deflated, the new argument was that a military gift of large dimensions was necessary to ensure continued use of the U.S. air base in Pakistan from which U-2 flights could take off in their secret surveillance flights over the Soviet Union. Then, when the U-2 flights were discontinued, Congress was told the base was essential to U.S. national security as an observation post.

The Indian government protested that the arms build-up in Pakistan would have only one result—the use of the weapons against India. Washington solemnly assured New Delhi that this could never happen. It did—in 1965.

Finally, the gifts of arms from the U.S. to Pakistan came to a halt several years ago. But now, declares Ambassador Bowles, military pressures on President Nixon are building up to make one hundred tanks available to Pakistan.

"Whose interests would be served by such decisions?" Ambassador Bowles asks. "Certainly not the interests of the American people in Asia. Or the cause of world peace. Or the welfare of the people of Pakistan, who need tractors, not tanks. A few military leaders in Pakistan would be helped and, perhaps, the American firms that manufacture the tanks."

* * *

► Under questioning by members of a House appropriations subcommittee, U.S. military officials inadvertently revealed that, without authorization from Congress, the Pentagon in 1969 secretly gave Nationalist China fighter planes, cargo planes, destroyers, anti-aircraft missiles, tanks, and rifles worth more than $150-million. Two questions are raised by this secret transfer of weapons: First, what other gifts of arms have been made by the Defense Department without Congressional or public knowledge? Second, since the practice is clearly unconstitutional, what measures are being taken both to punish the guilty parties and to prevent a recurrence?

* * *

► Four young U.S. infantrymen declared under oath that they had been instructed by their superiors in Vietnam "not to take prisoners." This is a standard expression used in warfare to describe the practice of killing captured enemy soldiers. "If a Vietcong comes out of a fight to give himself up, that man is dead," declared First Lieutenant Ralph C. Krueger. He said that his battalion operations officer, Major Jeffry Templeton, got "very angry" with him for taking two prisoners.

The testimony developed during the trial of First Lieutenant James Brian Duffy, accused of the premeditated murder of an unarmed Vietnamese civilian on the night of September 4, 1969. Lieutenant Duffy's defense was that he was under pressure by his superiors to build up the "body count" of dead Vietnamese and this was the basic reason for the murder of Vietnamese civilians.

* * *

► Investigation of the Songmy massacre has revealed that each successive level of U.S. military command attempted to reduce the size and significance of the episode. As the Songmy investigators climbed the ladder of military authority, they encountered diminishing figures on the number of Vietnamese who were killed. At the headquarters level of the American division, the official estimate had been reduced to twenty to twenty-eight victims. The actual number of Vietnamese killed in the massacre, according to the investigators, was more than 175.

* * *

► U.S. military officials declared that, even if the war in Vietnam were to be sharply reduced or ended, there would be no significant reduction in the annual military budget. The clear intention is to hold to the present level—$80-billion of military spending.

* * *

► Military raids into Cambodia by South Vietnamese military forces with U.S. armed helicopter support have been undertaken without prior knowledge or approval of Washington, according to information from within the U.S. government, as reported in news stories in the *Washington Post* and *The New York Times.*

* * *

► *Look* magazine disclosed that the Navy originally contracted for twelve submarine rescue vehicles at an estimated cost of $3-million each. The actual figure will come to $80-million each.

* * *

► A. Ernest Fitzgerald, deputy for management systems for the Air Force, discovered that his Civil Service stature had been revoked after he revealed before a Senate committee that the Lockheed C-5A cargo plane would cost about $2-billion more than the Air Force had originally specified.

* * *

► The U.S. Department of Defense is operating a nationwide surveillance network and is building up a dossier file on political dissenters, according

(*Continued on page* 45)

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Letters to the Editor

Storm-swept Holy See

I READ John Horgan's "Storm on the Holy See" [*SR*, Mar. 28] on Saturday in Holy Week—appropriately the day of cosmic conflict between Christ and Satan that brought the resurrection victory of Christ. Could Christ's body locked in struggle today be on the verge of a new triumph?

Ten years ago, I, a Lutheran pastor, would have read the article with a kind of fiendish glee. Today, I read it with deep sympathy, concern, and hope. Thanks be to God.

PAUL H. SMITH,
Baltimore, Md.

MAY I DIRECT John Horgan's attention to the rather amusing and apparently prophetic essay by H. L. Mencken, *Holy Writ* (1923), in which he wrote: ". . . the Latin brethren have been seduced by the example of the Protestants . . . [who] listen to an ignoramus try to prove that he is a better theologian than the Pope. This folly the Romans now slide into. Their clergy begin to grow argumentative, doctrinaire, ridiculous. It is a pity."

The Catholic Church never pretended to be a democracy. The primacy of the Pope is fundamental to Catholic doctrine. It is quite impossible to combine the two, as one laughs at the other.

If the modern, emancipated, liberal "intellectual" Catholics don't really believe that the Pope is the Vicar of Christ on earth, why don't they depose him and be done with it? Why all the shilly-shallying? They seem concerned not at all with "the awful concepts of heaven and hell," much less God (if there is one), but intent upon reducing a sublime religion to a fragmentized social action group. They obviously don't need the Pope. They don't even need a church. They should go out and "do good," each according to his own conscience, or stay home and interpret the Gospels, each according to his own lights. Shades of Martin Luther.

ROZALIA DE KANTER,
Santa Ana, Calif.

History's Greatest WPA?

FRANK BLACKABY in "History's Greatest Dead End" [*SR*, Mar. 14] claims that the arms race is a waste of the world's resources. But how can a nation achieve a balance of payments and maintain a stable economy without selling military hardware or contributing to its production and servicing?

We might all agree that it would be better for France to sell its delicious bread, the staff of life, to Libya rather than military hardware. But how much bread can the Libyans eat? How much bread would it take to effect the balance of payments?

Could the United States survive very long economically among nations without the vast production and sale of military hardware? Without the salaries of the people who now produce it, man it, and manage it, wouldn't our internal economic structure collapse? Isn't it all a modern form of a vast WPA project to prop up our economy?

LILLIAN M. SNYDER,
Baltimore, Md.

Ends of Vietnam Fighting

WHILE Theodore White's "A Proposal to End the Vietnam Fighting" [*SR*, Mar. 21] contained some interesting ideas, it also showed a considerable amount of American chauvinism and a lack of understanding of politics.

Mr. White comments about how most of the people of South Vietnam are anti-communists, a fact that history doesn't bear out. The people have never had a chance to choose a communist government (in the only election held, communists weren't allowed to vote or run for office). And although Americans like to think that the Vietcong are able to operate only because of their use of terrorism, this is false. Revolutionary war cannot be carried out unless the populace is willing to provide sanctuary.

White suggests that a very small number of provincial capitals be turned over to the communists, and that they be allowed to run them with freedom from bombing, raids, harassment, etc. Then he adds that if they use these as a political base (revolutionary war is political) we will come in and bomb them and help the anti-communist forces. In effect, what he wants to do is put the communist Vietnamese on reservations like the American Indian, the effects of which we have seen, i.e., poverty, destroyed culture. Then if they don't like it, we will bomb them. What he doesn't even suggest is that in the same way would we be committed to bomb our erstwhile allies if they take action against the communist-controlled territories? While White may be posing as a concerned and objective person, he is actually taking a counter-revolutionary and reactionary line.

Although White does note the fact that many of the anti-communist peoples of South Vietnam do not support or agree with the puppet government of Ky and Thieu, he does not give the communists the right to carry on political agitation and education in the general populace outside the area that they will supposedly be allowed to govern. If White is not able to understand the right of political movements to carry out their work, then it is no wonder that he may suggest plans such as in his article.

White also makes mention of some historic rift between the communists of North and South. I would like to see some real proof of this so-called division, since the Vietcong has in fact been the historic continuation of the people's struggle against colonialism, a struggle that Ho Chi Minh began outlining in the 1920s. And I would suggest that Ho was more of an authority on Indo-China than White ever will be.

The overall tone of Mr. White's article is that the United States has some right to continue its colonial domination of the internal politics of the partitioned country of South Vietnam. This is the thinking that has kept us in a mess for two decades already. Continued immoral use and usurpation of power will be the force that will cause the American nation to wither within and to be buried by a developing world. If we straighten out our thinking and get out of Vietnam now, we can finish our own revolution and become a democracy that can lend fantastic skills and technology to the whole world, be it communist or non-communist.

HOLLIS C. STEWART,
Milwaukee, Wis.

"Now, that makes forty-three dinners we owe this spring."

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Brendan and His Double

IT IS IRONIC that a drama about a colorful deceased writer frequently enjoys a greater success than did the same writer's own plays during his lifetime. Thus, on Broadway *Dylan* ran longer than *Under Milk Wood*, *The Disenchanted* outdistanced *The Great Gatsby*, and now *Borstal Boy* has opened to more enthusiastic notices than did *The Hostage*.

Although *Borstal Boy* is an adaptation by Frank McMahon of two books by the late Brendan Behan (*Borstal Boy* and *Confessions of an Irish Rebel*), its strength is derived from the brilliant dramatic device of contrasting the latter-day barroom Behan with the sixteen-year-old sensitive lad whose views of society were being shaped by his years in prison. The major part of the action is a plain documentary of Behan's experiences in Walton Prison and Hollesley Bay Borstal (a British reformatory for minors), but the impact these had on the youth is most dramatically communicated by the sardonic remarks of a second actor who plays the older, retrospective author.

The production here is essentially that of Ireland's famous Abbey Theater, which is surprising when one recalls that the book *Borstal Boy* was once forbidden reading in Ireland. Furthermore, director Tomas MacAnna's staging is more modern in style than the tradition-bound performances we have come to expect from the Abbey. For the most part, the action is played as total theater on a bare stage with the actors bringing in only just enough scenery and properties to suggest the environment. And all of this is theatrically heightened by Neil Peter Jampolis's use of back lighting.

Playing the young Behan is an engagingly sensitive actor, Frank Grimes, who, although he lacks much resemblance to the later Behan, does express most effectively the humor and tragedy of an unsophisticated youth impelled by family and national pride to undertake a bombing assignment in Liverpool on behalf of the Irish Republican Army. His apparent naïveté makes the political act seem halfhearted and innocent, and his subsequent punishment cruelly unjust. Thus, our attention is shifted from the rightness or wrongness of the I.R.A. tactics to a consideration of how the prison system brings out the worst in people. The prison also acts to preserve the separation between the upper and middle classes and the working class. In the play, we are made aware of this separation mainly through the performance of Niall Toibin, who has remarkably caught not only the late playwright's unkempt look, but more importantly his stoic sarcasm. The latter is very special, usually expressed without anger but as if he has said it somewhere else before. "I always had an answer for them," he boasts, "historically informed and obscene." Or he can simultaneously defend and criticize his countrymen as he does when he tells us, "Some people don't like the Irish. I do." And then quickly adds, "We're very popular among ourselves."

Behan's tough-minded awareness of the truth about himself and about the world, plus his sense of humor, gave his writing a universal strength. And it is these same qualities that keep this documentary free of sentimentality. Even the sadists among the prison guards and inmates do not emerge as villains, but as unfortunates. As Behan points out, "Every cripple has his own way of dancing." Such tolerance is remarkable, for one is also told that the permanent damage inflicted upon the author in a prison beating probably contributed to his early death.

There is little sense of dramatic progression in *Borstal Boy*. It is simply the portrait of a prisoner as a young man with a selection of authentic experiences strung together chronologically. Although no one of these experiences seems specifically to advance Behan to a new maturity, we nevertheless come to feel that all of them somehow led to his acquiring his troublesome but gorgeous later personality.

This is the season in which the Broadway musical, staple of show business, is fighting for its life. But the principal thrust of this fight to date has been not the development of a new and more exciting kind of musical, but a reliance on the energy and personality of a few performers to hold our interest with relatively uninspired material.

Thus, Katharine Hepburn playing Katharine Hepburn becomes the reason to see *Coco*, and Ethel Merman returning as Ethel Merman thrillingly justifies revisiting *Hello, Dolly!* which now has a chance of running through mid-September to supplant *My Fair Lady* as the longest running musical in Broadway history.

A third instance of this kind of success is to be found in *Applause*, a musical based on the film *All About Eve*, but which is really about Lauren Bacall coming to terms with the realities of show business. The case of Miss Bacall differs from the others in that here the actress is not depending upon a stage personality that is basically the same today as it was twenty-five years ago. Rather, she is pouring maximum energy, concentration, and honesty into a role that calls for little more than exploring her own personal and professional situation.

Her portrayal of Margo Channing, the temperamental Broadway star, is almost from the beginning that of a vital woman disenchanted with all the social backstage phoniness that goes with her career. Indeed, her best number is "But Alive," in which she ducks an opening night party to go dancing with her dresser in a gay bar. Liberation from responsibility and from the anxieties of growing older is what she needs, and in *Applause* Miss Bacall moves us by her desperate quest for, and ultimate achievement of, a new viability. Her liberation is counterpointed by the progress of Eve Harrington, an ambitious young actress who voluntarily suffers degrading enslavement in order to become a Tony Award-winning star. Penny Fuller plays Eve as sincere and benevolent in the first act, so that Margo's suspicions about her seem pure paranoia. Only much later does Eve seem to yield to her ambition, and even then, because we are told that she is actually a very good actress, her whoredom to her producer appears unnecessary. Of course, this may be the point of the book by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and the songs by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams. Eve is seduced by show business, while Margo sees through it to regain her integrity. However, here *Applause* equivocates. Instead of presenting a devastating attack on the false sense of values Broadway too often encourages, *Applause* points them out and then suggests that they are inevitable and somehow worth it all in the end.

Ray Aghayan's costumes are chic and imaginative. Scene designer Robert Randolph and lighting designer Tharon Musser have combined to produce an exciting nightclub atmosphere through the use of a movable ceiling of colored lights. And director-choreographer Ron Field has kept the show infused with vitality. But it is primarily our admiration for Miss Bacall's gutsy performance that makes her *Applause* and our applause something more than routine.

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When America Was Singing "Buddy, Can You Spare a Dime?"

by HENRY S. RESNIK

HARD TIMES: An Oral History of the Great Depression

by Studs Terkel

Pantheon, 462 pp., $8.95

There is certainly reason to fear for the future of literature in print. As an art form the novel lacks immediacy and relevance, and the most important poets of today are working in film. Although more books are being published than ever, too often they are merely informative; they lack all passion, especially in their use (or abuse) of language. But the tape-recorded book—in effect, the tape-recorded journalistic novel—of which Studs Terkel's *Hard Times: An Oral History of the Great Depression* is a significant recent example, promises a new surge of literary vitality.

The movement toward tape-recorded literature is only in its infancy. Tape recorders were not commercially available until 1949, and they didn't come into wide use until the late Fifties. Now, with the tiny new cassette machine, people can carry tape recorders around with them wherever they go, grabbing up juicy slices of reality like glorious fruit from a full-blossomed tree. The potential of taped literature is enormous.

Tape-recorded literature is distinct from books that use transcriptions of tapes as a component. More than 150 books currently in print employ material from the huge oral history collection at Columbia University, which pioneered the use of tape recorders in creating historical documents, and consists almost entirely of memoirs. But books that merely quote taped interviews do not necessarily contribute to the development of a new form. They can be as conventional as the driest history or biography, using the tape recorder as if it were little more than an improved kind of stenographer, and oral history just another source.

What distinguishes the emerging art form that *Hard Times* represents is, rather, a unique framework that has already begun to acquire its own devices and conventions. The transcription is the bulk of the work; edited anywhere from heavily to not at all, it tells the story of one or more people in their own words. Often the story involves reminiscence; but, more important, it conveys strong feelings—the moment of taping remains vividly alive on the printed page. It tends to be much more spontaneous than conventional written language; consequently, in most cases it is nowhere near as logical and ordered.

These tape-recorded journalistic novels frequently include a large number of speakers, all of whom address themselves to a single subject. In Ronald Blythe's *Akenfield*, for example, the narratives of forty-nine people from several different social strata combine to present a fascinating, multidimensional portrait of an English farming village. Oscar Lewis's books about Mexican and Puerto Rican families—*The Children of Sanchez*, *La Vida*, and others—have done more to advance the cause of tape-recorded literature than the works of any other writer, and in *La Vida* we see the Rios family through several dozen pairs of eyes. A notable exception is Jean Stafford's *A Mother in History*, which is essentially a monologue by Marguerite Oswald, mother of the accused Presidential assassin.

Some kind of sustained narrative, at any rate, an emphasis on the immediate reality of the recorded moment, and the impact of what is often crude language are universal characteristics of the form. While the *Paris*

HENRY S. RESNIK is the author of *Turning On the System*, to be published in May.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

27 **"Hard Times: An Oral History of the Great Depression,"** by Studs Terkel

30 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

31 **"Moving Through Here,"** by Don McNeill

31 **"Victorian Revolutionaries,"** by Morse Peckham

32 **"The Stunt Man,"** by Paul Brodeur

33 **"A Horse and Two Goats,"** by R. K. Narayan

34 **"The Heron,"** by Giorgio Bassani

36 **Books for Young People,** by Zena Sutherland

38 **"Machiavelli: A Dissection,"** by Sydney Anglo

39 **"Giambattista Vico: An International Symposium,"** edited by Giorgio Tagliacozzo and Hayden V. White

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Review interviews with leading writers comprise a series of lively dialogues, they do not qualify—they don't aspire to be anything but what they are: first-rate interviews.

One reason tape-recorded journalistic novels tend to succeed best at telling a story in an entertaining way when they offer a multiplicity of viewpoints has to do with their tone: they are rarely didactic (even though individual speakers may indulge in flights of rhetoric, apology, or self-righteousness); their author-editors strive to capture an ambiance, an essence, a mood, and, ideally, a unique way of putting feelings and moods and moments into words. Although Lewis provides a coherent structure for the various stories of *La Vida* (the book is divided into five major sections, each of which deals with a principal member of the family), it barely contains the flood of reminiscence his subjects unleash when they talk freely. The reader must often seek his own order and meaning. Lewis never explains what Fernanda, who provides one of his principal case histories, is really like, and we are left, as in life itself, to understand her in our own way.

This method produces a totally different world-view from the one we are used to in more orthodox literary forms. In the past we have expected writers to impart a special knowledge of or sensitivity to the subjects they observe, but the writer-editor of the new tape-recorded journalism remains in the background. He is merely a purveyor of attitudes, among which his own is not necessarily the most important. Writers, poets, and artists in our society have traditionally occupied a quasi-aristocratic position, but the new form eliminates class barriers.

Ultimately the tape-recorded journalistic novel, as it seems to be emerging in a number of recent works, anticipates an entirely new, and quite revolutionary, role for the writers who pursue it. The styles of the mass media, the general clamor for participation that arises as much from a fear of being swallowed up in the crowd as from what McLuhan calls the "mosaic" quality of television, the overwhelming interest in democratic individualism, and, perhaps most important, the irrelevance of the art forms of the past, are gradually pushing the artist-writer from his position of command—but if he embraces the new form, obviously he is willing to surrender that position.

In *Hard Times*, for example, he is no longer really a writer at all in the conventional sense; he is the editorial instrument, the great language-distillery, of The People. Where once he was gifted, by God or some divine Muse, with the Word—inspiration passed through him to his audience; he embodied the Word—now the process is reversed and he passes the audience's words back to them. It is an art form based on communal authorship, and in all honesty the writer-editor cannot claim sole responsibility for the final product. (Paul Bullock, in his recent book *Watts: The Aftermath*, identifies himself as "editor" and his twenty-six tape-recorded speakers as "the authors.")

We never learn exactly what Terkel thinks about the 162 points of view of the Depression included in *Hard Times*. Nor do we learn much about his idea of the Depression itself—its causes, its effects, Roosevelt, or the New Deal. *Hard Times* is not a well-ordered history that tells us what the author wants us to know; it is, as Terkel writes in the introduction, "a memory book, rather than one of hard fact and precise statistic." Its purpose is to convey the *feel* of the Depression as "an improvised batallion of survivors" recall it in casual conversation. We can make of the information what we want. Some of those interviewed were shocked and broken; others found the hard times an exciting challenge. Terkel gives us glimpses of them all: rich and poor, young and old, politician and entertainer, aristocrat and communist, brain-truster and Southern populist—the whole vast panorama, each with his own private story.

If the new form takes hold, there is going to be a lot of fuss in various quarters. Cornelius Ryan, who researched *The Longest Day* for ten years in order to create a true and readable account of the Normandy invasion (in which he used novelistic techniques), made this clear to the 400-strong Oral History Association during its first annual conference in 1967 by describing the inadequacy of oral history within his own work: "I discovered that interviewing is not reliable. I never found one man who landed on Omaha Beach who could tell me whether the water was hot or cold. I never found one man who could tell me the exact time when some incident occurred." Ryan does not consider himself an Establishment historian—many see him as a mere popularizer of history—but his conventional dedication to the truth *as fact* will be supported by more and more historians as the fundamentals of historiography encounter increasing threats in the form of books like *Hard Times*.

It's all part of "what's happening," of course. Everywhere you look, the façades of traditional institutions and ideas are cracking. The most important cultural development of the latter twentieth century is the emergence of ritualized anti-intellectualism and the cultivation of passion and anarchy, with its concomitant rebellion against all authority. Anarchy can be beautiful, but it can also be messy and destructive. A spate of books like Andy Warhol's completely unedited tape-recorded novel, *a*, could conceivably bring on the final death throes of literacy.

But at its best the new literary form of which *Hard Times* is an example can bolster another basic goal of the counter culture: restoring to mankind a sense of humanity. It's no mere coincidence that Terkel chose a title from Dickens for a book about the Depression; as he had already shown in an earlier tape-recorded book, *Division Street: America*, he brings to his work

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

TWO BY TWO

Love, passion, marriage—one way or another, the men and women listed below were connected with one another in books written by the authors in Column 3. Lois L. Rauch of Pittsburgh, Pa., asks whether you can correctly re-form the dozen mixed trios. All questions are solved on page 30.

1. Roberta Alden ( )	A. Jake Barnes	a. Conrad
2. Isabel Archer ( )	B. Pierre Bezuhov	b. Dickens
3. Brett Ashley ( )	C. William Boldwood	c. Dreiser
4. Aksinia Astakhova ( )	D. Charles Darnay	d. Fielding
5. Bathsheba Everdene ( )	E. Clyde Griffiths	e. Forster
6. Clarissa Harlowe ( )	F. Ronald Heaslop	f. Hardy
7. Lucie Manette ( )	G. Tom Jones	g. Hemingway
8. Bessie Mears ( )	H. Robert Lovelace	h. James
9. Adela Quested ( )	I. Gregor Melekhov	i. Richardson
10. Natasha Rostov ( )	J. Giovanni Nostromo	j. Sholokhov
11. Giselle Violo ( )	K. Gilbert Osmund	k. Tolstoy
12. Sophia Western ( )	L. Bigger Thomas	l. Wright

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a profound love for his fellow man, particularly the oppressed. One senses that he has unlimited compassion, the ability to listen without judging—people confide their deepest hopes and fears to his patient machine. Even society photographer Jerome Zerbe, easily the most offensive speaker in the book ("... we're gonna have a complete revolution here in America. Probably a dictatorship. . . . Look what happened at Columbia. Why, they should have turned the fire hoses on those little bastards and get them out right away. Instead of tolerating them."), emerges from the general context not a villain, but a victim of circumstance.

Because it rarely makes judgments, the tape-recorded journalistic novel introduces a fresh and vital human warmth into the literary mainstream that is the very antithesis of the "alienated" novel. And when this humanity is channeled into words, the result is often poetry.

A drifter, in the section called "Hard Travelin'":

> . . . it created a coyote mentality. You were a predator. You had to be. The coyote is crafty. He can be fantastically courageous and a coward at the same time. He'll run, but when he's cornered he'll fight. I grew up where they were hated, 'cause they'd kill sheep. They'll kill a calf, get in the chicken pen. They're mean. But how else does a coyote stay alive? He's not as powerful as a wolf. He has a small body. He's in such bad condition, a dog can run him down. He's not like a fox. A coyote is nature's victim as well as man's. We were coyotes in the Thirties—the jobless.

An organizer of the United Auto Workers:

> When Mr. Knudsen put his name to a piece of paper and says that General Motors recognizes the UAW-CIO—until that moment, we were non people, we didn't even exist. (Laughs.) That was the big one. (His eyes are moist.)

The doughty principal of a school in Chicago, an early proponent of the teachers' union:

> My nephew, not so long ago, said to me, referring to the Negroes: "Ah, if they want a job, they can get it." I said, "If you ever say that again—I don't care if you're damn near forty years old—I'll slap you! Your father couldn't get a job in the Depression, and he wanted one." Of course, he's forgotten. But, ohhh, I felt all that old rage coming back.

A tycoon who found success in the struggle:

> First of all, I'd always thank God for my blessings. Then I'd use a very simple prayer: Please, God, help me sell. Please, God, help me sell. Please, God, help me sell. Please, God, help me sell. Please, God, help me sell. This did many things, the mystic power of prayer. It got me keyed up. I threw all the energy I had into it. Immediately afterward, I'd unwind and relax. I don't believe in sadness. . . .

Americans have little reason to be proud of their country these days, but in *Hard Times* Studs Terkel has given us what amounts to a huge anthem in praise of the American spirit. The book often attains an almost mythic quality. It is a rough fabric studded with jewels.

Paradoxically, *Hard Times* deals with the present as much as the past. We continually see the Depression in the context of our affluence—and our troubles—because the speakers, and presumably Terkel's questions, continually underscore the parallels and differences. Many speakers comment with dread on the possibility of another depression now; today's "generation gap" is repeatedly described as a division between Depression survivors and their rich, complacent children. The book is filled with references to the hopelessness and moral squalor of contemporary American life, as compared with the tragic Depression years, when people banded together in a common cause. *Hard Times* may satisfy the nostalgic yearning for a simpler past that has become so fashionable lately, but it is filled with dismal reminders of what brought on that nostalgia in the first place.

It would be naïve, however, to think that Terkel had no artistic control over his material or that the message of *Hard Times* is the absolute truth even of "the people." The importance of subtle conversational cues and the choice of subjects itself are almost impossible to measure. We know from Terkel's introduction that roughly a hundred people he interviewed for the book were not included in the final version. What was the selection process? How were the tapes edited? Like any honest journalist, Terkel must have chosen what he considered the most comprehensive and truthful representation from the hundreds of thousands of words he had collected; he must have sought the words that said things best. As with the *cinéma vérité* films of Allan King and the Maysles brothers, his technique is unquestionably more realistic than anything that has preceded it, but it should not therefore be mistaken for total objectivity. Tape-recorded literature and *cinéma vérité* films simply represent a new way of seeing reality—a closer, more intimate way, in which the artist has become for the most part an invisible guide. The artist's function has changed, but reality is as elusive as ever.

Andy Warhol's *a*, which claims to be an absolutely real picture of Warhol and all the little Warhols at work and play during a typical Warhol day, presents faithfully, uncut, the transcriptions of nearly twenty-four hours' worth of tape, but it is—oh God, yes—a *Warhol* reality presented in a Warhol style: inarticulate, boring, perverse, right down to the last precious typographical error, the meaningless overlapping conversations, and even the

"Your husband says he misses you and a Miss Lola Peterson."

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tape that isn't there (a teeny-Warhol's mother confiscated it while she was in the process of transcribing it). At the opposite end of the spectrum, Ronald Blythe created the fictitious *Akenfield* from a composite of several East Anglian villages where he had done his research and interviews. Terkel is somewhere left of middle, both artistically and politically—he seems to favor the socialists more than the capitalists, but he gives all sides a voice.

As long as the proponents of oral history and tape-recorded literature do not try to claim an inherently greater truth for their work than that of any other historical or literary form, the question of editorial technique is a minor one. The real significance of the new form rests in the liberating effect it can have on speech and language and the human truth to which it frequently leads. At a time when language and words are all too often utilitarian tools, our culture desperately needs this new approach.

Ironically, *Hard Times* offers abundant evidence of how far the language has declined and how little magic or fire it retains. Despite the eloquent moments and the poetry, abrupt, truncated rhythms predominate, and the over-all tone is devoid of color or metaphor. There is something grim about the way Americans talk, and, unfortunately, *Hard Times* captures it perfectly. As a result, many passages seem dull or redundant, for at its worst the American vernacular is assembly-line language, as exciting as powdered milk and McDonald's nineteen-cent hamburgers.

Oscar Lewis observes in his introduction to *La Vida* that, "while the language [of the Puerto Ricans interviewed] is strong and vivid, it never reaches the poetic levels of the language of the Mexicans I have studied." Poetry or the lack of it is related directly to a nation's culture, of course. Even an individual's language reflects what he is. Now it seems that the new literary forms which tape recorders are making available to us may not only put us back in touch with our essential humanity, but may nourish a sense of linguistic richness that tradition has made the exclusive property of the "sensitive" élite.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Ec, *American Tragedy*; 2Kh, *Portrait of a Lady*; 3Ag, *Sun Also Rises*; 4Ij, *Quiet Don*; 5Cf, *Far from the Madding Crowd*; 6Hi; 7Db, *Tale of Two Cities*; 8L1, *Native Son*; 9Fe, *Passage to India*; 10 Bk, *War and Peace*; 11 Ja, *Nostromo*; 12Gd.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Chicanos

THE ARTICLE "No Mañanas for Today's Chicanos" [*SR*, Mar. 14] is the product of very little thoughtful research. It is stated that the Chicanos are descended from the Aztecs, Toltecs, and Mayas. That simply is not true. They are not at all from Yucatán, the home of the Maya, and only rarely from Central Mexico, the home of the Toltec culture, which merged into the Aztec culture. These people are the direct descendants of primitive Indian groups to the north of Central Mexico. They are Otomis and Chichimecas from the states of San Luis Potosí, Querétaro, Guanajuato, and Zacatecos and Tarascans from Michoacán and Jalisco. These people represent the descendants of the noted pre-Columbian cultures of Mexico.

The statement by a Chicano that "Our history has been lost" is absurd because it would be what they wrote. The only history they have is what has been written about them by non-Chicanos.

The statement that the history of the Mexican in this country is 400 years old is ridiculous. What Mexicans were in the United States, any of the present fifty states, in the year 1570? The Spanish-speaking of the American Southwest before 1850 were basically local Indians who had been taught to speak Spanish by Spanish missionaries.

I find it amusing to read of land-grabbing Americans being so bad. Have you ever read an accurate history of Mexico? Where did the Spaniard and the Mexican get his land from? I guess it was better to have Spaniards grab land from the Indians.

The Mexican-American War did not involve a giant and a midget. The U.S. was similar in size and population to Mexico in 1845, and Mexico was unquestionably the richer nation at the time. Mexico was made weak not by its struggle for independence but by constant internal factional strife generated by the ruling aristocracy.

HARRISON H. DUNCAN,
Los Fresnos, Tex.

Mistaken but Not Corrupt

HERBERT MITGANG in his review of our book *Al Smith, Hero of the Cities* and Richard O'Connor's on the same subject [*SR*, Mar. 7] charges that Smith "sold out" his earlier principles in the 1930s for $50,000 a year as head of the Empire State Building Corporation. This accusation is belied by the fact that earlier in his career, in 1920, when he was defeated for the governorship, Smith held a position as head of the United States Trucking Company at a reported $50,000 a year, but two years later he gladly renounced the fleshpots to run again for the governorship, a post that paid less than a third of that sum.

The situation was quite different after his defeat for the Presidency in 1928. He had been rejected by the voters in a dirty electoral contest, losing even his own state. Moreover, Roosevelt, whom Smith had placed in office, rebuffed his offers of friendly counsel, and as President gave him no opportunity to be useful in the nation's greatest crisis.

Although at first Smith supported Roosevelt's policies, it is true that he came to support the conservative economic position in the course of the Thirties. We tried in our book to explain this change as arising from the emotional crisis he suffered when the extent of his political effacement was brought home to him. In the end he was dominated by feelings of bitterness and frustration. But to term this change in his views a "sell-out," for money, is to malign a man who under the far greater temptations of public office during a quarter of a century emerged without the slightest stain on his character. He was mistaken, no doubt, but he was never corrupt.

HANNAH JOSEPHSON,
MATTHEW JOSEPHSON,
New York, N.Y.

Triliteral Roots

GLEN YALE [BOOK FORUM, Mar. 14] will find the authoritative answer to his question in the Oxford *Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament*, by Brown, Driver, and Briggs: *'Almah* means a young woman (ripe sexually; maid or newly married); its masculine form, *'elem*, means a young man. The related abstract noun, *'alumim*, denotes "youth" and "youthful vigor." The root is found in three other Semitic languages and means "to be mature sexually," "to be strong," "to rejuvenate," "to be lustful." It nowhere has any relationship to virginity, for which there is a totally different root: BTL.

SOLOMON FEFFER,
Newark, N.J.

Permissive Court

PETER SCHRAG, who reviewed *Justice* [*SR*, Mar. 21], should stop worrying about the Constitution being suspended. The Supreme Court has been most permissive in recent years in extending Constitutional protections.

LAWRENCE M. POLON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Treadwell, Not Treadway

GLENDY CULLIGAN did not do her homework. A minor correction is in order in her review [*SR*, Mar. 28] of the Katherine Anne Porter book. "Mrs. Treadway" is in reality "Mrs. Treadwell."

SUSAN S. CRYER,
Rockville, Md.

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MOVING THROUGH HERE

by Don McNeill

Knopf, 235 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Alex Apostolides

■ A revolution hit the United States in the middle of the 1960s. Like most revolutions, it started with high promise. Like many revolutions, it failed for lack of long-range goals. But, like all revolutions, this one changed the face of the society in which it took place, and that society can never be the same again.

Moving Through Here is an account of the opening days of that revolution.

This is an extraordinary book that deals with an extraordinary time. A selection of pieces originally written for New York's *Village Voice*, first of the underground papers, *Moving Through Here* is undoubtedly the best book to come out of the alternate-press to date. There've been others, hasty anthologies schlocked together by publishers eager to ride the "hippy" groundswell, but their message—as with much "underground" writing—has been lost in shrill polemics that cloud the essence of what the writers tried to say.

Don McNeill differs from most of his underground colleagues: he writes well, and his vision is unclouded by illusion. He is in the scene, with it, and for it—but he always keeps an observant reporter's eye that sees through the spangled sham of surface to the rock-bottom realities beneath.

Moving Through Here is a chronicle of a revolution in lifeways that began with protest against an America become absurd, and grew with dope as the subculture's binding agent. It was fed, aided, and abetted by the Establishment press, whose media fell with wild delight upon the more outrageous aspects of the "hippy" culture and totally ignored the basic values underneath. Wandering through it all with seeing eye and sharp ear tuned, Don McNeill wrote a social document that should be made required reading in whatever schools survive the 1970s.

The book begins in New York, where "spiritual rebirth" through chemistry was promised by Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert, defrocked academic researchers whose names became household words later in the game. It swings through Be-In, Smoke-In, Yip-In, and ends with signs of things to come as police run riot in Grand Central Station. From New York to San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury McNeill traces the growth—and destruction—of awareness as the subculture races its predestined way through eccentric dress, dope, and music to political action in the streets accompanied by the indiscriminate crunching of police clubs on every head in reach.

Concerning the 1968 student uprising in Paris, Daniel Cohn-Bendit said, "If the government had not reacted as violently and stupidly as it did, we would never have been able to create the turmoil that we did." America's government has reacted no differently. In a textbook example of how it works, *Youthquake* shows a senseless escalation that progresses from people playing music in a park to a black-comedy turmoil that winds up with whole populations surging in the streets.

"There is something happening and you don't know what it is," sang Bob Dylan. "If there is a theme to their music," McNeill says of the new music that voices the ethos of the revolution, "it is what's inside changing order. They are bards, in a sense, spreading the word about a new era, or proclaiming a comic-book obituary to the old." And this last is what the Old Guard is so uptight about—it can't stand laughter directed at itself.

Of the much-vaunted generation gap and official reaction, again McNeill: "It is a time when force appears to many to be the only solution to incomprehensible problems. In a time of infectious war and domestic insurgency, America is losing its youth to a mysterious, invisible, and invincible Pied Piper. The American white middle class is in the realm of last resorts." And, " 'What is the straight world?' a young girl asked. 'They think we're funny. I wonder if they ever stop to think how strange they are.' "

One sees wonder, death, disaster, outrage on the beaded, love-fringed underside of America. But there is also joyful, sparkling laughter and a way of life that, to many, is vastly preferable to the world of ABM and suburbia.

Moving Through Here is a singing, joy-filled book in which McNeill celebrates life. It ends in tragedy: this bright new voice was lost when the twenty-four-year-old McNeill died in 1968, victim of a drowning accident.

In an epilogue his friend Paul Williams sums up McNeill: "Don's only interest was in the compassionate truth—the contribution that truth told in print could make to the growth of his world—and yes, the well-turned phrase, he always enjoyed his words and sentences, conscious of the music he could set free."

Moving Through Here is a song, a celebration that bids fair to be one of the most readable and important books of this or any year.

Alex Apostolides, an expatriate San Franciscan and ex-staff member of the Los Angeles Free Press, is currently working on a novel, "Second Harvest," which deals with the underground movement in Southern California.

—Jacket for "Moving Through Here," designed by Peter Max.

Don McNeill—"a song, a celebration."

VICTORIAN REVOLUTIONARIES

by Morse Peckham

Braziller, 310 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Kenneth Rose

■ Who were the Victorian revolutionaries? On reading the title of Professor Morse Peckham's latest work, I braced myself for the familiar litany of oppression resisted and exploitation thwarted, yet another chronicle of discontent from the Tolpuddle Martyrs to Keir Hardie. Peckham's revolutionaries, however, manned no barricades, shouted no slogans. Although sometimes displaying a mild eccentricity of dress or behavior, they were seemingly among the very pillars of the Victorian Establishment.

There was Tennyson, who maintained a cosy emotional intimacy with the Queen herself and "was the last English poet to make a considerable fortune out of poetry." (Peckham might have spared a thought for that almost entirely Anglicized American, T. S. Eliot, who left an estate of more than £100,000.) There was Browning, who, to use Mary Gladstone's phrase, dinnered himself away in society. There was Carlyle, who glowered despairingly at the world from a comfortable house in Chelsea. There were the Pre-Raphaelites, whose intricately worked canvases, however much exposed to abuse, yearly adorned the Royal Academy. There were those twin fathers of anthropology, John Lubbock and Edward Tylor, much honored both by governments and learned societies. And there was Swinburne, who, admittedly ad-

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dicted to flagellation and alcohol, ended his years in a suburban villa on a single bottle of pale ale a day—"ultimate allowance," as Max Beerbohm called it, "of one who had erst clashed cymbals in Naxos."

That is not as the author sees them. For him they were heroes of a cultural crisis, of what indeed he believes to be the greatest cultural crisis in human history. All of them, he argues, transcended the accepted tenets of their age. And to each of the six essays he has written on his protagonists he brings a formidable industry and an enviable breadth of knowledge.

Tennyson releases himself from the charismatic domination of Arthur Hallam, exemplified by *In Memoriam*, to achieve the lonely self-reliance of *Idylls of the King*. Carlyle affronts Victorian optimism by demonstrating, in a rhetoric that embraces both pessimism and terror, the perpetual inadequacy of man. Browning conceives the world as a theater and himself as an actor incapable of suspending his disbelief. The Pre-Raphaelites deliberately break the bonds of mid-nineteenth-century fashionable taste, and a century later provide the means of loosening the economic stranglehold of the Impressionist picture market. Lubbock and Tylor reveal that anthropology, as an instrument of social management, is a science not so much of reform as of revolution. Swinburne sees political tyranny reflected in his own masochism, and is led to reject that most revered of all Victorian institutions, the family.

When he chooses, Professor Peckham can display a command of epigram more penetrating than his weight of scholarship. He raps Marx sharply over the knuckles for a misconception about Victorian England: "Not religion but opium was the opium of the people"—and Thomas De Quincey bears him out. Nor does he spare his own country: "The correction of social defects has never been a forte or interest of American society, only the bland and reiterated assertion that we have none."

As an entity, however, *Victorian Revolutionaries* suffers from a lack of intellectual discipline, a contempt for logical sequence, a reluctance to define terms with precision. "Reading the mature and more demanding Browning," the author tells us, "is like having one's brain squeezed by a gigantic hand. The easiest escape from that humiliation is to deny the validity of the squeezer." After shouldering his way through the 300 opaque and discursive pages of this volume, the reader cannot be blamed if he seeks salvation in the same stern verdict.

I am unimpressed by a writer who harangues me about "imaginative powers of cognitive integration, evinced in sustained phonic and imagistic overdetermination." My attention wanders when I read of "the abstraction from configurational signs of feeling signs, the desocialization of the personality as the expression of alienation, and the transcendence of society into states of pure feeling." If that is the language of the English Literature faculty at the University of South Carolina, where Professor Peckham teaches, I see the attractions of the silent majority.

Even when clear, Peckham can be careless. He is uncertain about English titles. John Lubbock, Lord Avebury, should not be called Baron Avebury, much less Baron John. Such criticism is not mere pedantry. Like dates, titles are an indispensable tool of the historian's trade and should not be misused.

More irritatingly, at two widely separated points of the book the author misquotes the most famous of all Lord Acton's aphorisms. Acton did not write "All power corrupts," but "Power tends to corrupt." The lapse into dogmatism would scarcely matter except that on page 50 Peckham labels it a generalization "of the utmost idiocy"; then again uses his corrupt version as the first premise of the dramatic syllogism with which he triumphantly concludes his book.

Kenneth Rose is the author of the recently published "Superior Person: A Portrait of Curzon and His Circle in Late Victorian England."

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1393

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1393 will be found in the next issue.

CWW U LCHV FY JSYI UX FPCF

C DCS UX C PMDCS OVUSZ—

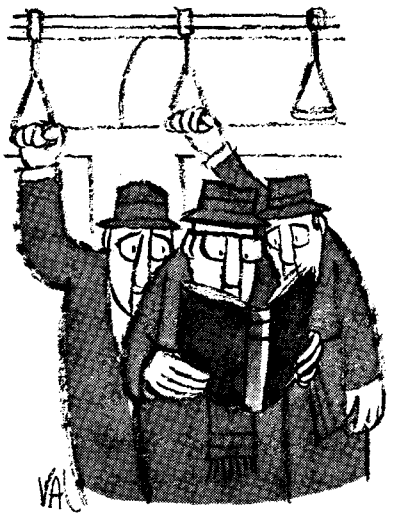
FPCF UX VSYMZP KYH DV; PV

LCS'F OV CSG IYHXV.

—DCHJ FICUS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1392

Our ignorance of history makes us libel our own times. People have always been like this.
—GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.



THE STUNT MAN

by Paul Brodeur

Atheneum, 278 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Robert Scholes

■ Last summer a charming French lady asked me why the Americans and the English had no "new novel." I replied that in fact we do have such a thing, and that it is much more interesting than the French *nouveau roman*, which is still engaged in exploring a vision of banality and futility bequeathed it by the realists and naturalists. The British and American new novelists, instead of trying to reduce fiction to that level of dull meaninglessness which the French seem to find in life, are happily exploring the possibilities of meaning in fictional form itself, and in considering the ways life shares qualities with fictional form.

Paul Brodeur's *The Stunt Man* is a novel in this new tradition. Being in the new tradition is, of course, no guarantee of excellence. The lists of American publishers are becoming crowded with pseudo-Vonneguts and quasi-Barths, just as they were once full of little Hemingways and Fitzgeralds. The very fact that one is able to recognize a new tradition means that its outward characteristics can be imitated by dozens of competent dullards—writers who catch the form but not the spirit that animated those who achieved the form for themselves.

When I looked at the dust jacket of *The Stunt Man* I feared that Brodeur might prove to be merely a poor man's Pirandello and his book a mediocre version of Fowles's *Magus*. But reading the novel itself I began to feel that, although Brodeur had risked both of these dangers, he had achieved a work of his own, highly readable and intellectually rewarding. *The Stunt Man* is a contribution to the new tradition of

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Anglo-American fiction and not merely an exploitation of it.

The story reminds one of both Pirandello and John Fowles. A young man named Cameron escapes from a bus carrying army recruits and hides out in a seaside resort. During his flight he is involved in a strange episode in which he apparently causes the death of another young man. Cameron finds work as stunt man for a film company that is shooting a picture in the resort town, and he discovers that the dead man was his predecessor in the job. Disguised as the leading man's stand-in, Cameron is safe from discovery but at the mercy of the director, Gottschalk (God-rogue or God-joker). When the latter begins to shape the film into a story about a fugitive from military service, a number of plots start to thicken, and the novel generates a good deal of suspense.

Clearly, Brodeur has a Pirandello-like preoccupation with appearance and reality, the interpenetration of art and life. He also employs myths and archetypes: the god-king and his scapegoat son, the Oedipal triangle, the descent into the underworld—these and other mythic motifs are introduced into the story, helping to structure it and, because they sometimes function ironically, to enrich it.

Such stratagems are typical of the new tradition in fiction. What makes Brodeur's book interesting and valuable is his use of them to show how the communications media shape our existence. The film, whose power to persuade is equaled only by its power to distort, is not only the exemplar of all art, it is the exemplar of all perception. In *The Stunt Man* the sun resembles a great lens focusing on the earth. Is it a camera or a projector? Does it record or shape? The human eye, too, is a lens: does it see what is there or project the mind's hopes and fears? These questions are a fundamental part of *The Stunt Man*. And all through the story we receive information via another medium, radio.

Wars and rumors of wars, claims and counterclaims come pouring out upon the characters and the reader. Where, in this welter of material, is truth? Outside the book, in our "real" world, most of us know nothing about events like the American Indo-Chinese adventure except through the media. For us, Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia exist only in newspapers, TV, and other sources that can lie easily and convincingly—almost as convincingly as our eyes and ears can misperceive and misconstrue.

Robert Scholes is the author of "The Fabulators" and other studies of modern fiction.

A HORSE AND TWO GOATS

by R. K. Narayan

Viking, 148 pp., $5.75

Reviewed by Linda Hess

■ R. K. Narayan must sometimes imagine himself in the persona of that traditional Hindu storyteller whose portrait he sketched in an earlier book, *Gods, Demons, and Others*:

> He is part and parcel of the Indian village community. . . . Sitting bolt upright, cross-legged on the cool clay-washed floor of his house, he may be seen any afternoon poring over a ponderous volume in the Sanskrit language. . . . When people want a story, at the end of their day's labors in the fields, they silently assemble in front of his home. On such occasions the storyteller will dress himself for the part by smearing sacred ash on his forehead and wrapping himself in a green shawl, while his helpers set up a framed picture of some god on a pedestal, decorate it with jasmine garlands and light incense. . . . When the storyteller enters . . . he looks imperious and in complete control of the situation.

Narayan does not live in a village, but in the large capital city of Mysore state. His stories are not in Sanskrit or any other native Indian language, but in English; they are written rather than oral, and destined largely for a faraway foreign audience. The jacket photo shows no imperious pundit in shawl and sacred ash, but a warmly smiling man of letters in business suit and spectacles who (the note informs us) "often visits America."

Yet if we tried to sum up Narayan's essence in a simple epithet, we could hardly do better than the two words "Indian storyteller." He is not in the business of reciting tales from the ancient epics, but his characters are apt to do so at any moment. Thus "Uncle," in the longest story of this new volume, walking along Vinayak Street among speeding bicycles and wandering cattle, holds forth to his rapt nephew: "Gambling is bad. Don't you know how Nala lost his kingdom? . . . . The fellow played [dice] with his brother, but malevolent gods had got into the dice. . . ."

Or Muni in the title story burbles happily in Tamil, heedless of the fact that his American interlocutor comprehends not a word:

> "Do you know *Mahabharata*? Krishna was the eighth avatar of Vishnu. . . . When Krishna was a baby he danced on the thousand-hooded giant serpent and trampled it to death; and then he suckled the breasts of the demoness and left them flat as a disc though when she came to him her bosoms were large, like mounds of earth on the banks of a dug up canal."

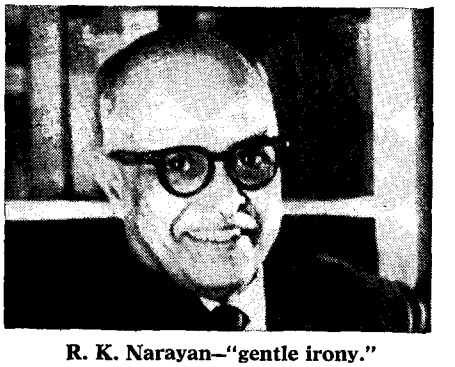
My favorite of these six stories (Narayan's first such collection to be published in the U.S., though many of his novels have appeared here) is "Annamalai," a fine portrait of a volatile, eccentric, muscular gardener who was employed by the narrator for fifteen years. The long period of time is deftly stitched together with flashbacks so unobtrusive that we hardly lose the sense of being in the present.

The situation reminds me of *Zorba the Greek*: a writer, wedded to his books and manuscripts, moves to a quiet spot and hires a servant as colorful and impetuous as the master is mild and introverted. Though he unfailingly addresses his employer as "Boss" (or, in Annamalai's case, "Sir"), and though the boss issues token orders according to form, there is no question that the wilder-flowing stream chooses its own course, and the boss is often glad enough to go along for the ride.

For me the best of Narayan is in characters like Annamalai — unsophisticated laborers, shopkeepers, coachmen, and farmers who have their own humor and wisdom and are as inseparable from the South Indian landscape as flowers springing from the soil. Narayan is intimately acquainted with the rhythms of their speech and thought; never over-embellished, they emerge like pieces of folk art, charming and entirely themselves.

Another sequence I found unusual and delightful was the prologue to "A Breath of Lucifer," in which the author describes the wonderful visions he experienced during a week of darkness and immobility after an eye operation.

Unfortunately, I find a discouraging sameness in both the pleasures and the disappointments of Narayan's fiction. There are always the gentle irony, earthy humor, sharply drawn incidents. I enjoy the smells, colors, and noises of Malgudi, the fictional town to which Narayan so often returns, and I'm always grateful for his utter lack of pretentiousness. But I feel a thinness



R. K. Narayan—"gentle irony."

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in the narrative substance, a lack of depth in relationships.

While the story "Uncle" contains some highly successful vignettes and descriptive passages, the over-all plot —an intrigue involving murder and stolen jewels, summoned up from the distant past—leaves me cold. The dialogue of the Indian characters is wonderful, but the words Narayan puts into the mouth of his "red-faced American" are stilted. "The Seventh House" reminds me of some of Tagore's early attempts to naturalize the short story into Indian literature. They were crowded with tragic circumstances, but skeletal, lacking the particularities

of person and place that usually enliven Narayan's work.

Yet the pleasures outweigh the disappointments. If you feel like visiting an Indian town where a whole local culture, at once ancient and immediate, will unfold lightly before your eyes, Malgudi is still a very good place to go.

Linda Hess, a free-lance writer, studied modern Indian literature during the two years that she was a Fulbright scholar in India.

THE HERON

by Giorgio Bassani, translated from the Italian by William Weaver

Harcourt, Brace & World, 179 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Serge Hughes

■ It was Gabriele d'Annunzio, that master of erotic heroism (or is it heroic eroticism?), who towards the turn of the century wrote a then much-admired love poem to Ferrara, one of his three beloved "cities of silence." A long seventy years later, and after much bewildering history, Ferrara continues to be a silent city. Foreign tourists visit it, of course. They do not flock there, however, and when they come they do so only in summer. Italians, in general, do not act much differently. Once they have fulfilled their poetical obligations to the "magical silences" of Ferrara, usually on some sort of historical-cultural pilgrimage, they are impatient to get on to other things and places.

It is the good fortune of the city, therefore, that those elusive, perfumed silences have intrigued one contemporary Italian writer, and that he has evoked a world around Ferrara. In *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* Giorgio Bassani used the setting of the little-known city for a moving account of an even less known Italian Jewry. Now, in this new work, a sort of Jamesian long-short story, he has returned to Ferrara and to a variant of the same theme in a more intense and concentrated form.

The protagonist is Edgardo Limentani, an exhausted, middle-aged Italian Jew, almost emptied of life, who experiences in one day the cumulative fatigue of his existence and the sudden joyful discovery that death can be his for the asking. The elegy is brief, and the inarticulateness of the hero, for a change, is touching.

Judaism, like most of the past (and the present), has no claims on Edgardo, either as a religious conviction or as a tradition. The irrationality of anti-Semitism is for him but one necessary consequence of an irrational world. He himself had survived fascist anti-Semitism; why, he could not imagine, any more than he could "explain" to himself why the aberration, even in its violent forms, continued long after the war. Nor could he understand how some traditional Italian values—family, sexual prowess, a robust joy in eating and drinking—never very strong in him, had gradually failed him altogether. He had felt something for his wife when she was his mistress, but years of matrimony had only accelerated the inevitable disillusionment. He was fond of his young daughter, but he loved her the way he loved flowers. As for his mother, she had the charm of the semi-senile and the perpetually concerned ("Did you remember to wear your woolen underwear, Edgardo?").

His attitude to politics was one of justified apprehension. No political leader or party was likely to do more than postpone the triumph of a greedy, greasy communism, just as nothing would change the ingrained, ineradicable fascist temperament of so many Italians. Religion, of course, was beyond discussion. A church was a place to rest from the restlessness in oneself. Reading a popular religious pamphlet, Edgardo found he could not extricate Christian teaching from glib optimism, and that both, in any case, were meaningless. Sex, too, had become repugnant.

For all these reasons, most of them unknown to himself, Edgardo sets out early one morning on a duck hunt. He does not kill a single bird, but a heron shot by a fellow hunter suddenly reveals to him the weight of this cumulative emptiness and the one available solution. His last words, directed to his mother and to all the small objects of a tranquil, orderly twentieth-century existence, are "Good night."

Serge Hughes, the author of "The Fall and Rise of Modern Italy," is working on a study of modern Italian literature.

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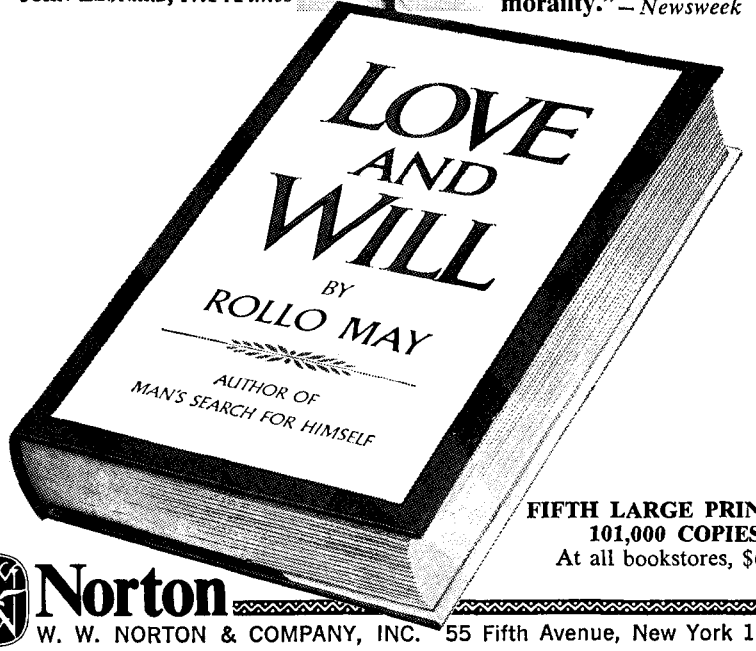

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In Defense of Science Fiction

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

The generation gap is nothing new. When my second son was in fifth grade he read nothing but science fiction and was aware of his mother's disapproval. In fact, I pontificated about magazines with lurid covers, one-track reading, and the total neglect of good books. Finally he dared me to read one SF book, just one, and tell him it wasn't good. *Childhood's End,* it was, by Arthur C. Clarke (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.50), and it won an instant convert.

Science fiction isn't new, either. Plato dabbled in it before the term had been invented. Thomas More's *Utopia* was a forerunner of many books about an imaginary great society. Jules Verne invented the form as we know it; H. G. Wells wrote in the genre, and so did Edgar Rice Burroughs.

What distinguishes these books from other works of fiction? Primarily, they are a combination of the known and the unknown, the latter usually based on current scientific theories. There seems to me to be a distinction between science fiction and science fantasy. For example, Ben Bova's *The Weathermakers* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95) is a projection of techniques already explored in the field of weather control, while Peter Dickinson's *The Weathermongers* (Little, Brown, $4.95), set only five years in the future, envisions an England in which weather is manipulated by magic spells.

Stories in which the plot hinges on the technology of the future constitute a major category. They include, one must admit, space operas replete with gimmicks that defy scientific laws and with bug-eyed monsters and freakish humanoids from other planets. They also include books written by highly reputable scientists, books that are at once authoritative and imaginative.

What, in the space age, can be their appeal? As May Hill Arbuthnot says in *Children's Reading in the Home* (Lothrop, $7.50), "You wonder how long even the best science fiction stories can hold their pseudo-vitality for young readers who are experiencing the real thing—space exploration and all sorts of new scientific facts verified and audio-visualized for them daily."

—From "My Village in Ghana."

There is a clue in Daniel Fader's *Hooked on Books* (Putnam, $5.95). He mentions an interesting development in the use of science fiction in the several years between the first and second editions of his work. In 1966: "Paperbacks of science fiction are generally the best-written books in the library . . . but the best SF is a kind of intellectual ballet . . . ; as Asimov, Bradbury, and Heinlein declined, Norton's star rose. Specializing as she does in simple action rather than complex imagination, Norton's adventures were read while far better writers languished. Today, SF is the least read of the major categories in our library." In 1968: "The change has come in the increasing number of readers attracted to more polished SF novels, such as Asimov's *Currents of Space,* Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles* and *Illustrated Man,* and Heinlein's *Green Hills of Earth.* Are the boys (and girls) learning the *pas de deux*? Not exactly. But they are learning to appreciate its performance."

Many science fiction stories are trash, I admit, but there are some that are superb. More and more are written specifically for young people. André Norton, John Christopher, Robert Heinlein, and Patricia Wrightson produce books for adolescents; Eleanor Cameron, Ellen MacGregor, and Louis Slobodkin for younger children. There are even *The Unidentified Flying Elephant,* by Robert Kraus, and Jerome Coopersmith's *A Chanukah Fable for Christmas,* in which Santa Claus travels by airborne draydle. Lest we forget, Madeleine L'Engle's *A Wrinkle in Time* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.25) won the Newbery Award.

Though they write for adults, such literary craftsmen as Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Arthur Clarke, and Robert Heinlein are avidly read by the young and have widened their horizons. What other kind of fiction has spoken so eloquently for One World?

Where Do Bears Sleep? *By Barbara Shook Hazen. Illustrated by Ian E. Staunton. Addison-Wesley.* 42 *pp.* $4.95. "Horses sleep in stalls in stables/Hoot-owls rest on rooftop gables. . . . A dragonfly rests upon a reed/A mite may slip inside a seed." Each creature is meticulously drawn in color, with plenty of white space to set it off. The print is large, with the animal's name in a contrasting color, so that the book is visually dramatic as well as informative. The end depicts a child going to sleep with a night light and a teddy bear, a soft pillow and a good-night kiss. Ages 2-5.

If I Flew a Plane. *By Miriam Young. Illustrated by Robert Quackenbush. Lothrop.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. A child envisions himself at the controls of various planes. When he delivers a cargo of baby elephants, the grateful owner offers him a permanent circus pass. Then a daring helicopter rescue wins him the key to the city. Naturally, the final episode culminates in a greeting from the President to the successful boy astronaut. The illustrations are vigorous and the whole thing fun. Ages 4-8.

Faces. *By Barbara Brenner. Photographs by George Ancona. Dutton.* 46 *pp.* $4.95. Big, clear photographs illustrate with joyous vitality the things we see, hear, smell, and taste, and show how each sense operates separately, so that we can shut off perception and use some parts of our faces for different things. More subtly, the book points out the kinship of all peoples. It can be read aloud to very young children and used as a springboard for discussion, but the easy vocabulary, large print, and short sentences make the book an excellent choice for independent readers. Ages 6-7.

The Horse in Harry's Room. *Written and illustrated by Syd Hoff. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $1.95. Many a parent has had to cope with a child's firm attachment to an imaginary friend or animal, and many a child has had to cope with parental amusement and discouragement. Harry reported proudly in school that he kept a horse in his bed-

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room, and the children laughed, but the teacher said gently, "Sometimes thinking about a thing is the same as having it." Harry's parents took him out to the country to see real horses, and his father persuaded him that they should be free to run and graze. Clever father. The ruse didn't work, however, because the horse in Harry's room, offered his freedom, decided to stay right where he was. The illustrations make it perfectly clear that the horse is not real, and the story, which is deft and amusing, is so written that the young reader may identify with either the adults' or the child's point of view. For reading aloud to the very young, and for readers aged 6-7.

At the Top of My Voice and Other Poems. *By Felice Holman. Illustrated by Edward Gorey. Norton.* 55 *pp.* $3.75. The antic charm of Edward Gorey's precise little drawings adds a pinch of spice to the sunny simplicity of the appealing poetry. A few selections are humorous, but most are brief savorings of a moment or a mood or an observation on nature as a child would react to it. There is no condescension: while most of the vocabulary is elementary, the poet does not hesitate to expand the child's knowledge just as she does his insight. Ages 8-10.

What Does an Oceanographer Do? *By John F. Waters. Illustrated with photographs. Dodd, Mead.* 64 *pp.* $3.50. Of the many books on oceanography that have appeared in the last few years, this is probably the best for younger children. The writing is brisk and businesslike, the photographs clear and adequately captioned. The text covers the major divisions of oceanographic research; the many kinds of devices and equipment including diving apparatus and how they work; the purposes of research; the present uses of knowledge obtained, and the training required for a career in the field. The author offers some historical background, some prognosis, and a brief commentary on scientific cooperation. Ages 8-10.

Home Free. *By Barbara Beasley Murphy. Illustrated by Bill Murphy. Delacorte.* 83 *pp.* $3.95. Every summer when he had gone to North Carolina to stay with his grandmother, Rumson had spent most of his time with Jesse, and he couldn't understand why, to his Southern kin, Jesse's blackness set him apart. Grandmother said, "Really, darlin', try not to worry about it so much. . . . you're just different from each other, honey." But this year Rumson was old enough to see the bitter hostility of most of the white people, especially when he and Jesse helped an old black man who was in serious trouble. Rumson wanted Jesse to come North to live with him, but his offer was rejected, and he realized Jesse would stay and solve his problems. The writing is at times rather sophisticated for the level of its audience, but the book is honest, the boys believable, and the story line taut. Ages 9-11.

And I Must Hurry for the Sea Is Coming In . . . *By George Mendoza. Photographs by DeWayne Dalrymple. Prentice-Hall.* 30 *pp.* $3.95. Rapt and pensive, a black child daydreams: " . . . I will take my boat/And I will go into the dawn wind/Into the spray singing, spray singing sea/And set a sail on the tip of a star. . . ." The full-color photographs show sun-spangled water and billowing sails until the penultimate picture, which blurs toward the last clear shot of the boy sailing his toy boat in the spill of a hydrant on a ghetto street. Too static to have wide appeal and not really substantial, this is nevertheless an evocative book for the child who likes poetry or appreciates the creation of a mood. Ages 9-12.

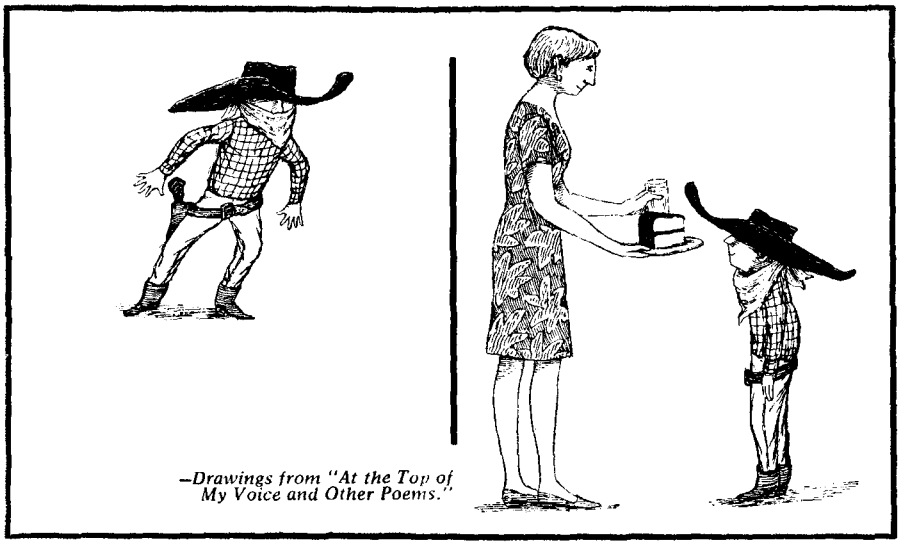
My Village in Ghana. *By Sonia and Tim Gidal. Illustrated with photographs. Pantheon.* 77 *pp.* $4.50. James Kodjo Badu rattles cheerfully on about his family, life in the Ashanti village of Makranso, and the customs and lore of his people. Like other Ashanti children, he was allowed to choose the relative with whom he would live, and he has come south to stay with an uncle who is the village chief. As son of the oldest sister, Kodjo will one day be chief, and he dreams of the great things he will bring to Makranso. The book gives a vivid picture of the blending in Ashanti life of tradition and progress (Kodjo's mother owns a public bus), and of the warmth and dignity of closely knit clan relationships. Ages 9-12.

The Whispering Mountain. *By Joan Aiken. Illustrated by Frank Bozzo. Doubleday.* 237 *pp.* $3.95. Joan Aiken has zestfully essayed a double parody of a Welsh legend and a picaresque tale, and succeeded beyond reasonable expectation. Her hero emerges from his drab cocoon as orphaned waif into an impossibly derring-do butterfly, winning over desperate foes and evil spells to return a stolen magic harp to its rightful owner. The author's sure touch enables her to dip occasionally into excesses of invented patois and broad character burlesque. The story, moreover, is richly diverse and extremely funny. Ages 10-14.

Time to Quit Running. *By Margaret Hill. Messner.* 191 *pp.* $3.50. Valerie was determined to keep the students and faculty at the new high school from finding out what her family was like. It wasn't just that they were poor, but that her father wouldn't stay on a job. It wasn't just that her mother was a hypochondriac, but that she was so vocal about it. It wasn't that both her parents were uneducated, but that their speech was so flagrantly ungrammatical. The story is fleshed out with the social and romantic problems Val brings on herself, but it is the theme that is its real strength. Realistically, the parents do not change. When her web of lies breaks down, Val learns that her friends can accept her on her own merits, and she therefore begins to accept her parents. Ages 11-14.

Pots and Robbers. *By Dora Jane Hamblin. Illustrated with photographs. Simon & Schuster.* 258 *pp.* $4.95. For the reader who dotes on ancient history, archeology, or detective stories, *Pots and Robbers* is a brisk blend of all three, written with panache and humor. It describes various of the great ruins and the discovery of some minor treasures. The book contains an enter-

(*Continued on page* 82)



—Drawings from "At the Top of My Voice and Other Poems."

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MACHIAVELLI:
A Dissection

by Sydney Anglo

Harcourt, Brace & World, 300 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Gabriel Gersh

■ "All hated him," wrote a Florentine contemporary of Machiavelli. "The good thought him sinful, the wicked thought him more wicked or more capable than themselves." During the next 400 years this judgment of Machiavelli spread through the world. "Am I politic? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiavel?" asked the host of the Garter Inn in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. A century later Lord Bolingbroke wrote that Machiavelli "devised and recommended means without any regard to morality." The Oxford Dictionary defined "Machiavel" as "an unscrupulous schemer; one who practices duplicity in statecraft." Nor was Samuel Butler the only critic to decide that hell has become "Machiavelli's permanent address in the hereafter."

Some modern writers have tended to set Machiavelli in a more balanced perspective by showing the importance of his utterances, the subtlety of his thought, and the felicity of his literary style. Others, particularly Italian nationalists, have hailed him as the architect of Italian unity. Bertrand Russell described him as "a man of supreme eminence in political philosophy," and suggested that, since statesmen still maintain their power by coercion and threats of punishment, it would be wise to examine Machiavelli's realistic analysis of how governments behaved.

Since Machiavelli was born in 1469, last year's quincentenary provides a good opportunity, says Sydney Anglo, to take "a fresh look at his work—as far as possible without the preconceptions which still blur so much Machiavelli study." His is a work of genuine scholarship and readability; it sifts all the evidence and reaches an intelligent assessment of Machiavelli. What emerges is neither a monster, nor a patriotic hero, nor the superintellect and universal genius lauded by modern scholars, but someone who is a "good deal more credible and just as well worth reading."

In the first chapter the author attempts to unravel the tangled skein of Italian politics from 1498 to 1512, when Machiavelli was employed in the Florentine civil service, specializing in military and foreign affairs. It was a desperate, brutal period in Italian history, and Machiavelli was able to observe politics and diplomacy in all their ugly manifestations.

Mr. Anglo's recapitulation of Machiavelli's life reminds us that he was a Renaissance figure. He was present when some of the great pictures were painted, when St. Peter's was built, when the classical manuscripts were discovered, when the first outpouring of printed books came from the presses of Europe.

Yet when we penetrate the grandeur to the man himself, we find a rather commonplace but honorable career that culminated in failure. Though Machiavelli had high ambition, wide horizons, enormous ability and efficiency, he never rose higher than the rank of secretary in Florence, from which he was ousted by the Medici. It is an irony of fate that this man whose name became a byword for wickedness was rescued from oblivion by the malevolence and selfishness of the Medici, since he wrote his two masterpieces, *The Prince* and the *Discourses*, to win their favor.

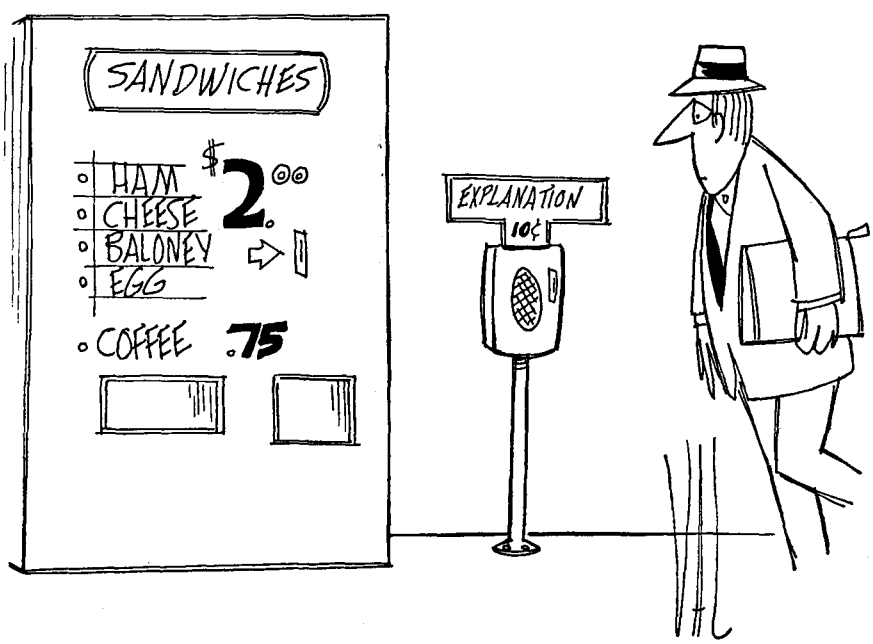
The most interesting aspect of Mr. Anglo's work is the author's belief that, if ideas influence men's behavior, the corollary—that a man's thought is inevitably influenced by his life and career—is equally true. Therefore, he writes, the only way to dispel the miasma of exaggerated responses and misconceptions found in most studies of Machiavelli is to examine not only the works of Machiavelli in their totality, but also his diplomatic dispatches and his career as a civil servant, as well as his conscious political reflections.

Perhaps Mr. Anglo's book can be appreciated only by those whose familiarity with Machiavelli is as extensive as the author's. However, even for those who know only *The Prince* or the *Discourses* the study makes fascinating reading. No doubt many scholars will challenge his conclusions, but their efforts may be defeated by the thrust of Mr. Anglo's arguments.

Mr. Anglo declares that Machiavelli, for all his intelligence, was not a systematic thinker; that he misused his sources and fabricated evidence to support conclusions reached by nonhistorical methods; that his style was dangerously aphoristic; that he strained after effect and liked to shock; that he had precursors.

Like other critics of Machiavelli, Mr. Anglo tends to accept the traditional interpretation of *The Prince*, according to which political morality must be different from private morality, and a ruler is not bound by considerations of Christian conscience in making the state secure. "A time bomb in a prayer book," Professor John Hale called *The Prince*. It was a well-wrought, aphoristic time bomb, using easily understood and emotionally charged terms and concepts, and drawing upon dramatic examples from ancient history and contemporary struggles. As Mr. Anglo says, Machiavelli was not the first to adopt such a realistic view. Francesco Guicciardini, for example, asserted that the only way to learn about politics was from experience. But Machiavelli became identified with this outlook because of the vigor and eloquence with which he presented it.

Does Machiavelli justify the preservation of the state at any cost, as Mr. Anglo and others say? In Cesare Borgia he encountered a leader with a single purpose, and saw in his ruthlessness the element lacking in Italian politics. But, though he admired an integral



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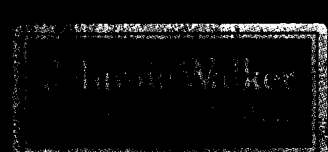

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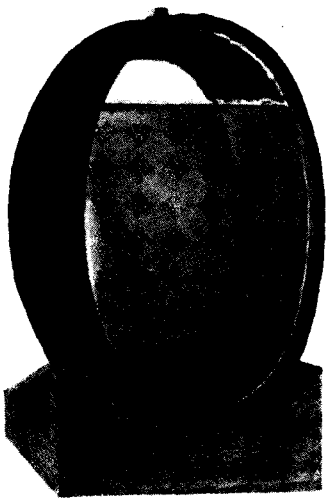

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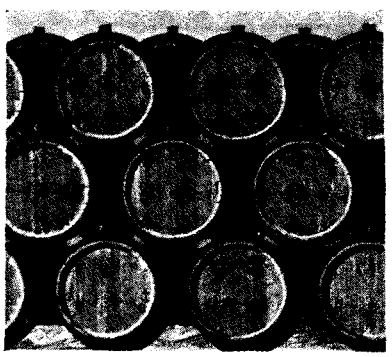

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will, Machiavelli remained a republican, believing that a high form of political organization can be worked out by citizens in cooperation if conditions allow it. His theory of government is as valid today as it was in his own time: a prince is needed to save states in crisis, to create or transform them, but only a republic can insure their preservation.

After reading Mr. Anglo's book, one is brought back to what Macaulay and others after him have called the enigma of Machiavelli. It is not, perhaps, entirely surprising. The fame of *The Prince* and even its qualities have little to do with Machiavelli the man, and it is a mistake to seek their explanation in the events of his life. As Ernst Cassirer once wrote, it was only when his ideas were applied later to a larger stage and to political conditions he never contemplated that their full import was felt. If it is true that *The Prince* carries us across the threshold of the modern world, Machiavelli could not have anticipated this. He was, after all, a man of his time, engrossed in the small Italian tyrannies of the *cinquecento*. Consequently, many have misunderstood him, or, at the best, have understood only part of what he was trying to say and do.

It is the merit of Mr. Anglo's book that it tries to set the man and his work in the proper context and to disentangle fact from fiction. As far as Machiavelli's reputation is concerned, however, it is unlikely that the legend will ever be displaced by the facts.

Gabriel Gersh is a free-lance writer specializing in Mediterranean history.

GIAMBATTISTA VICO:
An International Symposium

edited by Giorgio Tagliacozzo and Hayden V. White

Johns Hopkins, 636 pp., $12

Reviewed by James Gutmann

■ "Vico is probably the most unacknowledged source of ideas in the history of philosophy," wrote the late Sir Herbert Read in his contribution to this international symposium. "That period of neglect is now ended," Read adds, "and Vico takes his place among the few seminal minds of the modern epoch, the peer of Descartes . . . of Kant, Schelling, Hegel, Nietzsche, Bergson, Cassirer, and Heidegger."

The present volume is an important contribution to the celebration of the tercentenary of Giambattista Vico's birth. Vico was born in Naples in 1668 and died there seventy-six years later

—Bettmann Archive.

Giambattista Vico—"Among the few seminal minds of the modern epoch."

"In an age that prided itself on the recognition of genius in all fields, he lived a singularly obscure life," as Hayden V. White, co-editor of the book, writes in a brief biographical note. Trained in law, Vico never secured the chair of civil law to which he aspired. He served the University of Naples as professor of rhetoric from 1699 to 1741. A great "generalist," he was a student of literature, history, and philosophy as well as law, and the relation of all these disciplines to one another and to society. In his greatest book, *New Science*, he summarized these fields, and in his *Autobiography* he traced the course of his interest in them. His study of method presents an alternative to Descartes's *Discourse*. By contrast, Vico lauded the emphasis on experience in the philosophical writings of Sir Francis Bacon. Bacon was, indeed, one of Vico's intellectual heroes, along with Plato, Tacitus, and Grotius.

The present interest in Vico's thought derives in part from his anticipation of contemporary preoccupation with such themes as myth and symbol, philosophy of history, language, philosophical and cultural anthropology, psychological "archetypes," the "two cultures" of science and humanities, and the "unity of knowledge." It is not easy to determine the extent of Vico's actual influence. Throughout the eighteenth century his reputation was limited. Goethe and Coleridge, among others, found inspiration in Vico's genius, and the Romantic movement served to revive his renown along with that of Shakespeare and Spinoza. His influence was, however, still questionable until "Michelet's translation (or, rather, adaptation), published in 1827, gave to the Neapolitan philosopher, in France as well as in other countries of Europe, a renown which he had failed to enjoy up to that date and which he never enjoyed afterward," as Alain Pons remarks in his essay on "Vico and French Thought" in the present book.

Part I of the symposium, devoted to "Comparative Historical Studies," may have less interest for general readers than for students of the history of ideas. In a book as well conceived as this it seems invidious to single out particular contributions, but I would like to call the attention of all potential readers to at least four papers: "Vico and Herder," by George A. Wells; "Vico Without Hegel," by Pietro Piovani; "Vico and Marxism," by Eugene Kamenka, and, especially, Elizabeth Sewell's "Bacon, Vico, Coleridge, and the Poetic Method."

A discussion of Vico's influence on Western thought and letters constitutes Part II of the symposium. A series of papers on Vico's influence in Italy, France, Spain, and pre-revolutionary Russia is followed with a characteristically skeptical essay by René Wellek entitled "The Supposed Influence of Vico on England and Scotland in the Eighteenth Century," and by two more specialized studies—"Coleridge and Vico" and "Vico and Joyce."

Part III, "Vico and Contemporary Social and Humanistic Thinking," and Part IV, "Vico and Modern Philosophy,

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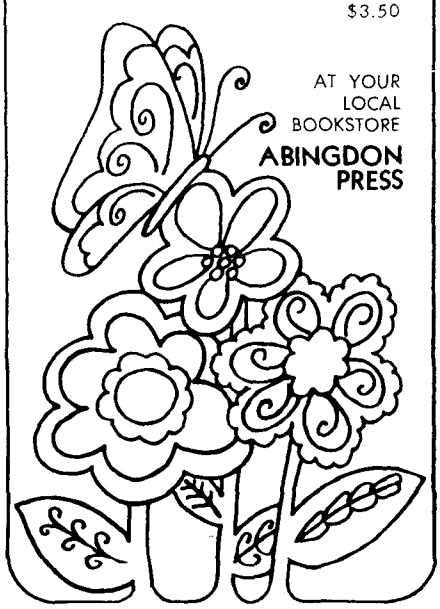

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Pedagogy, and Esthetics," are likely to have the widest interest. Almost all the papers in these sections seemed exciting to me, but I will mention, in Part III, David Bidney's "Vico's New Science of Myth," H. Stuart Hughes's "Vico and Contemporary Social Theory and Social History," and Elio Gianturco's "Vico's Significance in the History of Legal Thought" as having special appeal. In Part IV I found outstanding Isaiah Berlin's brief "Note on Vico's Concept of Knowledge." Despite its brevity and modest title, it conveys a brilliant view of Vico's ideas and their vitality. Also to be recommended are Hayden White's "What Is Living and What Is Dead in Croce's Criticism of Vico" (a witty title echoing Croce's work on Hegel), Max Fisch's "Vico and Pragmatism," Enzo Paci's two contributions, Stuart Hampshire's "Vico and the Contemporary Philosophy of Language," and Herbert Read's essay cited above. I deplore H. A. Hodges's use, in his paper, "Vico and Dilthey," of the infelicitous and, I think, inexact translation of *Geisteswissenschaften* as "human studies." Discussing Professor Hodges's first book on Dilthey in *The Journal of Philosophy* in 1947, I suggested that Helene Weyl's translation, "humanities or humanistic studies," was to be preferred. Particularly in the context of Vico's ideas, in which all studies are "human studies," Hodges's usage is misleading.

My only other negative criticism of this admirable volume concerns Giorgio Tagliacozzo's epilogue. In his preface Tagliacozzo intimated his view that "the future over-all reinterpretation of Vico's thought will hinge on the problem of the unity of knowledge." The epilogue seeks to substantiate this thesis, which may be sound but seems addressed to a different group of readers than the book as a whole. The editor might well have left the concluding essay, Sir Herbert Read's, as the last word, with its assessment that Vico's influence "has been most fertile in our creative literature, where I imagine Vico himself would have been most content to find it."

A compliment to the editors and to The Johns Hopkins Press may not be inappropriate. In a time when many publishers, including some university presses, put out carelessly edited books with numerous typographical errors, a handsome volume in which I at least have noticed no such mistakes from title page to final index entry deserves special commendation.

James Gutmann, professor emeritus of philosophy at Columbia University, wrote the article on Post-Kantian Romanticism for the forthcoming "Dictionary of the History of Ideas."

SR Goes to the Movies

Roland Gelatt

Was This Trip Really Necessary?

THE WOODSTOCK MUSIC AND ART FAIR, which drew some 500,000 young people to Bethel, New York, last summer for a three-day orgy of rock and sundry other diversions, has never struck me as an event of transcendent artistic or sociological significance. The fact that so many kids endured so much discomfort in good humor and without ugly incidents is certainly commendable, but it hardly justifies the excessive adulation that has been bestowed on them ever since. Nor do I consider the music presented there to have been any great shakes. It conformed to the general run of rock: large amounts of vulgarity, ineptitude, and mindless vitality leavened with occasional discrimination, talent, and inventiveness. Anyone harboring such crotchety sentiments is perhaps not the ideal reviewer for *Woodstock*, a film that documents the Catskill jamboree in formidable detail, but it's my turn at bat, and I intend to take a swing.

The movie lasts, without intermission, three hours and four minutes—a statistic that can be interpreted according to taste. One young person of my acquaintance said he wished it had been twice as long. On the other hand, my companion at the screening—a pop composer, lyricist, and critic—fled the theater halfway through.

The film opens with the erection of a temporary stage on Max Yasgur's still pristine farm, and closes with a panoramic sweep of the trampled mess left behind by the departed throng. In between, it shuttles back and forth from the musicians performing on stage to the kids doing their things—sliding in the mud, practicing yoga, suckling babes, passing the wine bottle (Chateau Leoville Lascases, no less), smoking pot, bathing in the nude (or seminude), and "balling" in the bushes. Through it all, the Woodstockians maintain a radiant equanimity despite hideous overcrowding and brutal weather. But theirs is an almost wordless euphoria. With the exception of one quite

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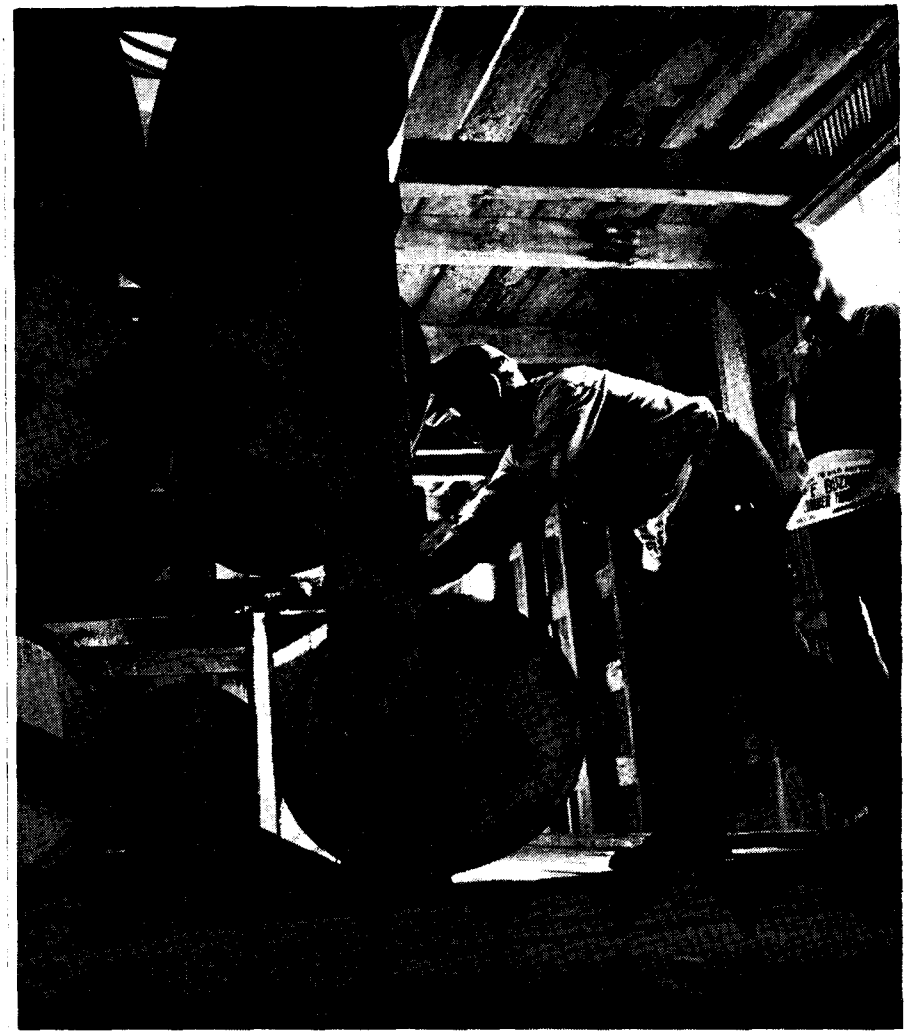
articulate young man who explains cogently and persuasively why he is in rebellion against his parents' way of life, the kids who are interviewed have little to say. In fact, the film probably sets a record for the number of "y' knows" immortalized on its soundtrack.

Interspersed with these scenes and interviews are long, long takes of various folk and rock acts. Some are terrible—Joan Baez singing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" without accompaniment and seemingly without any firm notion as to where the song is going; some are admirable—Sly and the Family Stone galvanizing the audience in "Higher"; most achieve varying degrees of mediocrity. All of the acts are heard at shattering volume (you can tell the old ones from the young ones in the audience by the fingers in their ears), and all are photographed with stunning virtuosity.

Which brings me to *Woodstock*'s main claim to attention: its outstanding camera work. Michael Wadleigh, the director and chief cameraman, deserves full credit for a truly kaleidoscopic display of visual pyrotechnics. I know of no film that so successfully translates the pulse of music into cinematic images. Much of this is accomplished by a heavy reliance on close-ups, split screens, and superimpositions. With six cameras trained on the stage from various angles, Wadleigh had plenty of material from which to choose, and his final mélange is absolutely dazzling. Unfortunately, these same split-screen techniques work less successfully in the strictly documentary portions of the film. As long as both images are wordless, it's possible to take in two scenes simultaneously. For example, when the right screen shows the Woodstock stage being built while the left screen is filled with the headlights of oncoming cars, we get an effective picture of frenzied, last-minute preparations. But when one side of the screen is devoted to talk while the other shows a young couple disrobing on the grass, it's pretty hard to focus on both actions at once with full attention.

Or perhaps it's just viewers over twenty-five who have this difficulty. In a way, *Woodstock* is the ultimate generation-gap film. Those of us who are non-kids can watch it with a certain worried fascination. That great sea of young faces stretching from the apron of the stage almost to infinity is the population explosion come to life, and it sets one to thinking. But to endure their groovy raptures for three long hours requires more forbearance than most over-twenty-fives will be able to muster. All in all, I'd leave this one to the kids.



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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

The Remarriage of Figaro; Orchestra from Rotterdam

CONSIDERING that Cesare Siepi now is rounding out his second decade of performing Mozart's *Figaro*, he may well be not only the most-married factotum in history but also the most remarried. The thought came to mind with the first appearance of Teresa Stratas as his latest bride-to-be, in a sequence of a dozen Metropolitan Susannas running back to a time of which most human memory has no recollection (to save potential sleepless nights for those who feel they should know the answer, the first for him was Nadine Conner). And with Josef Krips in confident command of the musical problem for the first time in New York, there was much to enjoy in this unexpected boon at the tail end of the most difficult of Metropolitan seasons.

A keystone of security for the arch through which has passed a nearly endless procession of Susannas, Countesses, and Almavivas, Siepi still supports it sturdily. He must give a little vocal ground here and there ("here" as well as "there" being the area of the top F which is bothersome to all bass-baritone rather than baritone Figaros). But he is never at a loss where character, dramatic sense, or musical meaning is concerned.

In this newest version of a Metropolitan *Figaro* cast, he is, along with Lorenzo Alvary as Antonio, Rosalind Elias as Cherubino, and Tom Krause as Almaviva, making welcome a whole new household of participants in the intrigues and stratagems whose predestined outcome never quite negates interest in the manner by which it is achieved. Affiliated with Stratas in her conversion from Cherubino to Susanna were Teresa Zylis-Gara as the Countess, Paul Plishka (Bartolo), Nedda Casei (Marcellina), and Nico Castel, late of the City Opera, in his debut as Basilio.

Whatever their characteristics otherwise, they all possess excellent Mozart voices, and it may be assumed that it was for this reason that they were formed into a cast under Krips's knowing direction. Those who were puzzled by his somewhat static *Zauberflöte* will continue to be puzzled by this *Figaro*, for it is anything but lackadaisical. It has pace and momentum from the start, and if it does not at any time qualify as mercurial, it has its own kind of intellectual validity.

A principal benefactress thereby was Stratas, for whose voice the music is as form-fitting as the Oliver Messel servant frock is to her trim figure. Many Susannas find the music compatible, for the simple reason that it is written with supreme consideration for the voice. But when has one last heard the little aria in Act II known as "Venite, inginocchiatevi" performed with so much sparkle and finesse? It surely profits from the prior times when Stratas as Cherubino has been on the receiving end of its mischievous intent.

There is comparable vocal suitability in the Countess of Zylis-Gara, but, as of the first performance, not so much finesse. She was oversinging in "Porgi amor" and not as adroit in the ensembles as she doubtless will be in the future. The best vista of that future was provided when she, Stratas, and Elias blended voices perfectly in the trio of Act II. In their assignments, Plishka and Castel were also solidly secure, and Miss Casei may become so with further opportunity.

The encumbrance of this *Figaro*, and a principal deterrent from all-around excellence, is the action, for which Nikolaus Lehnhoff as stage director must be held responsible. Lehnhoff may be described as a director who is not content to let bad enough alone. Operatic performers who come to the point of a Metropolitan *Figaro* may be presumed to have a pattern of action that is, for better or worse, their own. Lehnhoff's endeavor is to replace it with something of his own, generally with adverse effect. Busy, overbright, and relentlessly uncharming, it converts Stratas as Susanna into the biggest little Miss Fixit of recent times, indulges Zylis-Gara's inclination to a nearly middle-aged Countess whose deception by Almaviva would be altogether understandable were not Krause's current impersonation ill-tempered and lacking in suavity. Add to this a fussy, nonpersuasive Cherubino by Elias and dramatic credibility was severely restricted. Her "Voi che sapete" was beautifully sung, but she served the music better than she did the character. One who did both superbly was Alvary, whose Antonio brings a welcome breath of earthiness to the otherwise artificial scene.

This *Figaro* thus earns high marks for musical distinction but leaves much of the drama, humanity, and credibility of the action unfulfilled.

For most music-minded travelers as well as stay-at-home record buyers musical life in the Netherlands is concentrated in its world-famous Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra and the estimable if less celebrated ensemble known as the Hague Residente. A recent visit to Carnegie Hall of the Rotterdam Philharmonic left little doubt that there are sufficient able players in the lowlands to make a third ensemble of substantial equality.

The evening provided a good deal that was admirable but also more than a little that was perplexing. The absence of a work by a Dutch composer might be construed as a reverse kind of chauvinism, a way of saying that the home product is of such secure quality that it need not be paraded overseas. Good enough. But why a program half-French and half-German?

Only, it may be assumed, because the present director of the orchestra is the French-oriented Jean Fournet. What he had trained the orchestra to do in Lalo's *Roi d'Ys* Overture was highly creditable to its capacity to produce warm sonorities and especially to its possession of a fine protagonist (name unidentified) for the prominent solo cello part. What he got out of them in the performance of Alexandre Tansman's commissioned tribute to the 500th anniversary of the birth of Rotterdam's most famous son [born Geert Geerts in 1469 and known to the world as Erasmus] was indicative of an exemplary discipline and response to a challenging task. But surely it was overoptimistic—to say the least—for Fournet to venture Debussy's *La Mer* for a public that has heard scores of dazzling performances of this work in recent decades from American orchestras with much more specialized capacities, as well as from visiting orchestras closer to the source than Rotterdam.

As an ensemble, the Rotterdam players have very good reason to take pride in their discipline, musicality, and devotion to a common objective. It was noticeable that among them (perhaps in conformity to a world-wide trend) were a dozen or so players suggestive of Japanese background. They were all on surer ground in the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, which followed the intermission.

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Editorial

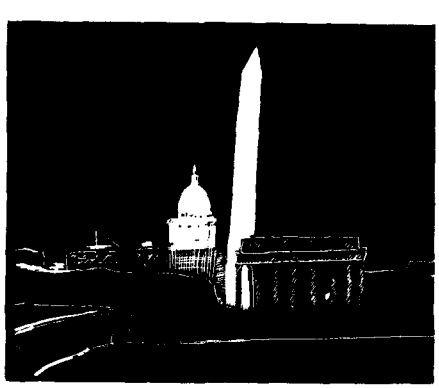
Continued from page 24

to *The Washington Monthly*. *The New York Times*, commenting editorially on the disclosures, says the Pentagon has admitted maintaining a computerized data bank containing millions of names but claims this bank has now been eliminated. It appears, however, the *Times* adds, that the Defense Department has complete microfilm files containing virtually the same data. "The indications are," the *Times* says, "that the military intelligence network has ventured into the field of public opinion."

* * *

The news items go on and on. It is no longer possible to believe that the military forces in this **country** are under control; or that the moral fabric of the society is not being affected by the runaway policy on weapons; or that the Constitutional form of government under which the nation has existed for 180 years is not being seriously weakened; or that the political and economic freedoms which are essential to an open society are not in jeopardy. The continuation of a massive military budget—with or without respect to genuine need; the tendency of the military to undertake action that commits the flag, thus forcing the hand of the President; the dependence of a large segment both of industry and labor unions on maximum military spending—all this spells serious danger for the American people.

The best hope of meeting this danger depends on Congressmen who can stand up to constituents who demand more military-spending contracts; on newspapers and magazines that understand their function as ramparts-watchers; on businessmen who understand the threat to a free enterprise system from monopolistic military practices and irresponsible military spending; on young people who know that verbalization must be followed by action; and on all those who take human freedom seriously. —N.C.



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Changes

MISS DIAHANN CARROLL, star of *Julia*, NBC's television hit, is a woman of charm and many talents. In a recent interview in *TV Guide*, she revealed herself to be also an astute practitioner of the alchemy of public relations. In a few disarmingly candid paragraphs, delivered amid the disorganized luxury of her elegant dressing room on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot in Hollywood, she banished any gnawing uncertainties that may have been developing in the minds of the millions of her program's loyal viewers. Such anxieties could conceivably reflect negatively on her own image as a black star in a white television world, as well as upon *Julia*—which, by the leading lady's own admission, is just now about to reward her with some "real money," as the series enters its third season.

In effect, what Miss Carroll accomplished was to reassure her admirers that she was politically wise and quite aware of the fact that *Julia* is essentially a "cop-out," a fluffy piece of warm, plush, middle-class adventurous tokenism in its presentation, on television, of the contemporary black American experience. This was quite a change from the original position Miss Carroll took two years ago, when she and I exchanged some opinions, in print, about her show, just before it was presented to the public in its first season on NBC. At that time, the star rather hotly asserted it was not *Julia*'s business "to tell it as it is." The program, she felt, should not necessarily be devoted to Negro aspirations. "We're dealing with an entertainment medium," she remarked. "*Julia* is a drama-comedy. It isn't politically oriented. Because I am black doesn't mean I have to deal with problems of all black people. That's not my sole responsibility . . . all TV is divorced from reality."

Two years later, in the second year of President Richard M. Nixon, the year of the Black Panthers, and of the administration's blessings on de facto segregation, Miss Carroll, in Hollywood, is asked by the *TV Guide* interviewer what kind of films she would like to make, what would they show. "'Just the way we are,' she answers severely. 'Just the way we are. . . . I would like,' she says slowly and in that deep voice, 'to finally make some films which show the black world as it is. Not with the stereotypes only one step away from Stepin Fetchit, not with the superknowledgeable superspade from *I Spy*, not with the good friends and swell fellas they put in every series, in every commercial, but black people as they are, in reality, especially black men in relation to black women, as human beings.'"

Miss Carroll then speaks more tentatively about *Julia*. "'Our . . . little . . . weekly things'"—as she now calls her programs—"'do serve some purpose, I believe. . . . It does some good, maybe.'" Black militants have called her, not gently, a "sellout" to the white Establishment. She admits it. "'Isn't that what most people do?'" She does *Julia* for "'money and power [because] money is power in this country, and power means freedom . . . to do what I want to do.'"

Possibly Miss Carroll has gained new insight from the dynamics of events. Possibly (since rationalizing is a necessity for everyone) she had the insight two years ago, but accommodated it to the great entry of black performers into television's golden fish bowl. It is also possible that she is sensitive to the current ambiguities in the minds of her audience—aware, as it must be, that an ominous gap has developed between the national rhetoric of color-blind egalitarianism and the continuing deprivations, economic and psychic, of the larger community of American black citizens.

In view of her audience's consciousness of that gap (among viewers both white and black), it would hardly be politic for the star to maintain her outflanked posture of 1968, when expectations of black advance ran high and favorably in many breasts. The warm, courageous role of the gentle widow Julia, masking a naïve or indifferent Diahann Carroll, would present an image disturbingly out of synch with the times. Now, however, nothing is hidden, everything is clear. The audience can utter a fervent "amen" to that distant time when the star will have earned enough money (residuals continuing) to make films about blacks that really tell it like it is. The millennium assured, viewers can return to the unalloyed enjoyment of the fantasy world of *Julia*, where the real black American male figure, in his full human dimension, is agreeably as far away as Miss Carroll's future goal. To be deceived and yet share in the deception—that's comforting. Another public relations job well done.

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Science/The Endless Search

John Lear

Defective Justice

AMERICAN YOUTH'S resistance to the war in Vietnam falls into two phases: the violent and the nonviolent. We have heard and read a great deal from the violent ones, who believe in wrecking the society to which they belong without knowing or much caring what workable alternatives there might be. The nonviolent ones are often classified as cowards or queers, but those categories clearly exclude Lieut. Louis T. Font, a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, who asked to be discharged from the armed forces because, after the Mylai massacre, "there exists no doubt in my mind that the Vietnam War is immoral. . . ."

"I am not a total pacifist," Lieutenant Font said, summing up a dilemma that all the nonviolent objectors to the Vietnam War share. They will not pretend to psychosis, for they are not psychotic. They will not claim drug addiction, for they are not addicts. They will not plead homosexuality, for they are normal males. They will not present themselves as conscientious objectors to war, because that would mean they are unwilling to fight in any war, when in truth it is only the Vietnam War that seems hypocritical, humiliating, and corrupting to them.

In a showdown, they can escape involvement in Vietnam only by fleeing the country, or by going to prison. Which of the two courses is psychologically healthier? Two years ago, Dr. Willard Gaylin, a New York City psychiatrist associated with Columbia University, was approached by the father of one of the doctor's patients. The father wanted to know which way to encourage his son.

Dr. Gaylin looked for available facts on which a reasonable decision might be based. Finding nothing in the literature, he assumed unfinished studies must be under way. But an inquiry to the United States Bureau of Prisons disclosed no current research of any kind on the subject. There was not even a simple tabulation of such basic information as the number of imprisoned objectors, what percentage of the total draftable population they were, their racial and religious backgrounds, or their reasons for choosing prison.

As a socially conscious psychiatrist, Dr. Gaylin felt an urgent need to know not only the statistics but much more. Who were the war resisters, as personalities? What motivated them?

Organizing his own research project with the knowledge and approval of the Bureau of Prisons, Dr. Gaylin periodically questioned a scientifically selected sample of young war resisters imprisoned in two federal institutions within reach of the Columbia campus. The results were published last week in a new Viking Press book, *In the Service of Their Country*.

This book is the most challenging I have read in a long while. Its findings are laid out on four separate levels: first, the war resisters' level on which Dr. Gaylin's study began; second, the level of military draft administration; third, the level of prison administration; and fourth, the level of court decision and review. Dr. Gaylin leads his readers from one level to another in the manner of a man descending a creaky staircase in the dark, each step being more unnerving than the last.

On the first level Dr. Gaylin reveals his subjects (or, more accurately, allows them to reveal themselves) as middle-class liberals, thoughtful people of genuine integrity, with a normal share of psychological hangups but no lack of courage—indeed, in the deepest sense, with remarkable courage.

On the second level, the war protesters are seen as victims of a capricious and often cruel system that shifts and turns on local attitudes of the moment, with no nationwide standards of fairness or justice, and with a complete absence of democracy's customary practice of allowing the accused to be accompanied by legal counsel during draft board hearings at which freedom is dispensed or withheld.

On the third level, the objectors to military service in Vietnam are discovered to be singled out for arbitrary and unusual punishment. In addition to being considered easy marks for perverted sexual assaults by fellow prisoners, they are oftener than not denied opportunities to work at prison jobs for which their backgrounds and experiences peculiarly fit them. Although the Bureau of Prisons' declared ideal for imprisonment of any person is rehabilitation in preparation for constructive return to society, the Vietnam War objectors are never considered in that perspective by local prison wardens, who are, for all practical purposes, dictators of their institutions. Time off for good work (a standard inducement to other prisoners) simply is not open to the Vietnam War resisters as a group, because the work assignments are rarely made available. In their cases, the sentence must be served as handed down. No matter how unsocial its population may be, prison is dominated by super-patriotism.

On the fourth level, the young men who refuse to fight in Vietnam and instead go to jail in the belief that they so best serve the long-term interests of their country have their plight compounded by the arbitrary nature of the court system. The sentences to which they are subject are never open to appeal. No sentence handed down by any judge in these United States of America is or ever has been open to appeal.

This last fact, which has nothing to do with war or objections to it, shocked Dr. Gaylin more deeply than any other his research uncovered. He had previously limited his thinking about appeals to jury verdicts, which can be and are appealed for a myriad of reasons. Because the right of appeal does not extend to a judge's sentence, Dr. Gaylin wrote his findings in a book for the lay public rather than for the much narrower audience of a professional journal. He hopes his readers will share his militancy in opposing continuance of a practice that, as an American Bar Association report states, "no other country in the free world permits."

Dr. Gaylin calls this defect in our judicial practice "appalling," and finds need for reform "particularly urgent" because sentences handed down by the federal judiciary are becoming progressively harsher. "The average sentence length for all court commitments to federal prisons has gone up for the eleventh straight year," he writes, "so that now the average sentence is forty-five months as compared with twenty-eight months in 1957."

Dr. Gaylin points out that any population above a certain minimum size is bound to include a number of psychotics. The population of judges in this country is well above that minimum, "so that one can say with complete assurance that somewhere, in some city, state, or federal court, there are psychotic individuals sitting in judgment on their fellow men." The only debatable point is the incidence.

Dr. Gaylin proposes a sweeping research study of the whole system of justice, including not only the courts and the prisons but the Federal Parole Board, which decides when prisoners can be returned to society on the strength of good behavior. The power of the parole board is reflected in its authority to reduce most judges' sentences by two-thirds. The board consists of eight full-time Presidential appointees. In the year 1968, those eight men were called upon to make 19,815 separate decisions—all unappealable.

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As Others See Us

LONDON:

More to the Right

THE OPPOSITION GROUPS in the United States—whether they are black power militants or militant white radicals—risk, besides blowing themselves up, a far harsher response from the majority that they challenge. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Nixon's administration or policies, they do seem to have found an approach to the balance between reform and public order which is accepted by the vast majority. To have done so has the merit of disarming the potentially very violent extreme Right. The response to massive arson and dynamite (and anything worse—such as a plastic explosive) would be a movement more to the Right, still harsher laws from Congress, still greater power for the police. It is this "violence of the Establishment" which the opposition groups in the United States are inviting. The result will not be the "instant just society" they mindlessly demand, but a less liberal and less tolerant version of the present rule of law and its Constitutional safeguards.

—*The Times.*

Moving the Mail

THE NATIONAL postal strike is the death rattle of a dinosaur. The present American postal service seems doomed to die of its own bulk, perhaps well before the end of the decade. The largest employer of labor in the country—700,000 people work for the Post Office—it has given increasingly bad service. One magazine calculated that letters moved faster cross-country in the days of the pony express. If the post is slow now, what could it possibly become by 1980 when 108 billion pieces of mail a year are expected to be sent into the system? At the current rate of increase in letters, it would not be long before the country's entire labor force was employed in sorting and carrying stamped bits of paper.

—*The Economist.*

For the Whole of Southeast Asia

IT IS STILL, apparently, President Nixon's policy to press forward with the process of Vietnamizing the war, while holding the door open, with minimal expectations of success, to peace negotiations in Paris or elsewhere. . . . But whether or not Vietnamization works, it clearly has no bearing on the situation in Laos and Cambodia for the simple reason that American ground troops are not involved in these countries. The implication is that sooner or later talks will have to take place between the United States and the Communist powers on a settlement for the whole of Southeast Asia—and not just for Vietnam. To convene such talks should be a major object of American policy.

—*The Financial Times.*

PARIS:

Principal Concern: Peace

FRENCH POLICY is forcing the United States to increase its commitment in the Middle East: Since French Mirages are going to the Arabs, American Phantoms must go to Israel to maintain the balance. Some say this new escalation can only make it more difficult for the superpowers to reach agreement, and that, therefore, another Yalta would be out of the question. But this kind of Machiavellian reasoning is the result of a myopic view of the situation for world peace, and, therefore, an agreement between the United States and the U.S.S.R. remains a principal concern of France.

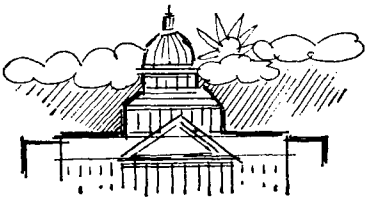
—*Le Monde.*

MANCHESTER:

Democracy for the Rich

ONE OF THE ODDEST and, to the stranger, least democratic characteristics of American politics is the unwritten rule which says that only the rich can run. It is never so brutally acknowledged, but the ailment, which Congress perennially diagnoses and regularly fails to cure, is that running for elective office always leaves a poor man monstrously in debt and a rich man too often the winner.

Candidates for the Presidency, for Congress, for even the lowest municipal office must buy television time at the ruinous going rates. Nothing in the American political process is more demeaning than the sight of a good man from a small state rushing off to New York and Philadelphia and Chicago and Los Angeles cadging money from rich party members and, he hopes, affluent corporations in order to pay for the buttons and placards and rallies, but mainly for television exposure, in his native state. Abraham Lincoln would have had a tough time running against Nelson Rockefeller.



—*Alistair Cooke,*
The Manchester Guardian Weekly.

BONN:

Depend on Each Other

FOR BONN, German-American friendship is "irreplaceable," and Chancellor Brandt adds: "I am confident that this will continue to be the case for the American government and for leading figures in the United States.

"We understand that at the beginning of this new decade the United States is undertaking a major reassessment of its world-wide political engagements and its international political priorities. We hope this will be no 'agonizing reappraisal' in the sense John Foster Dulles once referred to it. In any case, we shall try to have this problem talked over and solved in the spirit of tried and tested cooperation."

Brandt said partnership must include, along with political and economic teamwork, cooperation in defense. He reaffirmed the Federal Republic of Germany's "basic readiness to help" with the U. S. balance-of-payments problem, and added: "We stand by commitments as we expect our allies to stand by theirs."

—*The Bulletin.*

MALAGA, SPAIN:

U.S.: Seventy-five Million Greeting Cards in One Day

IF St. Valentine's—or should one say just "Valentine"?—halo was knocked askew by the buffeting he took when his name was removed from the liturgical calendar by the Roman Catholic Church, he should be reassured by what went on in the United States last February. He will continue to be *Saint* Valentine, at least to lovers in America.

It is that extraordinary nation that has greeting cards for Christmas, weddings, birthdays, baptisms, funerals, operations, convalescence, and, naturally, Valentine's Day. Last February, Americans dropped into the voracious mouths of mailboxes more than seventy-five million valentines, in addition to thousands of heart-shaped boxes of candy.

The poor in the United States are more generous and more apt to send a remembrance than is the moneyed portion of the populace. The largest number and most expensive heart-shaped boxes are bought by those of most modest means. Even more curious is that the poor use this day to express

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not only their love and loyalty but their most patriotic feelings: All the rest of the year they will go in for foreign bonbons, but on St. Valentine's Day they demand the stamp "Made in U.S.A."

—Guy Bueno, Sur.

TOKYO:

Japanese Feeling

MANY JAPANESE feel that playing a positive role in international politics will bring neither glory nor benefits—as it did in the past—as a result of Japan's postwar change in nature. Their hesitation to play a positive role stems from their distorted sentiments toward the United States. In other words, they feel that for Japan to assume a positive diplomatic policy with the Japan-U. S. relations left untouched amounts to acting merely as a "servant" for the United States.

The government has expounded the need for increased economic assistance to Southeast Asia, but many would not welcome it on the ground that it would merely mean taking over America's aid burden. . . . The fact that the United States has kept Okinawa under its control for twenty years made the oft-touted phrase of "equal partnership" sound hollow. The U. S. policy on Okinawa was symbolic of the fact that America is a "senior partner," and that its intentions took precedence.

—The Japan Times.

PEKING:

"Three Principles" Wrapped in a Shabby Banner

FLAUNTING a shabby banner for his "new strategy for peace," President Nixon put forth in his report three "principles," namely, "partnership," "strength," and "negotiation," the essence of which is to proceed from the position of strength to carry forward the policy of aggression and war and to step up U.S. imperialist collusion and contention with social imperialism; to control the U.S. allies through a so-called partnership and press them to share in the responsibility of military aggression by U.S. imperialism and to serve as its cat's-paw; and to use negotiation to camouflage its schemes of aggression and expansion. These three principles are wrapped with a tattered peace banner. What has been brazenly lauded by Nixon as the so-called Nixon doctrine is in fact his prescription for moribund U.S. imperialism, which is in the grip of overall political, economic, and military crises, a prescription that is foredoomed to failure.

—Peking Review.

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

1776 and All That

FOR THE BRITISH to celebrate the War of Independence (February 7) is rather like for the French to declare the anniversary of Waterloo a public holiday. To those who find the idea fatuous rather than generous, it may be some consolation to remember that two-thirds of the battles in that war were won by the British army; and that the other war between the two countries, that of 1812, was the only war the United States ever lost. After all, the Americans' war aim was the conquest of Canada, in pursuit of which they made six invasions, only one of which was not a fiasco or a disaster. These two facts are what every American schoolboy does *not* know: their history books see to that.

—John H. Dodd, The Economist, London.

Rude to U.S.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN Mounted Police has sent a protest to a U.S. brewery over a new commercial, branding it an indignity to the Mounties.

Perhaps it will see fit to send a protest to the Canadian Broadcasting Company for the tastelessness in its recent TV "special" which seemed to be largely concerned with insulting our friendly neighbor.

Heaven help Canada if she really needs a friend in years to come. We have gone out of our way to insult the good people of the United States at every opportunity.

—J. Havastraw, The Telegram, Toronto.

Permission to Sleep In

YOU REPORT that residential students at Brunel University are demanding permission for girl-friends to stay the night, and you quote Brian Hume, vice president of the Students Union, as saying that "arguments against occasional sharing of rooms," which in effect means sleeping with one's girl-friend, "are moralistic, irrational, and petty."

My daughter of seventeen informed me last weekend that she is pregnant and has been having a steady friendship with a student at Brunel for the past few months. Would Mr. Hume consider my dismay, my concern for my daughter's future, irrational, moralistic, and petty?

If students are given freedom and permitted to use their rooms for sexual intercourse, are they also taught that some contraceptives can be faulty, and are they conversant with the consequences?

—A Distraught Mother, The Observer, London.

No Respect for the Law

IF OUR GOVERNMENT really wants to orient the country toward the "Swedish model," it will have to become less preoccupied with the way citizens want to live on an individual level (the right for each individual to read, make films, and make love in any way he wants). At the same time, it will be necessary for our government to come to terms with a collective environment. There is license in France, that's for sure, but it is essentially because everyone pollutes the waters, poisons the air over our cities, and deadens our nerves with noise, anarchy, and disdain of the elementary rules of social living. . . . Our ministers are little preoccupied with this, and more and more often are showing themselves incapable of engendering respect for the very laws they themselves have promulgated.

—L. C., Le Nouvel Observateur, Paris.

Czech Show Trials?

ARE THE AUTHORITIES in Czechoslovakia really intending to stage show trials against those who played some part in public life during the reforms of 1968? Even during the Novotny era, the defendants in that frame-up were all rehabilitated and declared totally innocent. . . . And it should not be forgotten that many of those who bear a heavy responsibility for the purges and bloodbaths of the Fifties have now, under Russian occupation, returned to power. . . . The staging of show trials once again in Czechoslovakia would be proof that there is hardly anything left in common between rank-and-file socialist opinion and the communist rulers.

—David Winnick, House of Commons, New Statesman, London.

No Pirouette on the Moon

RE: Señor R. J. P.'s remarks [LETTERS TO THE WORLD'S EDITORS, Jan. 17]. He exhibits ignorance on the same scale our astronauts exhibit courage. Conrad did not fall down because he was doing "pirouettes," but because he was walking on the moon, not in Bogotá. And if Señor R. J. P. were well informed he would know that Conrad did not leave behind any valuable film. He initially *thought* he lost some film, but it turns out he brought back every bit of exposed film. Nor did Pete "ruin the TV camera." The Lord did that with sunshine.

—Bob Button, Torrance, Calif.

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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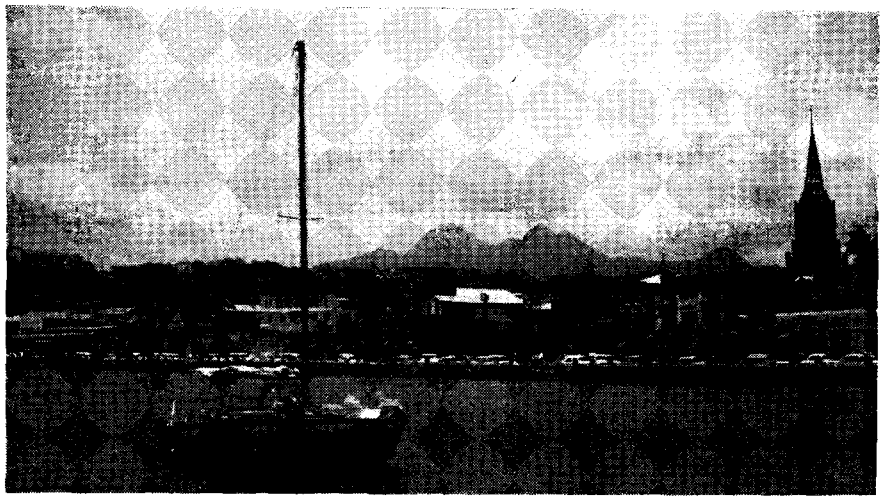
Booked for Travel

David Butwin



Fort-de-France harbor—"tourists hunting for new ways to spend money."

New Spice in Creole Country

As one of the key way stations on the Caribbean cruising route, Martinique always seemed worth a day's stopover, if only to fill one's shopping bag with the duty-free loot spilling from the shelves of Roger Albert and other emporia in Fort-de-France, the island's capital. When I went ashore in early 1968, I made a quick raid on the perfume counters and then hired a cab to tour one coast of the sprawling and not so navigable island. We stopped, the Creole driver and I, to prowl the remains of St. Pierre, the onetime capital city destroyed by a volcanic eruption in 1902, and to stuff ourselves on crab *farci* in a little café hung out over the water. There wasn't time to cross the bay from Fort-de-France to Trois Ilets, birthplace of Napoleon's Josephine, but one had the idea, right or wrong, as the *France* steamed away at dusk, that Martinique scarcely had more to show a visitor.

Lately, though, the biggest of the seven islands that comprise the French West Indies has sprouted branches of those two opposite styles in resort living, Hilton and Club Mediterrance. Gambling, too, has reared its several heads on both Martinique and Guadeloupe, the second largest island to the north. And divided highways are slowly tracing their way through the sugar cane fields at about the same grudging pace they set in mother France.

Martinique folk (known hereafter as Martiniquais) have heard tell what a Hilton is, but these Creole-speaking black islanders have worked up a powerful curiosity about the Club Med since it opened on the dry south coast in December. Somehow word has leaked out of the club village, whether by voodoo drums or telephone—neither form of transmission has been perfected on Martinique—that the new settlers have imported a fast and loose life-style well worth scrutinizing. All the more intriguing to the indigenes is the fact that a guard is stationed twenty-four hours a day at a gate leading into the village, and he has instructions to admit only members and staff. Martiniquais aren't used to such barriers. When they swing, most notably during Carnival, everyone gets in the act.

Well, the truth is the Club Mediterranee, on both Martinique and Guadeloupe, is a place a suburban father could bring his wife and kids. And many do. Life is tamer, perhaps, at these new stations on the expanding Club Med network than it is at the sixty-odd villages scattered mostly around the Mediterranean, and yet certainly the means—a ceaseless sun, a remote stretch of island, a laissez-faire atmosphere—have been provided in the Caribbean.

My only previous taste of Club Med life was at the flagship village outside of Agadir, where I bunked in a tiny stucco casbah on Morocco's Atlantic coast two years ago. Most of the members were French and Belgian, young couples, generally unmarried, who lazed around the pool in little cliques, bestirring themselves only to dip a foot in the water and to pick their way through a bountiful buffet spread out in the midday sun. Few of them were under twenty-one or over thirty-five. In fact, everyone looked so uniformly tan, young, and healthy—wholesome is not the word—that within two days of their arrival you couldn't tell members from employees (or, in club parlance, *gentils membres* from *gentils organisateurs*). Those who didn't bring their own roommates had no trouble finding same, and the refreshing thing was that people weren't whispering the next morning. It was anything but a Catskill guy-meets-girl resort. Some guys indeed were meeting guys.

Martinique, alas, is an ocean and civilization apart from Morocco. The club network, launched twenty years ago on Mallorca to provide war-weary Europeans a new place in the sun, has expanded to sixty-four hotels and villages in fourteen countries, thanks in part to a recent merger with the rival Club Europeen de Tourisme, which had twenty of its own. Except for the Tahitian club, the empire was concentrated on the mountains and beaches of Europe until it bought the Fort Royal Hotel on Guadeloupe and opened the first branch in the Western Hemisphere a year ago. A second venture failed in Bear Valley, California, but the Martinique village is flourishing, and another is scheduled to open in Acapulco toward the end of the year.

Essentially, the difference between Mediterranean and Caribbean villages is that most—perhaps 80 per cent—of the vacationers who sign up for one or two weeks at the Martinique and Gaudeloupe clubs are Americans. Air France brings down groups of members on its twice-a-week flights from

—Alfred Fischer.

Club Med waitresses find duty light.

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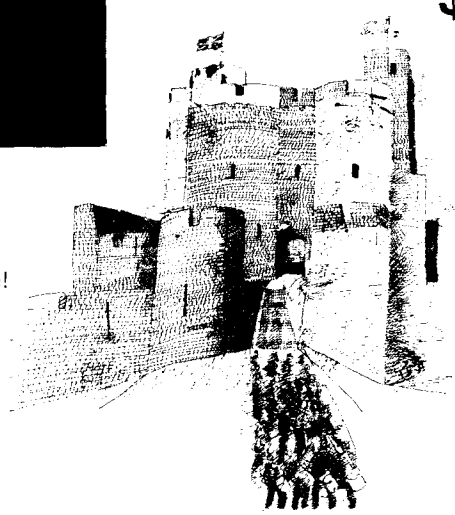
If you're bound for Britain, what's the best way to go? "Definitely BOAC," says Maureen. Why? "Fares are so low this year."



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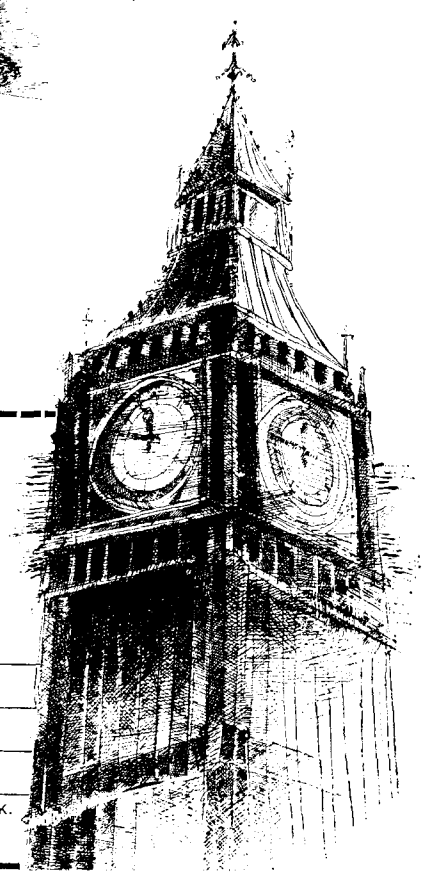

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New York and Miami (Pan Am also connects through Puerto Rico), and although one meets a scattering of French Canadians and a few honest-to-Gaul Frenchmen who make the Wednesday crossing from Paris, the sway is decidedly American.

What that means on the surface is that less French is spoken, more substantial swimsuits are worn, and the dining room clears a little sooner. Underneath, however, lurk intimations of inequality. I suppose the key to life at Agadir was that everyone—*gentils membres* and *gentils organisateurs*—got along on equal terms. Or at least veteran g.o.'s at Martinique will tell you so. "Here it is different," said Dao, a Vietnamese g.o. who teaches judo. "Maybe Americans are not used to this system. Maybe they are more used to being served. At the other villages nobody serves." A member from New York, genuinely perplexed by the division, complained: "Sometimes it's like we feel we're imposing on the g.o.'s, like they're condescending to help us."

Probably one reason for the rift is that the g.o.'s, mostly Europeans, are accustomed to speaking French at other villages and hesitate to make the shift to English to accommodate the mostly monolingual club members in the Caribbean. Whatever, there is enough action and activity day and night at Martinique's Buccaneer's Creek village to prevent the average member from losing himself in psyche-searching analysis. Palms are being planted daily on the fifty-five-acre settlement, and plaster is still being applied to some of the new buildings, but sports and recreation facilities are in full use. Those who are so inclined can hop from one activity to the next and still leave a few for the next day: scuba diving, spear fishing, water skiing, tennis, judo, yoga, sailing, volleyball.

Dao told me the club members spend too much time lolling on the beach and not enough time puffing through the athletics, but maybe he's missing the point. It is delightfully simple to pass an entire day at the club shuttling simply between—if the French will pardon the expression—chow line and beach, with a bounce or two in the discothèque before bed. One afternoon as I reclined on the shore to let the spicy Creole lunch settle, there arose behind me the rapturous tones of some operatic aria. It was an Italian g.m., now a New Jersey doctor, singing for all his worth in the shade of a beachside lounging station, while around him a crowd slowly gathered. When he ran out of voice, a gray-haired woman, also a club member, launched an incredibly sweet aria of her own choice, and pretty soon other members of other ages were chiming in with their favorite melodies, as the sing-along ran from opera to Broadway musical to pop. And finally, as the sun started down in the sky, it all dissolved into a boisterous

"So you'll impress the children . . . then what?"

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discussion on the pros and cons of drugs.

One who has stayed at other villages where the membership looked and probably thought alike might be surprised to find two sides of an issue such as drugs receiving a well-balanced airing. That is the natural result of throwing together so many different ages and types as visit the Caribbean Club Meds. After all, membership is open to anyone over five. All a person needs is $10 for dues ($14 for a family) and anywhere from $130 a week to $210 depending on the season. The high and therefore most expensive season runs from January through March, and after that the rates begin to decrease. What makes the club attractive to single people, in addition to the group love ads it runs in many magazines, is the offering of a single rate. The trouble with most hotels and resorts is that they gear their rates to double occupancy, charging solo guests well over half the rate. At the Club Med, a couple must pay the equivalent of two singles.

What a member gets for $30 a day in high season is not, to be sure, a carpeted, catered service he would expect from a resort hotel. The Martinique club is built in the form of a stylized Creole village, though any resemblance to the ramshackle settlements strewn across the island is strictly imaginary. The two-bed bungalows are simple and unadorned, but are outfitted with air conditioning units, which function pretty much as they please. There are no phones or room service, but Martiniquais maids make up the beds each morning. If a member doesn't bring a friend, he is bunked together with a stranger. To bring off the effect of splendid isolation, the club won't permit guests to bring in radios, newspapers, or any other reminders of the other world. Instead of laying down cash for drinks and other sundries, meals are covered by the overall charge. Members sign at the main desk for $8 strands of pop-it beads of various colors, each signifying a different amount. That makes the beads pretty much like dollars and cents except that you can wear them as necklaces and, as the supply dwindles, headbands and bracelets. Anything but rustic, the club also has boutiques, shops (where one can blow $11 on a pair of sunglasses; I did), and a hairdressing salon, and just so a woman doesn't think she's having her hair done at a Hilton, the two male stylists work in mini bikinis.

Life is so relaxed at the club that a g.o. may be off snoozing when a g.m. needs him most. A member can rent a car and drive around the island, but he has to show up at the rental office at the prescribed hours or wait until the next day. The traffic office is operated in such a low-key manner that metropolitans accustomed to computerized service have to shore up their patience while waiting to see if the man behind the counter can keep his eyes open long enough to confirm airline reservations back to the States. Funny thing is, he can.

One thing always on time is the food. You can eat breakfast all morning long, choose lunch from a buffet, a grill, a Creole counter, or the main dining room, and then repeat most of the process at dinnertime. I frankly got tired of eating after a day, but a New Yorker I met who carried cards proving his distinction as a gourmet assured me you couldn't eat more or better food anywhere in the Caribbean.

After two days of wicked leisure, I got the wanderlust and took off with three friends in a rented car for Fort-de-France, an hour away by lurching roller coaster ride. Tourists from a cruise ship anchored in the harbor were streaming through the narrow streets hunting for new ways to spend money. Traffic got so pinched at noontime that we had to postpone a tour of the new Martinique Hilton, just north of town, until siesta had set in. The Hilton is perched on a rocky bluff above the Caribbean, built so that all 154 rooms ($45 single, $63 double, with

two meals in high season) look out to sea. France recently permitted Martinique and Guadeloupe, overseas departments, to introduce gambling; the Hilton will open the island's first casino in May. The Caravelle on Guadeloupe is already shaking. There is, oddly, no sandy beach at the Martinique Hilton, but several huge saltwater pools are being laid at the base of the cliff.

We dawdled that afternoon over a long lunch at La Foyal beside the harbor in Fort-de-France. It wasn't until I emerged from the restaurant that I realized how completely one adapts to the Club Med existence. I had eaten my way through the island's finest Creole and French cuisine sitting barefoot with my shirt open—and not even a sidelong glance from the waiter. What a lovely way to dine.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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57 **Editorial**

58 **Letters to the Education Editor**

62 **Vermont Schools: Young Ideas in an Old State** by Diane Divoky

66 **The Skill of Relevance or the Relevance of Skills** by Jerome Bruner

69 **What's Left When School's Forgotten?** by Terry Borton

72 **Schools Make News**

Book Review:
74 **"Two Worlds of Childhood: U.S. and U.S.S.R."** by Uric Bronfenbrenner, reviewed by John H. Fischer

75 **Guides for Students and Adults**

76 **New Books**

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Slowdown on Desegregation

School desegregation was revived as a major issue during the 1968 Presidential campaign, and the new administration has since been defining its approach to the thorny issue. In a comprehensive policy statement last month, President Nixon failed to answer many questions raised by actions of his administration in recent months, but he did make certain matters clear.

The President drew a sharp distinction between de jure and de facto segregation. He acknowledged the unconstitutionality of the former and pledged its elimination. But he asserted that the federal government would not move against de facto segregation until the courts provide a clearer mandate. He reviewed the court rulings of the past sixteen years, and examined the educational and social complexities that have resulted from these rulings. He noted particularly those issues on which the Supreme Court has not ruled, and on which lower court decisions are ambiguous or in conflict.

The President's main proposals called for innovative approaches to school desegregation problems, and offered funds—$500-million for fiscal 1971, $1-billion for 1972—to encourage educational innovation in racially impacted areas, and to provide assistance to school districts under court order to desegregate or to districts wanting to eliminate de facto segregation on their own initiative.

Were the President's proposals founded on a firm policy of integration, they could represent an important step forward. It is true, as he asserts, that the drive for desegregation in recent years has often led to increased racial tension, disruption of orderly schooling, and resegregation as whites have fled to other residential areas. Moreover, studies such as the Coleman report that show that black children gain educationally in integrated classrooms have been denounced vigorously by some black leaders as another assertion of white supremacy. And as the drive for integration has advanced, so has the blacks' move for separatism.

The integration movement has been deeply disturbing to all our institutions, customs, and mores—more so than anyone anticipated or desired. The depth to which the race issue cuts across our society became clear only when we attempted to move beyond tokenism toward full integration. President Nixon is right to ask for a hard look at what we don't know about education and integration, but integration cannot wait until all other social and educational ills are cured. It is far too fundamental to the "free and open society" of which the President speaks so feelingly. Indeed, the very health of our schools and our society depends upon how well we learn to deal with our racial and cultural complexities.

It is for these reasons that the President's statement of policy is so disturbing. Mr. Nixon set no deadline for action against de jure segregation, and offered no explanation of how the government would enforce its desegregation policies. It has become increasingly clear that the fundamental issue is whether government has a role to play only in the elimination of de jure segregation, or whether it has an obligation to take active leadership in attacking the inequalities of race and class in whatever form they may appear. Since the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the federal government has actively led the attack on segregation. In the course of the past year, the new administration has reversed federal policy, and has slowed the progress of desegregation. Mr. Nixon has defined a minimal and essentially passive role for the federal government. It is disturbing, indeed, that the administration has abdicated both political and moral leadership on this most crucial of national issues.

—THE EDITORS.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Mechanic Street and Suburbia

THE TWO ARTICLES under the general heading "You Don't Have to Leave School to Drop Out" [*SR*, Mar. 21] left me wrung out. The consensus in America says that ghetto and poverty area schooling is almost uniformly poor. Now Peter Schrag in "Growing Up on Mechanic Street" seems to say Mechanic Street is also an endless road of despair and defeat. Then to top it off along comes Wallace Roberts to tell us in "No Place to Grow" that Upper Suburbia is virtually a washout as well.

Am I then to believe there is no joy left in the future of *any* of our children? Am I now to consider Winnetka's contribution to an individual's education largely invalid? Am I to despair of a Mechanic Street kid finding the good life? Is there little to hope for from our unprecedented social and geographical mobility? Can an American youngster no longer succeed in making his own life worth living? Does our entire educational system foredoom future generations to empty lives in empty surroundings among empty people?

I wonder rather if Messrs. Schrag and Roberts aren't victims of large overdoses of the current mass sociological theory.

Our educational systems have always needed improvement. No responsible person denies it. But there is also a lot of individual responsibility left in this world. I think of a motto inscribed on the proscenium arch of a Chicago theater that seems to tell it like it is: "You yourselves must set flame to the fagots which you have brought."

Schrag and Roberts seem to tell it like it ain't.

PHILLIP J. DESMOND,
Wilmette, Ill.

PETER SCHRAG'S article offers a perceptive analysis of an educational problem that has received little sympathy. A native of Bethlehem intimately familiar with the blue-collar culture, I can only express dismay whenever I hear my fellow liberals express their scorn for "greaseballs" and "rednecks." As is the case with the blacks, the "greasers" too are victims of the cruel workings of "the system." Mr. Schrag points out that for these Americans "defeat does not enjoy the ironic distinction of the acknowledged injustice of racial oppression." To alienate further these people by using them as scapegoats for the problems of racial oppression is both naïve and unpragmatic. The source of the problem is much larger. Educational reform would certainly be a meaningful attack.

DUANE GERENSER,
Williamsburg, Va.

HOW TRUE IT IS that one can be a dropout from high school without leaving school. Peter Schrag's observation comes as a relief from the inane propaganda that by merely staying in school youth will solve the job problem. Quite correctly he points out that the youths' interests center on sex and the automobile, both closely complementary and both offering momentary excitement.

But it's a little tiring to hear all this laid once more to the schools. God knows the schools have much to answer for.

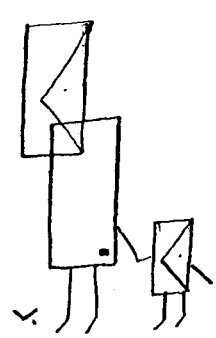
Just what does the working-class youth lack? I have thought that, like America at large, it lacks a life of the mind. Yet, Schrag falls back on the cliché that "the instrument of oppression is the book." Does intellectual life, then, lie in television and easy-come impressions? Are more shop courses the answer, or the "soul" courses of the blacks? Somewhere there must be a limit to sentimentalism.

THEODORE M. PEASE,
Ashfield, Mass.

WALLACE ROBERTS displays extraordinary empathy with Winnetka's annual midwinter doldrums, and a finely honed sense of the absurd in his descriptions of the town's conceits. He is a good writer, but he is also a poor scientist, and I resent his article's being presented as a factual analysis of New Trier Township.

I am also disturbed by the author's statements to the effect that Winnetka residents lack a sense of community. True, there is no widespread loyalty to the five square miles that is the village of Winnetka, but I suggest that there is loyalty to the larger community of the North Shore, the string of affluent suburbs along Lake Michigan from Lake Forest to provincial Evanston.

He fails to recognize the community's effects on the young people caught up in it. Its residents are Americans who have achieved their dream. They are the successful few, models for the still struggling majority. The feeling of "Well—this is it!" is in the air everywhere. It's a pleasant place to live. For a young person to think of leaving the community and maintaining his pride at the same time, it is necessary that he first completely abandon the American Dream as a significant goal, and choose another goal for himself. He must entirely re-socialize himself, radically change his value system. This is particularly hard in the North Shore, because it *is* the final goal in terms of traditional values. Only those who believed in it with all their hearts made it. There are no other influences present, no place for a child growing up in such an environment to learn other values. They must become doctors and lawyers, but they feel they owe it to *themselves*, not to their parents.



The resignation to middle-class values demanded by the community for continued membership when young people are supposed to be questioning them is hard to swallow. As some of the best-educated youth in the country, North Shore kids feel they should be in the vanguard of the counterculture. But this necessitates abandoning traditional goals, which the counterculture cannot yet replace, and leaving the community. They are split in half, and, as a consequence, you'll find some of the bitterest, most disillusioned, aimless kids in America on the North Shore, resenting both traditional *and* countercultures.

JOHN LANSKY,
Oberlin, O.

Ghetto Schools

HENRY M. LEVIN could have argued his point much better in "Why Ghetto Schools Fail" [*SR*, Mar. 21] by de-emphasizing the limited results political and economic incentives would have on learning, and instead advocating a program of meaningful social reform that would enable school personnel to complement, not collide with, the values of the children they are teaching and the communities they are serving. If basic educational reform is to be accomplished, it must be a result of social reform. Educational precepts cannot be superimposed on a social system that does not hold as fundamental the values reflected by those precepts.

By stressing a more equitable redistribution of educational resources in favor of the disadvantaged urban schools, Mr. Levin has effectively distracted attention from the more crucial problem of changing our societal priorities away from imposed governmental programs and toward a redesigned and more balanced society.

HOWARD ALTSTEIN,
Champaign, Ill.

School for Kids

THE Beloit-Turner Middle School, as described by James Cass in "A School Designed for Kids" [*SR*, Mar. 21], is one I consider really innovative. Its basic philosophy of allowing the students freedom to move about, to think and create, and then implementing it in an exciting and stimulating environment, is an example of public education as it can be. It could easily be the "open classroom" Herbert Kohl writes about.

Many new schools have floor-to-ceiling windows, classrooms radiating out from the Media Center, but the Curriculum Guides, daily lesson plans, and scheduled class use of the library still remain. They pass out the same old *Dick and Jane*, now in fancy cover, put in a "kit" given a scientific-sounding name, and call that innovation.

ANNETTE KORN,
Rockaway, N.J.

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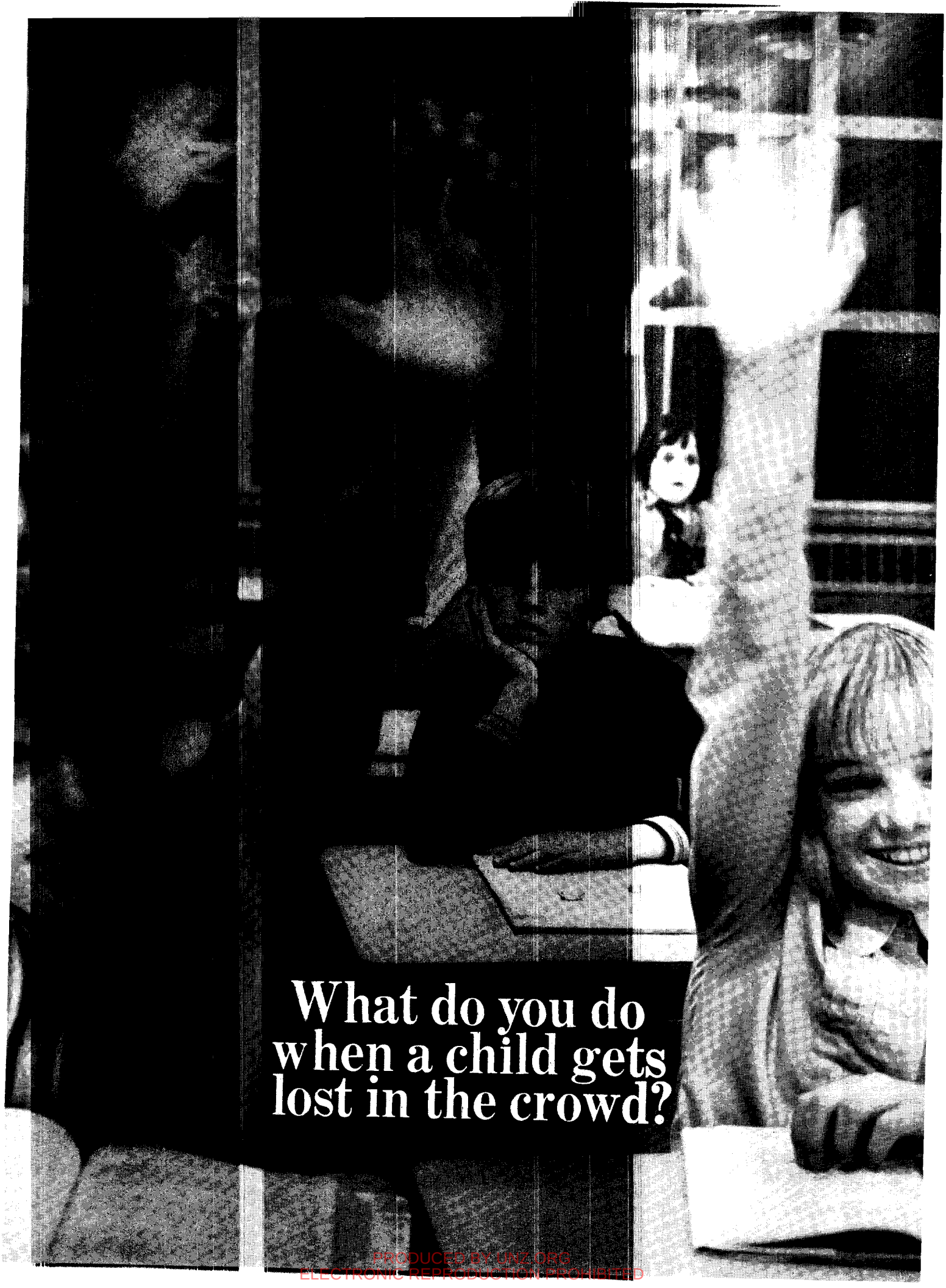

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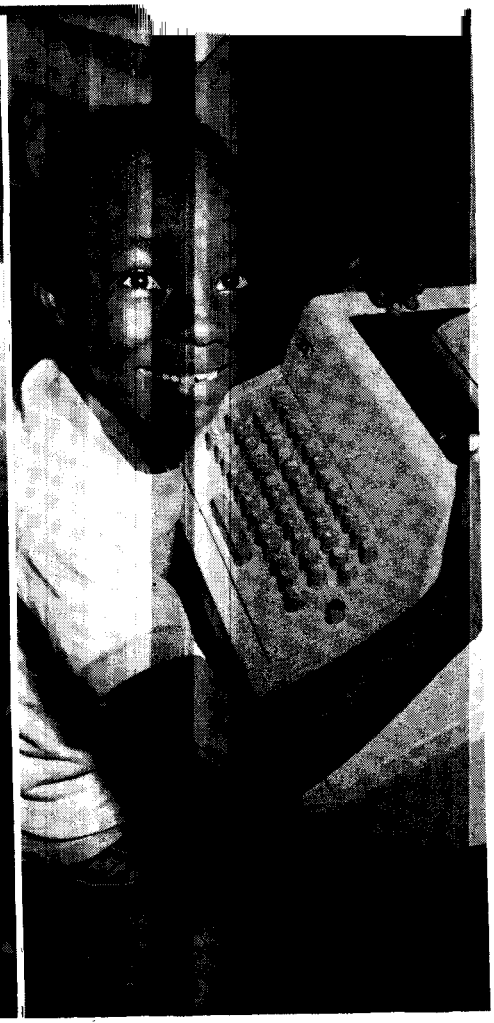

As a teacher, you worry: "Will Mary quit trying, because she can't keep up with the class? And what about Mark—is he bored because the pace is too slow?"

The practical reality of teaching children as a group makes it difficult to give each one the individual attention he needs. Students at both ends of the scale, with totally different rates of learning, suffer the most.

Faced with this perplexing challenge, many educators and administrators have sought ways in which newly developed teaching tools may help to individualize instruction. One such teaching innovation is Computer Based Learning, in which a computer is put to use drilling, testing and reinforcing concepts which heretofore required the efforts of a teacher again and again and again.

New York City is using Computer Based Learning to help children develop arithmetic skills at their own pace. Sixteen public schools are participating in the program. Yet none of these schools has a computer of its own. Instead, they share a computer. Telephone lines link all the schools to the computer located at the Board of Education's computer center in Manhattan.

In evaluating the impact of the program in the New York School System, Mel Mendelsohn, Director of Computer Assisted Instruction, has commented: "Daily drill, immediate correction of every response, each child working at his own level of achievement, together with diagnosis of each pupil's current learning status provided by daily and weekly reports to the teacher, are integral components of our CAI program. These features furnish teachers with more time for instructional planning, and perhaps for the first time provide an instructional tool to reach the acme of educational methods—individualized instruction."

But the size or geographical location of the school district has little to do with the application of computer technology.

For instance, the McComb, Mississippi school district is small and decidedly rural.

Julian Prince, Superintendent of McComb's Schools, summarized the dilemma his teachers faced.

"Long-term educational neglect of our poor children had left us with a great deal of ground to cover in a very short period of time."

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Since 196[illegible] he McComb elementary s[illegible]ls have found that co[illegible]ter assisted instruction pr[illegible]ies the special attent[illegible]their students need. Teletype[illegible]riters in each school are co[illegible]ected to a central compute[illegible] in the McComb Administration Building. Students receive drill and instruction in math and languages and move ahead at their own pace.

The development of advanced programs for bright students has been underway from the start.

"It's helped us uncover some really fine minds," says R. W. Lambuth, Assistant Superintendent. "One youngster became so fascinated that he spent every available moment of his time at the teletypewriter learning logic. He successfully completed the first year's program in just 38 days—the best record of any logic student in the nation."

Need for special attention is not confined to children fortunate enough to attend school . . . there are thousands of children who are unable to go to regular school sessions.

The reasons are many—physical, social, or personal—yet these children need the opportunity to learn and develop just as much as the boy next door.

Recognizing this need, the Los Angeles School System, in conjunction with the Pacific Telephone Company, developed TeleClass service. Using the telephone network, this service gives a homebound student the chance to become an active member of his own class.

The system is designed to allow a teacher to convene up to 20 homebound students by telephone. She can instruct the entire class at once, or separate students into groups depending on their age and/or class level. And, of course, she can work with each child individually. TeleClass brings a student out of physical or psychological isolation and makes him an important member of a special group: his own class.

Educators responsible for homebound instruction in Pontiac, Michigan; Baltimore, Maryland; and New York City are also finding the TeleClass an effective substitute for in-class teaching programs.

Your local Bell System educational communications specialist can discuss how schools across the country are making it possible for teachers to devote more time to the individual needs of their students.

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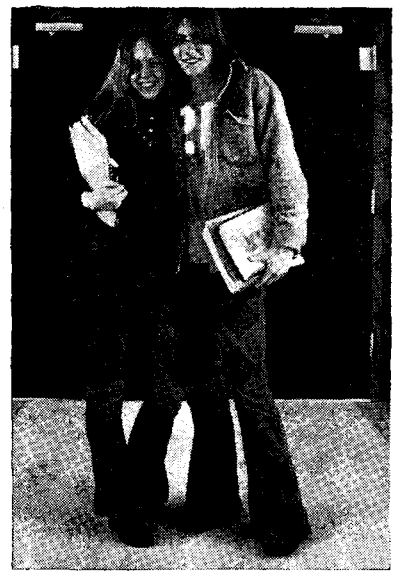

—Photos by Al Vandenberg.

"The climate and the times are fostering a new educational pluralism. Counter-institutions are emerging."

VERMONT SCHOOLS

Young Ideas in an Old State

by DIANE DIVOKY

In Burlington, Vermont, it's different. When people talk about their schools, they talk about how kids learn. There is a sense among them that all things are still possible for youngsters growing up. If one program doesn't work, try a different kind. If schools themselves seem wrongheaded, try learning in the community. If there are no easy answers, at least there are alternatives.

Possibilities are open, because, in spite of industrial and population growth, Burlington remains a community where real people with faces and names run things, where daily life is manageable, where nothing is farther away than a walk down Church Street or a five-minute drive across town. People and institutions connect and intertwine: The woman doctor who heads the child health services for the state is also chairman of the board of a private school, when her friend, the minister's wife, calls her about the possibility of setting up a free community school. The sixteen-year-old activist serves on the Governor's Committee on Education, and the proper-looking chap in the back of the meeting of long-haired kids in a coffeehouse is the state's Lieutenant Governor. Roles are loose.

There is another influence. Whenever people talk with excitement about experimental schools, new forms, the possibilities of change, the name Scribner comes up as a reference point, a footnote, a hero. Dr. Harvey B. Scribner, Vermont Commissioner of Education, is an anomaly—an unorthodox schoolman in a conservative state.

Now almost three years in the job (he came to Vermont after gaining a national reputation for integrating the suburban Teaneck, New Jersey, schools), Scribner seems to enjoy the controversies that surround him. He wears his sideburns long—longer than most high schools in the state would allow—and talks a language refreshingly free of educational platitudes: "What we need are new forms, not just reforms. . . . I'd like to have twenty-five approaches, not one solution. . . . School is merely a place where you resolve the problems met outside of school. . . . But teachers really believe that children don't learn unless they teach them. . . . We promise kids defeat: grades, marks. . . . Sports is the way we finance hostility between small towns. . . . If only we'd put as much time into thinking about learning as we do into thinking about how kids dress. . . . Don't fight about terminology—don't say you're going to ungrade a school—just ungrade it. . . . I keep telling the poor that the schools aren't serving them, that they've got to stand up and start making demands."

A tireless worker who will travel anywhere in the state to talk to anyone, Scribner keeps his staff small ("You've got to wipe out the bureaucracy") and contracts with outsiders for special projects. One of his favorites is DUO, which allows the state's high-schoolers to do volunteer work in the community for academic credit.

Currently he is trying to convince small school districts to contract with his department to become demonstration districts, to translate into practice the concepts set forth in Scribner's *Vermont Design for Education*. Pre-

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DIANE DIVOKY is a free-lance writer reporting frequently on matters of education and social concern.

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sented to the public in a pleasant little publication complete with cartoons, the *Design* contains premises considered so radical or subversive by some Vermonters that requests for its recall appear frequently in the legislature and newspapers. ("The emphasis must be upon learning, rather than upon teaching." "A student must be accepted as a person.")

The kids and the change-makers love Scribner. An informal state-wide network of teachers and administrators actively working for school reform—known as the Stowe Caucus—considers him their patron saint. "We feel more comfortable here because he's there," a teacher at a Burlington free school said. "He's the most beautiful thing that's ever happened to Vermont," is the word at another. A disgruntled Burlington High School senior confesses: "Whenever I'm really discouraged, I just think about Harvey Scribner and read the *Vermont Design*, and then I feel better."

Burlington is not the only place where Scribner's influence is felt, but as the largest city in the state (population: 40,000), it's a good indicator. The city has, as even the critics will tell you, excellent public schools: a 1,600-student high school, two junior high schools, ten elementary schools. Partly because the system hasn't had to worry about a race problem or even a militant teachers' union, it's been able to focus elsewhere: on an elementary school with child-centered, open classrooms; on new structures within the junior high schools; on making change attractive and desirable to the public. The associate superintendent said: "We've got lots of time in Burlington. And we've got reasonable people."

Moreover, the climate and the times are fostering a new educational pluralism. Counter-institutions are beginning to emerge. BEAM School is a haven, an educational experiment for bright students growing disenchanted with the very schools that have pronounced them successful. Shaker Mountain School is a free school for poor youngsters pushed out of the public schools as "unmanageable." And the ASPIRE program, operating within the high school for near dropouts, is a recognition by the institution that its style and routines do not suit at least one group of its students.

For the kids, the existence of new options and new styles creates all kinds of questions. Is the BEAM School a spur for change in the high school, or is it simply a safety valve for student unrest? If the kids at Shaker Mountain were rejected by the public schools, are those schools doing their job? Should the high school simply try to serve some nebulous "typical student," or should it really value diversity? "How come I somehow feel intimidated every time I walk into the high school, yet there is no fear at BEAM?" asks the boy who is the high school's pride. "Why can't I take two courses at the high school and the rest wherever I want?" The clientele is learning to be discriminating about the process of education.

Burlington High School, enrolling a diverse student body, in fact, offers a good deal. Built in 1964, the school is a series of two-story buildings, connected by glass-walled passageways, that climb a hillside. The fifty-three-acre campus abuts Lake Champlain northeast of the city. The linear and fragmented spread of the buildings provides a degree of physical and psychological elbowroom found in few institutional buildings. The school has adopted, rather unself-consciously and with little fanfare, innovations still in the works at renowned suburban high schools. A house plan divides the student body into four administrative units to facilitate counseling, communication, and supervision. (The fact of "so many people in one place" still runs counter to the Vermont sensibility.)

Flexible scheduling and the "collegiate mode" stagger the length of courses and class hours based on actual need, provide individualized programs for students, and loosen up the use of building space. This year the English department went "nongraded," offering students twenty-three elective courses in seventy-nine sections (for example, Semantics, The Rebel in American Literature, Afro-American Literature). Pass/fail began cautiously this semester. Enterprising upperclassmen are beginning to take courses for credit at the University of Vermont on the other side of town. The reforms are not just for the college-bound. American Studies, an experimental, interdisciplinary course for slow students, uses a humanistic, team-teaching approach. A sophisticated and relevant program of vocational-technical training is available in the high school's newest addition, the area vocational center serving seven high schools.

What is striking about the high school is not so much its model programs as its relaxed sense of itself. The top three administrators are all under thirty and all recent newcomers to the system. There are no bells, although pop music is heard in the entrance hall. Students come and go as they please between classes, to a learning center, a student lounge, or off campus.

The dress code died after some friendly negotiations last fall. "We knew if we waited a couple of weeks the change would come through the democratic process. So we did," a student protester said. A bulletin board announces an all-day happening on the environment; a poster invites students to drop by at a "talk-in" on education. A sign nearby says: "I would rather have a school produce a happy street cleaner than a neurotic scholar."

In spite of all this, Burlington High School still is heir to many of the assumptions and manners that make learning and schooling somewhat incompatible, that keep high school a place once removed from the world outside. The daily "base period" requires students to herd into assemblies to be counted and read at. A student report on the blues and B. B. King grows strangely de-charged in the blandness of a classroom. A creative writing class becomes a long list of "dos" and "don'ts," and across the hall literary images are extracted lifelessly from a novel. A student leader calls

"There are people in Burlington uncomfortable enough with the status quo to try something else, something new. Play your hunches for all they're worth."

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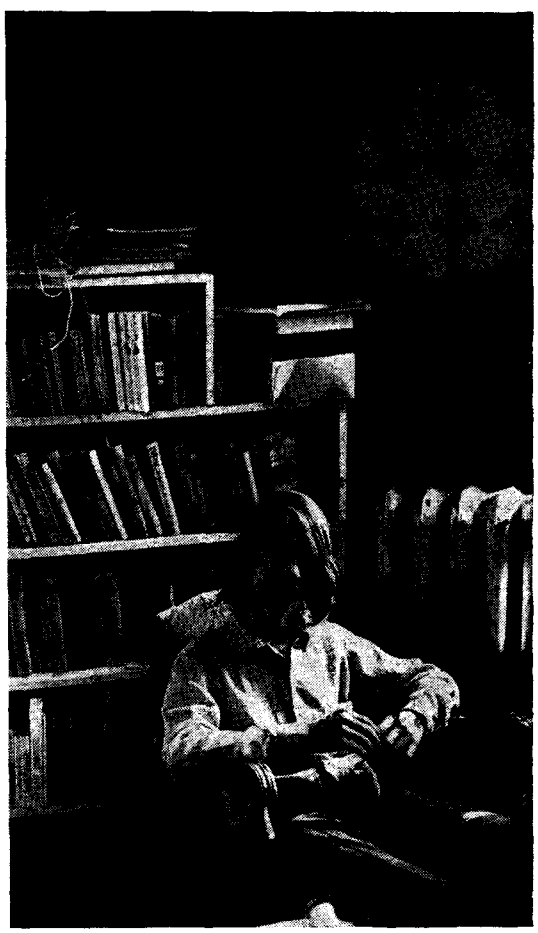
his round of clubs and activities the "sugar coating" that makes his courses bearable. A handful of resourceful and capable kids designed a student-run seminar for this semester; it died when the cool caution and qualifications the plan met in administrative offices quenched the enthusiasm that had gone into the proposal. "It's like working in Jello," a senior said. "You suggest an idea, they put you on a committee, and nothing happens." There is an acceptance that school is a place you get through, but you're happy to get out of. The kids reveal their ambivalence: "It's the best high school in the state. It's a bitch."

And so, even in Burlington High



"There is a sense that all things are still possible for youngsters."

School, out of a sense that there must be alternatives, other ways to treat kids have developed. One of the people who started thinking about the problem was Jim Carter, who metamorphosed over a few years from junior high school disciplinarian into the high school's leading reformer. Carter started looking for a way to talk to one group of kids the schools obviously were failing: the students barely hanging on as they reached high school. ASPIRE was the result.

At ASPIRE headquarters—a suite of rooms at the center of Burlington High—the day begins slowly. At 8:30 the rock music blares before the lights go on. Three sleepy-eyed, fifteen-year-old girls gossip in a corner, another pokes away at a typewriter, a boy fusses with a guitar. Two students design a psychedelic poster for a wall. "Evie, does this look all right?" one asks a tiny, bird-like woman as she comes in.

In half an hour, Evie Carter (Jim Carter's wife) and burly, gentle-faced Chick Ash, ASPIRE's teachers, call their students together—fifteen of them present this day—for a meeting to decide plans for the week. They push their chairs into a ragged circle—the kids who, in another place, could go through school without ever stating an opinion or being noticed by anyone. Kids who look a bit more blank-faced, sullen, fidgety, a little less acceptable than the clichés about teen-agers allow. In the meeting they bait and jockey each other ("You stupid jerk." "This class is fruity."), get sidetracked, grow shy and then boisterous, and find the business of planning and suggestion-making awkward. Evie and Chick hold back, then prod a little, then let the students carry the meeting. ("We're getting together slow.") The meeting over, the kids drift off—a handful to a photo-shooting trip, two to glaze pottery. One sits over a programed workbook, another does a crossword puzzle. Evie and Chick—kind, low-keyed, respectful—stay available to talk with kids, settle disputes, work with problems. It is hard, sloppy work without pattern or precedent. In the afternoon, the kids gone, they contact the day's absentees by phone and plan strategy for the next day. Evie writes in the ASPIRE journal: "Ups and downs, cohesive days and fragmented days, content and irritation, but a thin thread of direction runs through it all."

ASPIRE (A Student Planned Innovative Research Experiment) was conceived as a way to help unmotivated, alienated kids with often critically poor school records get a toe hold on the high school ladder as they entered tenth grade. Give them a year away from the pressures and competition met in high school, the plan went. No formal courses, no requirements, no grades. Let them talk out and accept how rotten the school system has been for them, let them plan their own curriculum based on real interests, let them see that education can be more than bad grades, and they'll go back into the main stream with changed attitudes and initiative. The plan has gone through many variations in ASPIRE's three years of operation: no structure, minimal structure; large group projects, individual projects; limited contact with the rest of the school, no contact. The constants have been a group dynamics approach, with all students asked to participate in planning common goals and activities.

Kids considering joining the program are often wary of the freedom from daily assignments, routine classwork. "What about English? Will I get all my credits?" This concern came from a girl who had dropped out of school the year before because she "didn't like it." The freedom continues to be a difficulty for some—they want to impose the very standards which have made them failures.

The program's obvious successes are many. A full-scale model of a World War I Sopwith Camel biplane (made famous again by Charles Schulz's Snoopy) sits in a hangar nearby, the work of a completely engrossing project that took math, engineering, and a lot of carpentry. Trips to Expo and the Florida Everglades grew out of geography projects. (ASPIRE's report to the state Department of Education about their midwinter Florida trip stated somewhat naïvely: "There has been a rather poor acceptance of our trip-program by many members of the faculty . . . an undercurrent of criticism was felt, the reasons for this not being entirely clear to those involved in the program.")

This year the emphasis has been on photography. A group of self-selected students work with a commissioned free-lance photographer, John Williams. Nikkomats in hand, they take shooting trips to the lake nearby or all the way to Boston, and then learn film processing, developing, and printing. Groups of students have made a movie, worked with ceramics, volunteered at an orphans' home, gone to the ballet, bowled, skied, and climbed mountains. A pollution-environment project is developing this semester. ASPIRE's records show that twenty of each year's class of thirty or so go on to graduate with their class two years later. The program's graduates occasionally return like evangelists to urge enrollees to work hard so "they can make it like I did."

This year Mike promises to be one of ASPIRE's successes. He came to the program with reports from former teachers that he was "slow," and his quiet reserve seemed to verify this. ASPIRE staff discovered early in the fall that archaeological diggings were his passion. They let him be the resource person for natural science field trips and digging expeditions. In November, he had opened up enough to teach a first-grade class studying Indian artifacts. In January, he was making copies of Iroquois pots; the talent in his specialty was being transferred

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to other areas. "He works with the same intense concentration he shows in so many of his efforts," the journal notes. "Perhaps one of the reasons for Mike's difficulties in school is that he needs time—long quiet expanses of time—in which to develop slowly whatever ideas come to him. Maybe he just can't be chopped into forty-five-minute chunks."

But for every Mike, there is a student ASPIRE loses. One enlists in the Army to get away from a family in which he serves as whipping boy. Another troubled boy is declared unmanageable by his parents and sent to reform school. A girl makes a decision to drop out of school and go to work so she can move out of her home—her drunken father has tried to rape her one time too often.

"This year we seem to have young people to whom school problems, which they no doubt have, pale beside the immediacy of their difficulties at home," an ASPIRE teacher explains. The personal problems are often overwhelming, and can color the entire program. The group becomes disruptive as the result of the contagious edginess of a classmate who must negotiate a truce between his parents and a delinquent younger brother. Occasionally a situation thrusts itself into ASPIRE's realm: Last fall participants in a feud between two families descended on the ASPIRE meeting room to continue the battle.

ASPIRE has not hit upon any formula for balancing academic work with personal therapy, nor even discovered where one leaves off and the other begins. Threatened with extinction when Title III funds end this June, ASPIRE may be dropped because it has strayed too far from a course that is defensible in conventional school terms. "You undermine everything we try to do," one teacher complained. "We set up standards for the kids and expect them to live up to them, and then you come along with all this freedom and set an example that these kids don't need. What these kids need is more structure with absolute opportunities for success."

A critic in the vocational education department says: "Life is not the way ASPIRE is. You can't get along in society that way. You have to have a vocation and you have to adjust, to learn to conform." He insists the same kids would do better in the "low-level programs" in his department.

Evie Carter agrees in part: "You couldn't teach auto mechanics or any specific skill the way we teach in ASPIRE." Increasingly, she believes that basic skills can't be belittled, that reading problems are a cause as well as a result of the ASPIRE students' personal feelings of inadequacy. But she wonders, at the same time, whether the school really understands anything about the lives of the students she teaches, and whether—at this point—school can make a difference in their lives at all. Three years ago there seemed to be some ways to a solution. Today ASPIRE knows that many of the questions haven't even been raised yet.

In Burlington, as everywhere else, there are kids who never make it to high school, who find at ten or fourteen that they and the conventional institutions designed for their education have nothing left in common. Their homes are the material of social pathology: broken families, alcoholism, welfare checks. In school, they get labels stuck on them—"deprived," "behaviorally disordered," "delinquent," "unteachable"—are put in special programs, pushed out, or quietly disappear on their own.

"As members of the school community (three of them serve as trustees), the students are part of the effort that goes into keeping everything in motion."

A dozen of these kids, once headed for reform school, are the students of Shaker Mountain School, a crazy idea that seems to be doing well. The school began on a whim last year. Jerry Mintz, a freewheeling young man with a Master's in education, picked up a boy hitchhiking who didn't want to get back to school. On the spot they decided to start their own. "We had $30 and a car," Mintz, now the headmaster, recalls. "It was a Plymouth; so we thought about calling it 'The Plymouth School,' but we finally named it after the mountain behind our farm."

Shaker Mountain occupies the entire first floor and basement of the former Hotel Breton on Church Street, Burlington's main thoroughfare. Rent is $125 a month. Inside there are a comfortably cluttered meeting room, mechanics room, art room, recreation room—even a cubbyhole with drawings on the wall and a mattress on the floor for being alone. Mintz's farm in Starksboro is the country location of the school. The five full-time teachers live there, and that is where "some classes are held, where some kids stay most of the time, and where most of the kids stay some of the time," giving the school a semi-boarding arrangement.

In the meeting room, the students look like nothing so much as the orphans in *Oliver Twist* — scruffy young rowdies, but charming. Long, stringy hair topped by a perky cap. Skinny bravado. A cigarette butt hanging out of the corner of a twelve-year-old mouth. Two play chess. A girl—one of three in the school—plays a word association game with a teacher. A boy paints a sign warning: BEWARE, TROUBLE MAKERS, and next to him a friend begins to weave a rug that will say: "Let there be peace in this school." Next to a rack of specially selected paperback books, a boy—his feet up on a table—reads aloud to two others. The words come slowly and painfully, but there is no embarrassment. The kids seem both tougher and younger than their counterparts in public school. One moment a boy will be insolent; the next, he'll be hugging a teacher, needing someone to hang on to. When a favorite teacher arrives, the group welcomes him wildly.

Last year, the school got by on $6,000 in small donations from foundations and friends (including one from Scribner, who tithes for favorite causes). To earn money, students have made and sold gravestone rubbings, metal sculptures, candles, and paintings. The school comes on like a cheerful beggar. The teachers, all with respectable academic credentials, work for room and

(*Continued on page* 77)

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The Skill of Relevance or the Relevance of Skills

by JEROME BRUNER

About a decade ago I became actively involved in what was to become known as the "curriculum-reform movement" in American education. The initial objectives of this movement were simple yet moving in their aspiration. The teaching of science (and that was the founding concern soon to be generalized to other subjects) must be made to represent what science was about so that modern man might have some better sense of the forces that shaped his world. The underlying conception was a rationalistic one: By knowing nature and being adept in the ways of thinking of science and mathematics, man would not only appreciate nature, but would feel less helpless before it, and would achieve the intellectual dignity inherent in "being his own scientist."

Looked at as merely an effort to improve the teaching of science and the other disciplines, the reform movement seems admirable in retrospect, though parochial, and from the broader point of view of "man's striving to control the world," somewhat old-fashioned, even a tiny bit absurd. But there were two inadvertent and powerful side effects that were generated that still perturb our educational establishment, and that still go on producing changes in the practice of instruction. One of them is administrative in the broadest sense; the other is psychological.

The administrative effect of the curriculum revolution was to redefine the way in which a curriculum was made. The moment one says that physics should be taught not to spectators but to participants, that we should teach physics rather than *about* physics, then the physicist must be brought into the process of curriculum maker, along with the teacher. For the basic assumption is that physics is not so much the *topic* as it is the mode of thought, an apparatus for processing knowledge about nature rather than a collection of facts that can be got out of a handbook. And so, in very rapid succession, some of America's most distinguished scientists and mathematicians became involved with teachers, school superintendents, ministers of education—the lot. First it was physics and mathematics, but within the decade chemists, biologists, anthropologists, economists, and even historians were involved in making curricula of their own. It was a poor project indeed that could not boast a Nobel laureate or a Bancroft Prize winner in its list of consultants. There was stress and strain when working scientists came face to face with the realities of the working teacher or the working school budget. And there were moments of despair when some of my less patient scientific colleagues talked about making their particular curriculum "teacher-proof." It was a little like making love people-proof. But even the complaints about the teacher as spoiler grew out of respect for the basic task of equipping the student with the competency inherent in the subject matter. Nothing must interfere, not even the teacher. In the end, what have emerged from the collaboration of scientists, scholars, and teachers are nationally distributed curriculum materials, embodying points of view about learning to which I shall turn shortly, curricula that represent an extraordinary achievement in academic quality and in the respect they show for the nature of human thought processes. Quietly we have achieved a revolution in the way we make curriculum, and it has now become world-wide, in the developing as in the developed world.

What is meant when we say that physics (or mathematics or a language or some other subject) is not something that one "knows about" but is, rather, something one "knows how to"? Plainly, one is neither quite committing something to memory to be tested by the usual means, nor is one learning to perform on cue like a trained seal or one of Professor Skinner's pigeons. Rather, when one learns physics, one is learning ways of dealing with givens, connecting things, processing unrelated things so as to give them a decent order. It is a way of connecting what one observes and encounters so as to highlight its redundancy, and therefore to make it as obvious as possible. To use what has now become a familiar phrase, it is an approach to learning that emphasizes ways of getting from the surface of the observed to its underlying structure of regularity. In this sense, it is a constant exercise in problem-formulating and problem-solving.

Good "problems," it turns out on closer inspection, are the chief vehicle for good curricula whether one is in an ordinary classroom or alone in a cubicle with a teaching machine. In the main, formulated problems are of two kinds. One has to do more with the formal or analytic structure of the operation—the syntax of the subject. Being able to express acceleration for a set of velocities in an equation, or showing wherein Snell's law for the pressure of light must or must not be a necessary corollary of the conservation theorems—these are examples of exercises principally with the syntactic structure of a body of knowledge. They are problems that relate to logical implication, identity, equivalence, and transformational rules. They are mastered by considering the language and the notational system, and not by looking at rocks and trees.

There is a second set of problems

—Ivan Massar (Black Star).

" . . . dealing with givens, connecting things, processing unrelated things so as to give them a decent order."

JEROME BRUNER is professor of psychology and director of the Center for Cognitive Studies at Harvard University. This article is adapted from a paper presented at a symposium on "Education in the Seventies," sponsored by Encyclopaedia Britannica International, Ltd., London, January 1970.

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that have to do principally with the semantic aspect of a science. How high is some particular building, or what temperature is needed to desalinate a certain volume of sea water, or what is the perturbation around a foil passing through a given medium, given such and such Reynolds number? There is involved here some form of determination of a value, a way of getting access cannily to a physical phenomenon. Looking at rocks and trees is very much at the heart of it, but looking at them with a highly assisted eye turns out to be central. A good field is one where one doesn't have to go about making such empirical determinations very often, and we know that things are getting better when we can reconstruct how something should be from what is already known rather than being a brave and naked empiricist.

We came to treasure problems of both types: the former are "think" problems, the latter are laboratory exercises. Both are formulated by the instructor, the text, or the manual, and both are important in any science, art, or practical sphere.

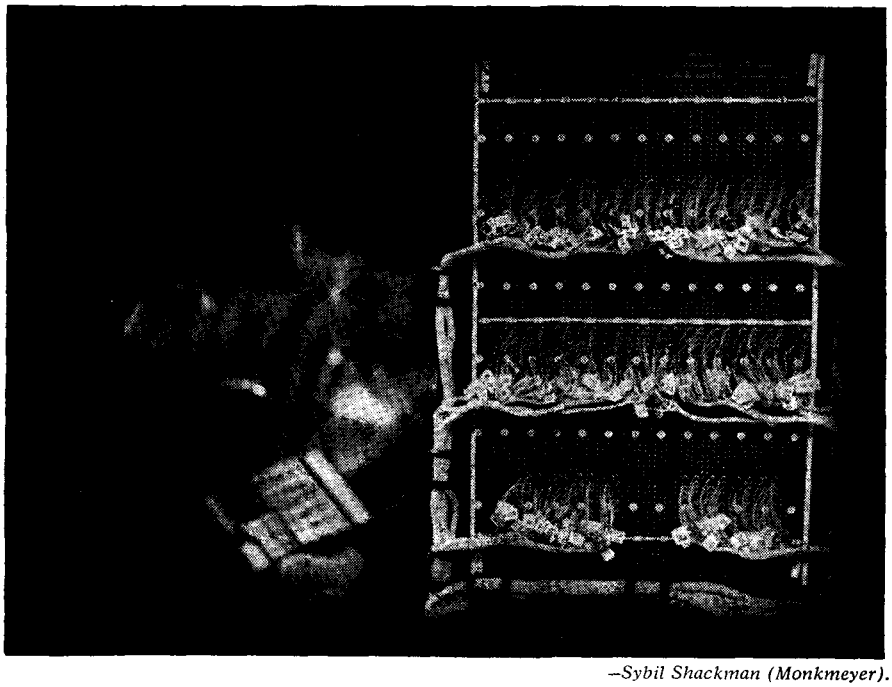
But neither is much like problem-finding. When Hahn and Strassman made their fundamental discovery about the transmutation of uranium under certain conditions of bombardment, they wrote that they were unsure how to cope with the surprise of an element changing its atomic weight, which is possible only in alchemy. It was the implausibility rather than the improbability that shook them—as with bridge hands, all of which are equally improbable, but one in a single suit is implausible while a Yarborough of the same probability escapes attention altogether as extraordinary. One has no doubt whatsoever that the hare can overtake the tortoise. Problem finding comes when one senses that there remain some dark problems about whether a divisibility rule may not be consistent with another rule about minimal invariant units in ordinary algebra. Nor is it plain that the invention of the calculus resolves Zeno's paradox once for all. All of these are matters involving the raising of problems, rather than their solution. They require many of the same skills and the same knowledge of underlying regularity of problem-solving. But they basically require the location of incompleteness, anomaly, trouble, inequity, and contradiction.

In none of what we have described thus far is there anything like memorization or performing a particular repertory. Conventional learning theories have little to do with the matter, and it seems inconceivable that there stands between you and understanding a missing word of praise or a chocolate bar. Rather, what seems to be at work in a good problem-solving "performance" is some underlying competence in using the operations of physics or whatever, and the performance that emerges from this competence may never be the same on any two occasions. What is learned is competence, not particular performances. Any particular performance, moreover, may become "stuck" or overdetermined by virtue of having been reinforced. It is like the wicked schoolboy trick of smiling when the teacher utters a particular word, and before long the teacher is using it more often. But to confuse that phenomenon with language is as much of a mistake as confusing the trained seal piping "Yankee Doodle" with the improvisation of a variation on the piano.

You may by now have recognized the parallel between what I am suggesting and what we have come to know about language comprehension and production, and their acquisition. Learning to be skillful with a body of knowledge is much like learning a language, its rules for forming and transforming sentences, its vocabulary, its semantic markers, etc. As with language, there is also the interesting feature in all such learning that what is learned is initially "outside" the learner —as a discipline of learning, as a subject matter, as a notational system. This we shall examine later.

Now, it has been the long-established fashion among traditionally anti-mentalist psychologists to dodge the issue of skill and competence by asserting that, while common sense may see it this way, the "real" explanation of learning is to be found at the molecular level of discrete stimuli and responses and their connections and reinforcements and generalization. What goes on at the common-sense level, as ordinary learning would be called, is simply a matter of engineering, a case of figuring out how to put the elements together in the right way by the correct contingencies of reinforcement or the management of contiguities. I believe this to be a wildly mistaken model of learning based on some very erroneous ideas that have stood up very poorly to the test of the laboratory or of the classroom.

Let me outline briefly what is meant when we say that human beings learn skills. The simplest form of skill is sensorimotor (tool using, car driving, etc.), and its form of acquisition has been described with increasing precision over the past quarter-century by Sir Frederic Bartlett and his students —Craik, Broadbent, Welford, and others. In broad outline, skilled action requires recognizing the features of a task, its goal, and means appropriate to its attainment; a means of converting this information into appropriate action; and a means of getting feedback that compares the objective sought with present state attained. This model is very much akin to the way in which computerized problem-solving is done, and to the way in which voluntary activity is controlled in the nervous system. The view derives from the premise that responses are not "acquired" but are constructed or generated in consonance with an in-



—Sybil Shackman (Monkmeyer).

"One learns to operate on the world as it is encoded in language and other more specialized symbol systems."

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tention or objective and a set of specifications about ways of progressing toward such an objective in such a situation. In this sense, when we learn something like a skill, it is in the very nature of the case that we master a wide variety of possible ways for attaining an objective—many ways to skin the cat. For we learn ways of constructing a myriad of responses that fit our grasp of what is appropriate to an objective.

One is able to operate not only upon the world of physical objects by the use of sensorimotor skills, but also operate in a parallel fashion upon that world as it is encoded in language and other more specialized symbol systems. For such symbol systems "represent" the world and the relations that hold between its different aspects. Indeed, this is what is so extraordinary about the power to symbolize—precisely that it has this representative function (a matter that surely vexes philosophers, in spite of the boon it bestows on ordinary men). This is what makes the "external" forms of systems like natural language or mathematics or a scientific discipline such powerful tools of culture. By making them part of our own symbolic skill, we are able to use them internally as instruments of our own thought. Physics becomes now an operation of the human mind, and physics thinking becomes a psychological topic. It is an instrument of thought or a skill rather than a "topic."

It was basically this set of convictions that led those of us who were in the midst of curriculum reform to propose that *doing* physics is what physics instruction should be about—even if the instruction had very limited coverage. And we proposed that doing it from the start was necessary, even if at the outset the student had only the vaguest intuition to fall back upon. The basic objective was to make the subject your own, to make it part of your own thinking—whether physics, history, ways of looking at paintings, or what not. There follow from this view of competence as the objective of education some rather firm conclusions about educational practice. To begin with, a proper curriculum in any subject (or in the total curriculum of the school) requires some statement of objectives, some statement of what kinds of skill we are trying to create and by what kinds of performances we shall know it. The essence of such behavioral objectives is the specification of a test of skill—testing the ability to get to an objective in situations and with materials not yet encountered.

Does it sound familiar? Is it not what was initially intended? How did we get so far off the track in setting up our educational practices? Why was this rather simple notion not followed up? I suspect that part of the difficulty was introduced by wrongly focused theories of learning that lost sight of the forest of skilled competence for the trees of perfected performances. But that is only part of it. There is a very crucial matter about acquiring a skill —be it chess, political savvy, biology, or skiing. The goal must be plain; one must have a sense of where one is trying to get to in any given instance of activity. For the exercise of skill is governed by an intention and feedback on the relation between what one has intended and what one has achieved thus far—"knowledge of results." Without it, the generativeness of skilled operations is lost. What this means in the formal educational setting is far more emphasis on making clear the purpose of every exercise, every lesson plan, every unit, every term, every education. If this is to be achieved, then plainly there will have to be much more participatory democracy in the formulation of lessons, curricula, courses of study, and the rest. For surely the participation of the learner in setting goals is one of the few ways of making clear where the learner is trying to get to.

This brings us directly to the problem of relevance, that thumb-worn symbol in the modern debate about the relation of education to man and society. The word has two senses. The first is that what is taught should have some bearing on the grievous problems facing the world, the solution of which may affect our survival as a species. This is social relevance. Then there is personal relevance: What is taught should be self-rewarding, or "real," or "exciting," or "meaningful." The two kinds of relevance are not necessarily the same, alas.

—George S. Zimbel.

" . . . testing the ability to get to an objective in situations and with materials not yet encountered."

I attended a meeting in Stockholm in the summer of 1969, convened by the Nobel Foundation with the object of bringing scholars and scientists together to discuss the burning issues of the day. We had in attendance as well a panel of university students to voice their own concerns. I recall one session at which two molecular biologists, Joshua Lederberg of Stanford and Jacques Monod of Paris, were discussing the socially risky and morally compelling problems involved in improving man's genetic makeup with the aid of modern molecular biology. When the discussion was nearing its end, several students expressed disappointment in our avoidance of "relevant issues." Why had we not engaged ourselves with the crucial issues of the day: with the developing world, with the population explosion, with the scourge of war?

Jacques Monod replied with Gide's favorite proverb, "Good intentions make bad literature." I would change it to "Good intentions alone. . . ." For it is precisely, again, a question of skill and understanding that is at issue. I am with those who criticize the university for having too often ignored the great issues of life in our time. But I do not believe that the cure in the classroom is to be endlessly concerned with the immediacy of such issues—sacrificing social relevance to personal excitement. Relevance, in either of its senses, depends upon what you know that permits you to move toward goals you care about. It is this kind of "means-ends" knowledge that brings into a single focus the two kinds of relevance, personal and social. It is then that we bring knowledge and conviction together, and it is this requirement that faces us in the revolution in education through which we are going.

I have suggested that the human, species-typical way in which we increase our powers comes through converting external bodies of knowledge embodied in the culture into generative rules for thinking about the world and about ourselves. It is by this means that we are finally able to have convictions that have some consequences for the broader good. Yet, I am convinced, as are so many others, that the way in which our ordinary educational activities are carried out will not equip men with effective convictions. I would like to propose, in the light of what I have said about skill and intentionality, and to honor what I believe about the two

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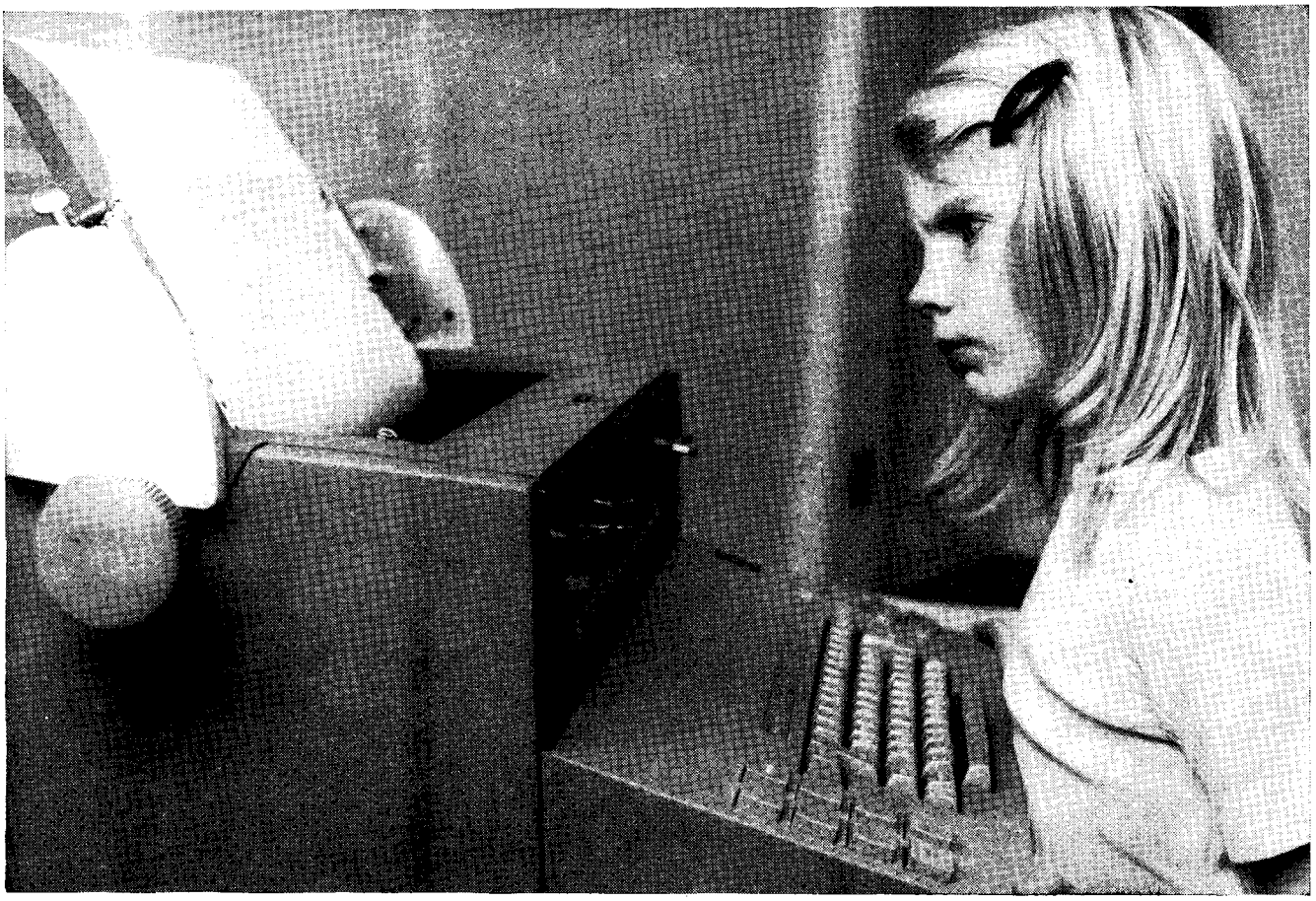

—John G. O'Connor (Black Star).

" . . . the processes of an educated mind—the ways of gathering, evaluating, and acting upon information."

What's Left When School's Forgotten?

by TERRY BORTON

An educated mind—one that combines a sophisticated array of logical and psychological processes with personal style and a clear value system—has long been a goal of liberal education, and is certainly a goal I would support. Yet, no one has ever made a very convincing case to explain why one subject is better at "educating the mind" than another; why Latin is better than science or sociology better than black studies. Education of the mind has been left to chance; nowhere in the twenty years from kindergarten to doctorate has it ever been taught directly. Now a new kind of curriculum is being developed, one that does not concentrate on any particular subject content, or even basic concepts, but instead explicitly defines and teaches the *processes* of an educated mind—the ways of gathering, evaluating, and acting upon information. These processes (methods, skills, purposive behaviors) cut across subject disciplines and are of such fundamental applicability that once a student learns them he can apply them constantly for the rest of his life.

The interest in developing process curricula has come from three different sources, and each has produced materials that in some way reflect its background. Perhaps the most pervasive source is that of the knowledge explosion. The student starting first grade this year will face double the current amount of knowledge by the time he reaches tenth grade, and four times as much when he finishes graduate school. Three-quarters of that knowledge we cannot teach him now, because we do not know it. According to Dr. Hendrik Gideonse, whose job in the Office of Education's Bureau of Research includes trying to predict the educational implications of the future, "Knowing a special content area will continue to be important, but we cannot predict which content that will be. What we can predict is the importance of developing a much more precise knowledge of processes for handling information and responding more effectively to each other."

In the fields of science, where the knowledge explosion is most evident, the process approach to curriculum development has been widely accepted. The American Association for the Advancement of Science, for instance, has developed a kindergarten-through-sixth-grade course called "Science, a process approach," which teaches basic scientific processes. The course does not attempt to teach an enormous number of scientific facts; rather, it teaches the methodological processes through which content is generated and its truth tested.

The Productive Thinking Program (Brazelton Printing Co., Berkeley, California; 1966, 633 pp. Presently distributed by Education Innovation, Box 9248, Berkeley, California) is a process curriculum that uses no traditional content; it is a supplementary course for elementary students built on cartoon books. These books are a specially

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—Jim Morrow.

"Intellectual power is not in data, but in the processes for handling it."

devised set of mystery stories in which the students follow the adventures of two young detectives, Jim and Lila, as they try to solve a number of problems in their neighborhood. As Jim and Lila work on the problems, a programed series of parallel questions helps the student to work out the mystery for himself, and teaches him certain "productive thinking skills" along the way. One of these skills (or processes) is that of organizing solutions to a problem by separating "main ideas" from "particular ideas," with the main ideas forming the limbs of an "idea tree" and the particular ideas forming the smaller branches. Use of this process allows the student to work through his possible solutions systematically, and to generate new particular ideas. It also keeps him from "going out on a limb" by concentrating on a particular idea without considering the rest of the tree.

The problem-solving processes taught by *The Productive Thinking Program* are a very colloquial sort—"use the idea tree to make thinking planful," "think of many ideas," "check ideas against the facts." University of California psychologist Richard Crutchfield, one of the program's authors, discusses the value of such processes in an article in the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development 1969 yearbook *Life Skills*. The program's purpose, he explains, is not to teach new thinking skills, but to "*sensitize* the student to the availability of mental capacities which he already possesses though rarely uses and, through practice, strengthen and sharpen his ability to use these skills in an effective fashion." This attempt at sensitization—even though short-term, programed, and of an isolated nature—has produced interesting evidence for the validity of a process approach to education. When students who had the program and others who had not were later presented with problems to solve, the program students showed a much better performance on almost all of the twenty-three measures of problem-solving performance. "Indeed," writes Dr. Crutchfield, "despite the substantial initial correlation found between productive-thinking performance and IQ, the effect of the training is such that *trained* children of average intelligence (mean IQ of 99) come to score virtually as high on the productive thinking tests as do the *untrained* children of high intelligence (mean IQ of 124)."

If the first source of interest in process education is as a response to the amount of knowledge, the second source, the computer, is both a product of the knowledge explosion and a tool for coping with it. The tremendous adaptability of the computer is making it abundantly clear that intellectual power is not in data, but in the processes for handling it. Consequently, some computer theorists are beginning to turn their attention from developing math and reading courses, to the question of how computer programing itself can be used to teach students about the power of logical thought processes. One such group is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's Artificial Intelligence Laboratory, which had previously worked in higher mathematics. Its co-director, Dr. Seymour Papert, who spent five years with Piaget studying the growth of children's intelligence, is now developing a variety of projects to make "computer culture" more available to young kids. One of the most fascinating projects is a new computer "language" (the form in which instructions are given to a computer). This language, called LOGO, is so simple that an elementary school child can use it to interact with a computer just as an IBM programmer does—by telling it the processes it needs to perform various operations. The language is introduced by using the old word game in which the teacher says to the student, "Please say your name," and the student responds, "John." The teacher repeats her request until the students catch on that the response being sought is, "Your name."

Children delight in this kind of joking, and enter easily into its spirit. But they are not just playing games. The teacher uses their experience to explain that the computer cannot "think" by itself: It can only perform the processes that a human being can think up and program into it. Computers have to be told *precisely* the correct process to use. The students then learn to use the LOGO equivalent of quotation marks in order to tell the computer the process of distinguishing between generalities like "your name" and named instances like "John."

Building on a few such basic processes, the children use the LOGO language to make the computer write poems, do algebra problems, draw geometric patterns, or make robot turtles battle each other. In any of these projects, however, the goal is not so much to produce the poem or the algebra problem, or even to learn computer programing, though both occur. The goal is to have the student learn more processes such as distinguishing generality from instance—processes like "recursion" (using a simple recurring cycle to perform a long operation) and binary search (halving the number of possible solutions to a problem with each step). Learning how to use such processes cannot give students the computer's speed, but it can help them gain greater conscious control over the logical powers of reasoning that are so important in the computer's ability to handle information.

At the moment, computer terminals that allow a student to use the LOGO programing language are expensive, but Dr. Papert believes that in the near future the cost will be well within the range of school budgets, perhaps about 25 cents a terminal hour. Meanwhile, other process education programs are drawing from the computer culture's attempts to simulate human intelligence and are specifying "heuristics" (process rules of thumb) that can be taught to students without using a computer. "Tools for Change" is a program being developed under a Carnegie Foundation grant by Interaction Associates, Inc. (2637 Rose Street, Berkeley, California), to teach both highly logical heuristic processes and much more intuitive ones such as imagination and fantasy.

The tools of "Tools for Change" are seventy-five processes that are thought to cover the range of operations people engage in when they solve problems. Processes are used within a rough problem-solving cycle: 1) problem perception; 2) definition and analysis; 3) planning and prediction; 4) alternative generation; 5) evaluation; 6) synthesis. Thus, if a student is having trouble "predicting" the consequences of a particular solution, the curriculum suggests that he use one of the following pairs of processes: simulate-test, define-symbolize, dream-imagine, work forward-work backward.

The trick of teaching such processes according to David Straus, president of Interaction Associates, is to make students aware that these are processes they can *consciously* pull out of their tool box when they get stuck on a problem. The "Tools for Change" program

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relies on games, puzzles, and personal projects to immerse a student in problems that are best solved by using a particular process. I visited one of the experimental classes at Berkeley High School on evaluation day. The class wandered for awhile as the mechanics of schedules got worked out, and then settled down to a discussion of what processes were most important, and what strategies had been most effective in teaching them. The kids obviously knew the lingo—they talked about problem-solving cycles, alternative generation, and brainstorming—but I was not sure that their knowledge went any deeper than the ordinary ability of bright American students to give their teacher back what he wants. Then someone mentioned "working backwards"—the process of finding out how to get the answer by starting with a knowledge of what the solution should be, and moving back to the problem. A good-looking girl who had been sitting next to me sucking on cinnamon Red Hots suddenly came alive.

"Monopoly," she said.

I was a bit startled. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"Monopoly. We were playing Monopoly, and I was thinking, 'This is sure a weird thing to be doing in school,' and then suddenly I saw it. Right there, playing Monopoly, I was using that process—working backwards. I was thinking about buying a hotel, and working backwards to figure out how to get the money. Me. Right there, playing Monopoly. Wow, it drove me crazy."

"So you really learned about the processes by playing the games?"

"Well, that one I did all right. I never knew I could do that, but now I know. I use it a lot, like in algebra. Sometimes the process comes through, but sometimes it's just playing games."

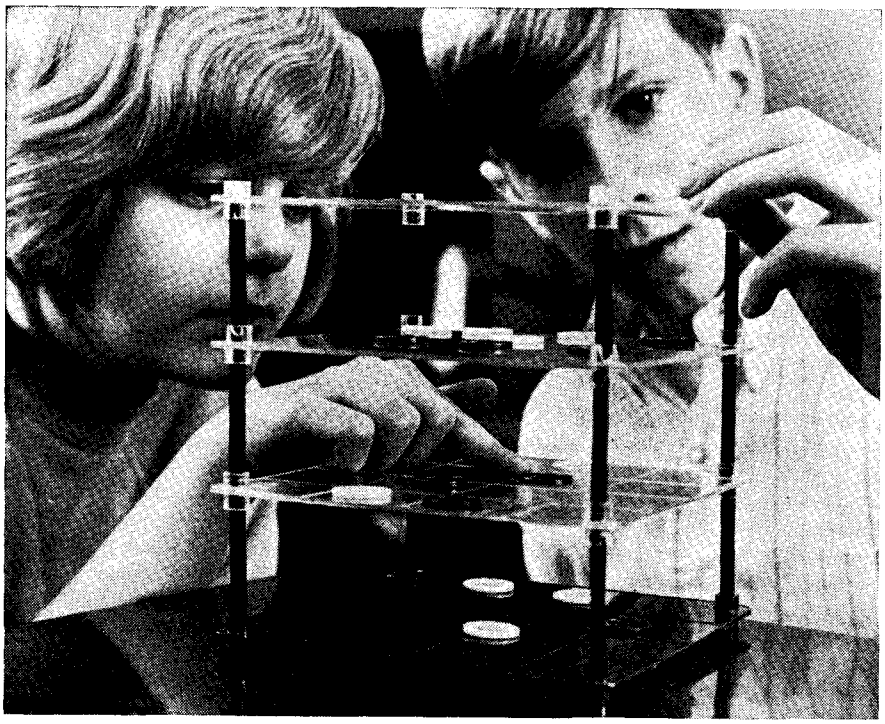
As the "Tools for Change" curriculum develops, its authors will be looking for more ways to make the logical power of information processing "come through" to the students. But on a wider scale, the student demand for an education that makes sense to them is itself one of the three major sources of interest in process education. It was this source that led to the adoption of a process approach by the program I have been most closely associated with, the Affective Education Development Project directed by Norman Newberg in the Philadelphia school system. We tried to answer the student demands for "relevant education" by teaching to basic personal and social concerns such as those for self-identity, relationship, and power. Then we realized that, though such a curriculum "turned kids on," we were not teaching things that would help them later when they were on their own.

When we examined what would help students learn about themselves, or about their interactions with other people, we discovered that we were in fact talking about processes. We could not possibly deal with the emotional content of each student's separate life, nor did we want to. But we could teach processes that were useful tools for working through many different personal and interpersonal issues. Such general processes as "using feedback" (information designed to change behavior), "assuming another point of view," or "de-escalating pressure" allowed students to grow more effectively, but did not predetermine their growth in a direction dictated by the teacher. Gradually, we learned how these same processes could be applied to not only "affective" content of personal concerns but "cognitive" materials or subject content. The first courses developed and now being used in project schools drew upon content directly related to human affairs such as English and social studies, so that it was not too difficult to teach the processes using both the student's own immediate emotional experience and subject matter.

In several new disciplines, the project is just beginning to discover how to integrate process, content, and person by moving from very general human relations processes such as "using feedback" to ones that are more closely related to traditional discipline areas. For instance, Arthur Burdett, a project social studies teacher, recently experimented with ways to help students see the relevance of economics to both their personal life and the practical world of affairs. He began by explaining the basic process of "economizing"—efficiently using available resources in order to meet needs. The day before I visited his class, he had divided the students into groups, set them up as "companies" to produce goods from resources, told them that they would laugh when they saw the resources, and then passed out Tinker Toys. The students were soon at work building model cars, planes, or Rube Goldbergs. Midway through the period they stopped and spent the rest of the time examining how well they had been "economizing"—using their resources, both material and human.

Later, Burdett and I discussed ways to move the class further. There had been questions about whether President Nixon made the decisions to allocate national resources, so we planned to compare capitalist and socialist decision-making. An upcoming test could become a shared venture, and students graded both on content and on how well they economized the resources of open books and each other. Then we began speculating on how the students might use the economizing process on one of the most basic variables in their lives, their use of personal time. How, for instance, could the process of economizing be

(*Continued on page 79*)



—Bob S. Smith (Rapho-Guillumette).

Three-dimensional checkers. Process education attempts to define basic mental processes and help the student become conscious of his own logical and psychological operations.

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Schools Make News

More Research Needed

PRESIDENT NIXON, who had virtually nothing to say about education for his first year in office, last month delivered an 8,000-word paper on the subject, created a commission to study school finances, and proposed the creation of a major education research institute. In the process, the President raised some of education's basic questions and promised little new money until there are better assurances that it will be well spent.

Mr. Nixon said he envisaged the proposed National Institute of Education eventually functioning with an annual budget of a quarter of a billion dollars, but he proposed no initial funding. He said the new agency would both conduct and coordinate research and experimentation in such fields as compensatory education, reading, the use of technology, and experimental schools, and that its overall goal would be to pin down more accurately what contributes to successful learning.

The Commission on School Finance will make a two-year study of the problems of providing adequate support to local schools. Better long-range methods of organization and spending funds will be sought. Particular attention will be paid to the current fiscal crisis of parochial schools, which, the President noted, "are closing at the rate of one a day."

The President proposed an increase to $200-million in the 1971 appropriations for Titles II and III of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act as an initial step toward the "right to read" goal. He also proposed a joint effort by HEW and the Office of Economic Opportunity to set up a network of experimental centers for children aged one to five to determine what works best in preschool education. The Early Learning Program will be funded at $52-million, one of the few new pledges for money in next year's tight budget.

The thrust of the President's message was an official acknowledgment of the mysteries of learning, and a determination not to increase federal spending until research has provided clearer indications for more effective spending. To justify his position, Mr. Nixon leaned heavily on the results of the Coleman report, *Equality of Educational Opportunity*, and subsequent surveys that show that the social and economic environment of the home and peer groups is more important in learning than such considerations as amount of school funding, class size, and student-teacher ratio.

Education and Ecology

NEXT WEEK students from some 3,000 high schools and 1,000 universities are scheduled to take part in ecology and environment activities in observance of Earth Week, culminating, appropriately, in Earth Day—April 22. The proposed activities of the various groups range from panel discussions to symbolic street theater presentations. And although there will undoubtedly be a plethora of lectures devoted to defining the term "ecology," one can expect some original Nader-style research papers on specific polluting corporations and myriad lists of offensive products to be boycotted.

Former McCarthy and Kennedy supporters, student council presidents, radical organizers, and representatives of industry are all expected to join the potpourri of anti-pollution. There's a chance that Earth Day may be twenty-four hours of national hype or of student organizational infighting and imaginative stunts, but the publicity and enthusiasm already engendered by the suggestion of Earth Day by Wisconsin Democrat Gaylord Nelson reflect as much as rally the deep national concern.

In a somewhat less spontaneous way, the nation's concern for its own survival is reflected in HEW's new task force on Environmental/Ecological Education. The U.S. Office of Education plans to set up a special environmental studies staff to coordinate existing programs, redistribute resources, and plan new programs. It will also support appropriate legislation for environmental education, call a conference in June, and propose an Environmental/Ecological teach-in for teachers this summer.

Notes

● The University of Pennsylvania will offer a unique Ph.D. graduate program in peace research next September. Analyzing problems related to the achievement of world peace, it will use material from various departments of the social sciences, relying heavily on economic analysis of the problems of disarmament and the conversion of industries away from war material production. There also will be substantial emphasis on the problems of management and control of conflict as these relate to government policies and international tensions. . . . Or, if you're in the market and don't really have the time, there's another new Ph.D.—hand-painted and all yours for $100—an ingenuity from the student-run Rochdale College in Toronto to help the college pay off its bills. M.A.s and B.A.s are bargains at $50 and $25 respectively. Also available for the same prices are non-degrees to show you are not a degree-holder.

● The entire full-time black studies faculty at San Francisco State College was ousted last month. The administration said the six instructors were fired because recommendations from the department's hiring, retention, and tenure committee were filed only one hour before deadline—"too late to do a proper review." The department was created last fall, in response to student demands for an autonomous black

—*Wide World.*

Students at Marlboro (Vt.) College enforcing a campus anti-pollution ban on cars except in emergencies when a pedestrian with a flag must escort them.

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studies program, one of the key issues in last year's turbulent strike.

● Procedures for handling public school records should be critically reviewed by school authorities, said a recent report from the Russell Sage Foundation, because some current policies now "constitute a serious threat to individual privacy." The problem is that school systems maintain extensive pupil records; yet there is no defined policy on how this material should be used, or on when it should be released to, for example, a college or an employer. The report recommends that parents should be periodically informed of what data are filed on their children and have the right to challenge their validity. Outdated records should be periodically discarded so that students who have had trouble in the past can make fresh starts. The report urged that no information should be released without the written consent of parents and pupils. The foundation (230 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017) is distributing 85,000 copies of its guidelines and recommendations to administrators and parent groups across the country.

● Another reason to oppose school busing is that it may be unsafe. For the third consecutive year, General Motors has recalled its school buses. A report in the Washington *Post* noted that the front steel bumper on the 1969 model is one-eighth-inch thick, half the size of the 1966 model bumper, and that the springs supporting the body are seven inches shorter—reductions not designed for safety. This year the recall of school buses was for brakes.

● Atlanta has adopted its first year-round school system—an idea much talked about but rarely successfully implemented. Administrators believe their new four-quarter system gives greater flexibility: Students may choose to attend any three of the four quarters, or all four if they want to graduate early, make up lost ground, or carry a limited course load and hold regular jobs. Teachers are not assigned to work in the summer, but they can do so to increase their income. Last summer more than 12,000 students enrolled for the new quarter at an increased cost of $1.2-million.

He Said It

"THEY STILL BELIEVE in God, the family, angels, devils, witches, goblins, logic, clarity, punctuation, and other such obsolete stuff."—Isaac Bashevis Singer, National Book Award winner, explaining why he began to write for children.

Toward Equal Access to College

THE CARNEGIE COMMISSION on Higher Education last month proposed a program to guarantee that by the year 2000 every American has an equal opportunity to attend college. Economic and social barriers would be stripped away, leaving individual choice and ability the sole determinants of college attendance.

As an interim goal the commission set 1976—the 200th anniversary of American independence—as the date by which financial aid will be available to every student wishing an education, and discriminatory practices against ethnic minorities within the university in curriculum or facilities will be removed.

The report, *A Chance to Learn: An Action Agenda for Equal Opportunity in Higher Education*, is the second in a series before the commission's final review of higher education in 1972. The first report, *Quality and Equality* published in December 1968, dealt with the specifics of finance. A child from a family with an income of $15,000 is five times more likely to attend a university than a child from a family whose income is $3,000. To rectify this imbalance, the commission, in its latest report, put responsibility on the federal government, outlining a multibillion-dollar federal program both to underwrite student costs and to provide supplements to universities on a per-student basis. Under this plan, an estimated one million students could be brought into higher education by 1976, one-fourth to one-third of them from minority groups.

(President Nixon last month described to Congress his higher education opportunity bill of 1970. Still in the drafting stage, this proposal would provide $1-billion more in loans for students from low-income families by establishing a new government-backed student loan association, but would provide little aid for the hard-pressed universities themselves.)

The present Carnegie report (published by the McGraw-Hill Book Co., Hightstown, N.J. 08520, for $1) stresses goals and procedures for dealing with the increasingly diverse and expanding student population—what Dr. Clark Kerr, the commission chairman, described as "the second half of the problem" of equal opportunity. This year 40 per cent of the eighteen- to twenty-one-year-olds are enrolled in higher education, but important sectors of society have been left out. Nevertheless, the commission did not advocate universal attendance in the future: "We should avoid pressures from family and society which impose college attendance and make non-college alternatives more attractive."

The American system of education has always been "open," the report states. For the first time in our history, however, there are too many students for too few places, and there is conflict over who should attend and what standards should be met in the colleges. It is essential, the commission states, that the door not be closed just when the blacks, Indians, and others are beginning to be admitted. States should provide a place for every high school graduate, as California did in 1960 and New York City in 1970. But there should not be "open admissions" to every university, since they vary widely in their nature and purpose, and the quality of the degree must not be compromised.

To reach the goal of universal access to higher education, first priority must be put on increasing the effectiveness of elementary and secondary education. Universities can help upgrade the standards of high school diplomas by using intensified research, consultation, and teacher training. For incoming college students, the report advocates a "foundation year" of intensive counseling and wide latitude so that a student can find a program that fits his interests and needs, and progress at his own ability. The report sets a time limit on remedial help; a university should expend enough time and resources to bring a student up to grade level by two years.

If its guidelines are followed, the Kerr panel believes that neither compensatory education programs nor flexible admissions criteria will be needed in the year 2000, but until then a major effort is required to close the gap. The costs to higher education will be high, but the costs of social services required to cope with the results of educational disadvantages are far higher.

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TWO WORLDS OF CHILDHOOD: U.S. AND U.S.S.R.

by Urie Bronfenbrenner

Russell Sage Foundation, 185 pp., $7.95

To THE accepted indices for judging a society's prospects, Urie Bronfenbrenner proposes adding a new one: *the concern of one generation for the next.* When he applies this criterion to child-rearing practices in the United States and the Soviet Union he finds facts and arrives at implications that will surprise some Americans and should disturb all of us.

The evidence that emphasis on conformity in Soviet education exacts a cost in individuality was, of course, predictable. Two other findings that Bronfenbrenner reports will produce some of the surprise. One is that the old-fashioned virtues, the absence of which among our own young is commonly deplored—good manners, neatness, helpfulness to others, civic responsibility—are being more effectively developed in Soviet schools than in ours. A more troubling conclusion the author reaches is that what we like to regard as the freedom we allow our children would be characterized more accurately as the adult neglect to which we subject them. The increasingly prevalent and visible consequences of that neglect, Bronfenbrenner warns us, are anything but benign—for the kids and for the country.

Two Worlds of Childhood: U.S. and U.S.S.R. is much more than a fascinating essay on comparative socialization. It is a rare combination of carefully documented facts, an imaginative synthesis of cross-cultural studies, and a compassionate appraisal of the plight of children in modern society. All of this Bronfenbrenner then distills into a set of realistic proposals for improving the effectiveness of the family and the other institutions that shape children's lives.

The Soviet Union was chosen for comparison with the United States because primary responsibility for the upbringing of children is fixed so differently in the two cultures. In the United States that function is assumed (however mistakenly) to reside mainly in the family, with other agencies playing ancillary and auxiliary roles. In the Soviet Union, as one of their prominent educators put it, the family "is an organic part of Soviet society . . . the duty of a father toward his children is a particular form of his duty toward society." Not the family, but the "children's collective" is the main locus of responsibility for child rearing.

The word "collective" is obviously more than an apt label. From the nursery upward, by constant effort and consistent design, the Soviet system emphasizes the individual's duty to the group. Competition is stressed, but to applaud team effort rather than individual performance. A pupil's superior record in mathematics, for example, is praised not because he has distinguished himself but because he adds luster to his school, his class, or his row in the room. Misdeeds are frowned upon not merely as evidence of personal failure but because they let down the "link."

Among the virtues of the American public schools, we used to boast, was their cultivation of patriotism and citizenship. Now, Bronfenbrenner tells us, the chief difference of the Russian schools from ours is their emphasis on *vospitanie,* a term not easily translatable, but meaning approximately "character education" or "upbringing." Its intent is the development of "Communist morality."

While many of the values and virtues promoted in Soviet schools would be as admired in Los Angeles as in Leningrad, there are differences. A poster widely used with Soviet ten-to-fifteen-year-olds illustrating the seventh law of the Pioneers ("A pioneer tells the truth and treasures the honor of his unit") bears the portrait of a now well-known pioneer of an earlier period, one Pavlik Morozov. Pavlik became a national hero and a model for succeeding generations by being martyred. During the rural collectivization era he was put to death by his fellow villagers after he had denounced his own father as a kulak collaborator. Now his statue has become a children's shrine.

One of the strongest elements in the Soviet collective system is the deliberate use of peer group support to reinforce adult values. When Soviet youngsters are compared, as they were in one group of studies, with children raised in England, Switzerland, and America, they were found to be much more concerned than their non-Soviet counterparts with such overt proprieties as cleanliness, orderliness, and good manners. On the other hand, they gave somewhat less weight to telling the truth and seeking intellectual understanding. They reflected, in brief, the relatively homogeneous value structure in which they grew up.

Recently, Soviet psychologists have begun to recognize the difficulties such conformity may obscure. L. I. Novikova, for example, approaching the matter in historical terms, explains that earlier collectives operating under the unavoidable constraints of a developing society were required to establish a groundwork of uniform values, "common concerns and the civic outlook."

"Today," she says, "we have to discover how to create the kind of collective which will assure the most full and many-sided development of each person."

Turning from "The Making of the New Soviet Man" to "The Unmaking of the American Child," Bronfenbrenner compresses his observations and his uneasiness about changing American patterns into a succinct sentence: *"Children used to be brought up by their parents."*

De facto responsibility for child rearing—and control over it—has been progressively relinquished by the American family. What is equally true, but less well recognized, is that neither the responsibility nor the control has been assumed by anybody else. This is not to say that the child-rearing function was ever concentrated wholly in the home. Children have always learned from many teachers, and only some of them have worked in schools. But the difference between the current and earlier scenes is not merely that today's children are denied the learning opportunities once found in shops, stores, farms, and neighbors' homes. What may be more significant is the lack of contact with a variety of competent adults. These are the people who were willing to encourage a youngster to watch, to answer his questions, even to let him lend a hand from time to time. At small cost in effort, organization, or travel time, most young people had available to them a range of "learning experiences" as rich in human values as they were relevant to the real world.

Without anyone's wanting or planning it, this family-centered community of interested adults has largely disappeared as an educational option. Even in school, children typically associate with one teacher, or at most a small group of similarly minded adults and a few dozen classmates all within a year of their own age. We are rapidly becoming a society segregated not only by race and class but also by age. More and more, Bronfenbrenner warns us, the vacuum of influence left as parents and other adults withdraw from children's lives is being filled by the age-segregated peer group.

If one consequence of adult abdication is to encourage reliance on peers, a second is addiction to TV. According to one study Bronfenbrenner cites, the average sixteen-year-old has spent 12,000 to 15,000 hours, or fifteen to twenty

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months of twenty-four-hour days, before the flickering screen. Add the clear evidence of TV's influence on youthful behavior, and the effect is not easily dismissed. "Given the salience of violence in commercial TV, including cartoons especially intended for children, there is every reason to believe," says Bronfenbrenner, "that this mass medium is playing a significant role in creating and maintaining a high level of violence in American society."

The prospects for that society and most particularly for its children are unpleasant to contemplate unless we can develop better ways of socializing new generations. Fortunately, Bronfenbrenner is not content to set out the disturbing details and view them with alarm. What he plows up he seeds over. The most valuable parts of his book are his proposals for institutional reform.

As a good developmental psychologist, he proposes that we begin where we should – at the beginning, with greatly improved programs of prenatal and child care. His premise is irrefutable, and widely ignored in America: "The success of any program to foster the development of children requires as its first ingredient an intact child."

Given that child, he would encourage his development and learning through extensive use of "modeling," the systematic involvement of older children and adults in ways to stimulate and reinforce desired behavior. He would assign even young children real responsibility for tasks designed to serve the interests of a broader group. In social science jargon this is called emphasis upon the "superordinate goal." Less sophisticated old-timers will recognize the familiar notion that a child profits from learning, that the world includes more people than himself, and that to do things for others not only improves the world but can be satisfying as well.

Proceeding "from science to social action," Bronfenbrenner concentrates upon schools and teachers, the function of both of which he would change fundamentally. Schools he would use not as the temporary prisons for children they so often become, but as centers of action, influence, and help for families and communities. Given his way, teachers would move well beyond their traditional roles as instructors to become recruiters and organizers. They would assemble corps of other adults from many sources to serve as models for pupils and as teachers of subjects heretofore seldom included in the curriculum. The implications for teacher education are heavy, for Bronfenbrenner's teacher would be no eager amateur doing publicized good in a ghetto, but someone who knows as much about working with adults as he does about the nurture of infants and small children. He would be a well-prepared, sophisticated professional, of a wholly new breed.

In the recent flow of books on education, among the horrified, the cynical, and the sentimental, *Two Worlds of Childhood* rises as a bright star in a murky sky. Make no mistake, this is one of the important books of this generation, and not because the author is a distinguished psychologist and a knowledgeable student of Russian and American education. Urie Bronfenbrenner is both to be sure, but, beyond professional virtuosity, here is a man who sees through the current chaos to the values and the verities in which our possibilities as a people truly lie. "It is to these," he says, "that we must look if we are to rediscover our moral identity as a society and as a nation."

That, I suggest, is the "new educational strategy" we have been looking for.

John H. Fischer

John H. Fischer is president of Teachers College, Columbia University.

Guides for Students and Adults

Federal Dollars for Scholars, *by Henry Toy, Jr. (NU-TOY, Inc., 1840 Fenwick Street N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, 200 pp., $4.20 paper),* offers the reader a beautifully organized guided tour through the maze of federal programs that provide support for individuals interested in education, research, or training. The 313 programs described range from support for disadvantaged unemployed while they are learning new skills to fellowships for post-doctoral research in medicine. An artfully designed "Program Finder" categorizes programs under four broad headings: 1) Restricted Eligibility (racial and national groups, migrants, veterans, etc.); 2) General Assistance (secondary school, undergraduate, graduate, etc.); 3) Restricted by Field of Study; and 4) Career Opportunities. Each program is described to make clear its purpose, who is eligible, procedure for applying, level of support provided, and number of awards available. Other sections of the volume offer a clear description of the Selective Service system, and a refresher course in the organization of the federal government, with special emphasis on those agencies that sponsor programs for the education and training of individuals. Altogether, *Federal Dollars for Scholars* should prove enormously helpful to a wide range of students and adults.

College Programs for High School Students, Summer 1970 *(Directory Publishers Co., Hillsdale, New Jersey 07642, 195 pp., $7 paper)* offers bright high school students and their parents positive help in planning for fruitful summer activity. The guide describes 425 programs that will be offered during the summer of 1970 by 258 colleges and universities in forty-nine states. The programs range from short sessions, lasting only a few days, to those that continue for ten weeks. They cover virtually the whole spectrum of arts and sciences—some offer academic credit, others only the opportunity to sharpen already well-developed skills or the chance to explore new fields of interest. Nearly all provide a preview of college life that will be valuable to many students.

THE FIVE VOLUMES that make up the **Career Opportunities Series** *(J. G. Ferguson, distributed by Doubleday, $11.95 each)* offer unusually attractive and helpful guidance information for prospective two-year college students and their counselors. Each of the five volumes treats a different occupational area: *Engineering Technicians,* edited by Walter J. Brooking (386 pp.); *Agricultural, Forestry, and Oceanographic Technicians,* edited by Howard Sidney (344 pp.); *Marketing, Business, and Office Specialists,* edited by Garland D. Wiggs (393 pp.); *Medical and Allied Health Specialists,* edited by Robert Kinsinger (386 pp.); and *Community Service and Education Specialists* (308 pp.). Individual chapters in each volume treat occupational specialties within the broad fields, presenting information about job opportunities, the nature of job activities, educational requirements, a typical curriculum, and a listing of the two-year colleges in the country offering training in each special field. The volumes are profusely illustrated with on-the-job illustrations that help students to visualize the nature and environment of different occupations. Both counselors and students should find that these volumes help to fill a long-felt need for career information. A special price of $8.95 per volume is offered to schools and libraries. —J. C.

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New Books

Education and Jobs: The Great Training Robbery, *by Ivar Berg (Praeger, for the Center for Urban Education, 200 pp., $7.50),* challenges the commonplace assumption that education necessarily enhances a worker's ability to get the job done. Described by Eli Ginzberg as skeptic, sociologist, and student of manpower, Professor Berg lives up to each attribute in a penetrating analysis of blue- and white-collar occupations. In part supporting his skepticism regarding economic orthodoxies concerning education's dollar value is his observation that "deterioration of urban education has been unaffected by the rising educational credentials of teachers." This and other surprising conclusions about reliable indicators of the connection between training and performance render *Education and Jobs* one of today's most original statements on the topic.

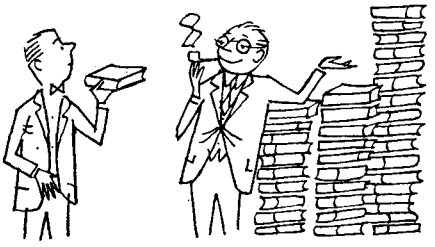
Talking to Children About Sex, *by Edna Lehman (Harper and Row, 235 pp., $4.95),* reminds one that, despite an alleged sex revolution, parents and teachers had better arm themselves with truthful answers to age-old questions. Arranged around hypothetical dialogues, the book proposes a straightforward response to sex curiosity marking the lives of youngsters from infancy through preadolescence. This is a no-nonsense book that reflects a demanding middle-class morality. Nonetheless, it should appeal to anybody who ever fielded that innocent bombshell of a question about human anatomy, human origins, or human behavior.

Social Foundations of Urban Education, *by Harry L. Miller and Roger R. Woock (The Dryden Press, Inc., 433 pp., $6.95),* comes modestly priced and richly informative. Balanced about social and economic factors influencing city schools on the one hand and the schools' manifold communities on the other, this splendid work stresses such concepts as poverty, urbanism, family structure, and prejudice. Miller and Woock have written a broad, imaginative, impeccably documented book. Their presentation of such key sources as the Coleman report, their selective use of tabular and graphic statistics, and their attention to such controversies as that surrounding Arthur R. Jensen's recent contentions concerning genetics and IQ make for a noteworthy contribution to the literature. Wide readership awaits this title.

The Battle for Morningside Heights: Why Students Rebel, *by Roger Kahn (William Morrow and Company, 254 pp., $6.95),* is a new interpretation complementing Jerry L. Avorn's earlier *Up Against the Ivy Wall.* Kahn is a gifted journalist. His narrative of events leading through Columbia's big bust to President Kirk's resignation, his colorful descriptive passages, and his striking dialogues capture the spirit of a university uprising. Especially arresting is Kahn's careful distinction between such immediate gains as an abandoned gymnasium or severed relations with the Institute for Defense Analyses, and the atmosphere of business-as-usual currently enveloping Columbia. His conclusion that Morningside's battle will continue as a national phenomenon appears amply justified at the nation's campuses, conventions, and courtrooms.

A Diabolical Dictionary of Education, *by Richard Armour (World Publishing Company, 141 pp., $4.95),* guides you through the maze of educational terminology by employing irreverent definitions from "A" (the highest grade) to "Z" (Zoanthropy: the delusion of having been changed into an animal). If you have dipped into Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary* lately, you'll recognize Armour's literary kinship. In short, there is more here than mere wit. There is as well a forthright criticism of a profession stubbornly bent on achieving maximum misunderstanding. "Educationally illustrated" by Henry Syverson, this devilish lexicon will doubtless needle some of us to set higher standards of precision and clarity.

Schools Can Change, *by Cynthia Parsons (Stirling Institute Press, 118 pp., $5.35),* arrives complete with that proofreader's nightmare, the "foreward." No matter. Those handwritten headings are always tricky. Besides, beyond the *foreword,* Miss Parsons produces some inspiring, rapid-fire advice. She attacks such myths as "it costs money to innovate." She castigates textbook publishers bent on worldly gain. She praises Leicestershire's educational dynamism, Ontario's Hall-Dennis report, and Syracuse's Madison Project. Her book is full of children and teachers and principals working to improve the quality of children's lives. There are no pat solutions here. But there's enthusiasm and optimism. Systems analysts take note that the critical input is compassion.



Education in the History of Western Civilization: Selected Readings, *by Frederick M. Binder (Macmillan Company, 390 pp., $4.95),* proffers a traditional collection of excerpts from Homer's Greece to Hitler's Germany. Like Robert Ulich's classic *Three Thousand Years of Educational Wisdom,* Professor Binder's book points to the identity of education with what Ulich called "total cultural evolution." A chapter on education in a technological age rounds out this quite useful presentation of primary sources.

Value Change and Power Conflict in Higher Education, *edited by W. John Minter and Patricia O. Snyder (Center for Research and Development in Higher Education, University of California, and Western Interstate Commission for Higher Education, 128 pp., $3.50),* presents papers of the Eleventh Annual College and University Self-Study Institute. Here is exceptional breadth of opinion, from Chancellor John D. Millett's assumption that only a minority of students hold today's society as worthless to student Susan S. Lloyd-Jones's cry "join us!" to improve "a social order that is vicious, racist, warlike, authoritarian, immoral, and incompetent." This is an excellently organized book that gives a good sense of the institute's lively exchanges on value patterns, the public interest, student and minority concerns, and administrative preoccupations. Professor Henry David Aiken asks, "How late is it?" It is, he concludes, very late if universities are to serve their wider constituencies. A vital book well worth close attention.

The Acquisition of Syntax in Children from 5 to 10, *by Carol Chomsky (The MIT Press, 126 pp., $5.95),* probes some ways in which a child's full grasp of adult language constructions awaits his tenth year, not his fifth, as is frequently assumed to be the case. Carrying out careful initial research at the Davis School, Newton, Massachusetts, Dr. Chomsky concluded that such experimentation promotes better general understanding of language complexity. Conceptually elegant, methodologically thorough, this crisp study adds significantly to the best writings on early childhood education. —JOHN CALAM.

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Vermont Schools

Continued from page 65

board, and occasional expense money. There is no tuition for students.

Ironically although the school isn't the Plymouth, the car seems to be its central symbol. Particularly in the long, bitter winter, the daily twenty-two-mile commute between the farm and city quarters is a continuing struggle with ailing vehicles, gas, and repair bills. In addition, the school has traveled more than 10,000 miles by car on trips this year. As members of the school community (three of the kids serve as trustees), the students are part of the effort that goes into keeping everything in motion. Asked what project he would like to take on next, a student replied: "Get the bus fixed." Real transportation problems become educational experiences. The students went comparison-shopping for a new school car, and then visited the bank to decide on the best financing plan—a full day's math lesson.

"The kids are turned on to doing anything with their hands," a teacher said. "Abstract concepts don't make it but then they don't make it with any kids. They're turned off to anything that looks like education. We have to make it fun. We do a lot in art, and now one kid is digging electronics."

Perhaps more than anything else, the kids are turned on by Indians. The interest began first through Buffy Sainte-Marie records, and then by a newspaper account of a protest by St. Regis Mohawks on the U.S.-Canadian border. With no advance notice, the group drove up to the reservation and were given a full welcome, with dances, by the Mohawks. Since then, they've traded visits regularly, and recently several of their Indian friends came to Burlington for the weekend as the main attraction in an Indian festival at a local junior high school.

Shaker Mountain students receive scholastic accreditation through the state's equivalency program. Last year Vermont requested that the students take standardized reading tests at the beginning and close of the term. The students averaged a 2.1-year increase in reading ability over the period. Mintz is not particularly proud of the gain. "You can't test the most important changes."

In January, Mintz received an achievement award from the Governor's Committee on Children and Youth. The community seems pleased that because of Shaker Mountain there are fewer kids "in trouble" these days in Burlington. But whether or not the public schools will be able to come to terms with the Shaker Mountain kids in the future, no one can now predict.

A block down Church Street from Shaker Mountain is a trip to a different world: the BEAM School, an alternative for the kids for whom the public schools are ostensibly designed. The paneled walls of the second-floor offices, across from City Hall, are covered with announcements, statements, questions. A poster asks: "What is BEAM School?" And answers: "Democratic. Individual. Ageless. Fun. Community. Noncompulsory. Organic." BEAM is for the verbal.

In a small room a cluster of teenagers—some of high school age, some younger—are dissecting the *Communist Manifesto* in a seminar on Marxism. "How could it ever work with people?" one asks. "How could he ever have so much faith in people?" In another room, twenty students and a few adults gather for a meeting of the education class. The Vermont education law is up for revision, and a fifteen-year-old girl discusses potential changes in statutes, and explains the procedures by which BEAM members will testify before a legislative committee the following day. "God, that's really important," someone breaks in. "Why didn't I know about this?"

BEAM is the hangout, the after-school school for the kids born to succeed in the school system. The children of the university professors, the professionals, the middle class. The students who always swim through the grades, thrive on books and competition, and—until recently—have made everyone feel good about the public schools.

The school is the child of an older experiment with which it shares its offices, the Burlington Ecumenical Action Ministry. Big BEAM—as the kids call it—is supported on an inter-faith basis, spawns task forces on social concerns within the community, and is headed by the Reverend William H. Hollister. He came to Burlington out of seminary fifteen years ago to build a new Presbyterian church. Instead, he established a unique city-wide congregation that gets tough about social problems and celebrates at "festivals" once a month in a converted TV studio. (A typical member of his congregation told Hollister: "I don't believe in God, but there's a spirit around here that's really great.") Somewhere along the way, the need for a church building was forgotten.

A year ago, BEAM's education task group, sensing something in the wind, called in a group of bright, articulate kids to talk about their attitudes toward school. The open sessions, which sometimes included the long-time chairman of the Burlington school board, revealed a lot: "What I don't want to know I can be taught for years and not learn." "School does not provide the experience in the community to get you involved in life." "School is turning people off. If that's education, thanks, but no thanks." Then the kids dreamed out loud about the kind of school they'd like, if they had a choice.

Out of these sessions grew the concept of the BEAM School. It would be democratic. ("Kids and grown-ups on same level. Caste system done away with. Everyone will help everyone else. Yeah!" a journal notes.) It would use the community, the "real world," as its classroom. And everyone would learn as an individual, moving in his own direction.

The group (kids and adults) thrashed through the practical problems of developing the school through the spring and summer. There would be no teachers, the kids decided, just "enablers," adults who would guide the learning and administer the programs. They interviewed candidates for the job. "It was a terrifying experience," recalls Sally Smith, one of two full-time enablers. "For fifteen minutes the kids told me what the school would be like. Then they set up problem situations and listened critically as I explained how I'd handle them."

In operation since September as an independent supplement to the public schools, BEAM School has thirty kids and adults who make up its core group, another thirty who float in and out. At first, projects emphasized social service to the community, through VISTA, OEO, and the Visiting Nurses Association. Since that time, "the kids have learned they're not as dedicated to saving the world as they talked," Sally Smith said. "They realize they're

WIT TWISTER #160

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The mad old king, with age and anger fraught,
— — — — — — — the days
when he was young and bold,
— — — — — — — his — — —
— — — — retinue for naught,
And shouts for — — — — —
— — to bring more gold.

—MRS. OLETA KORESKI,
Sunnyvale, Calif.

(*Answer on page 82*)

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more selfish than they thought, that they need things for themselves." Much of the rhetoric used in BEAM's development has disappeared as the kids have had the responsibility for "building" their own school. But the process goes on, and everyone learns. "It's important for them to be free to make the mistakes that come with power," said Dr. Joan Babbott, a BEAM School founder.

Arts projects have grown very popular at BEAM, and the school is even "limping into" academic courses, for which a few students receive credit at the high school. But what is most significant about BEAM School is not so much the projects, which run from blacksmithing to black studies, but the tension it creates with the public schools, and the somewhat unnerving questions it asks of the community. What turns kids on at BEAM, and turns them off at the high school with its array of courses, clubs, activities? Why are these kids here? What are they saying?

The former football star who dropped out of "that scene," let his hair grow long, and became critical of a school system that's "clearly not doing what it's supposed to do for kids, by any standard." The fresh-faced fellow from Rice Memorial, Burlington's Catholic high school, who's figured out that the main goal of his school is "to teach people to conform," and who likes the feeling of "being himself" at BEAM. The girl who said: "The world is real and all around us, if we can see it. Before BEAM, I had been learning within four walls, and the world was outside. The BEAM School has opened my eyes to the world just outside the door that I could not quite open by myself." They are hopeful, moderate kids who call themselves "liberals"; who explain that the school system, whatever its shortcomings, "has a hard job on its hands"; and who agonized over whether to cut a math test to attend a Vietnam Moratorium Day rally. (Most didn't.)

Because of their mutual financial problems, both BEAM and Shaker Mountain are being forced to think hard about their futures. At a BEAM meeting in January, the kids confronted Howard Goodrich, associate superintendent of schools, with the ways BEAM might receive public funding. (It's not uncommon for a representative of "the system" to show up at BEAM strategy sessions.) He seemed pessimistic about the possibilities. Since then, there's been a change of heart. Goodrich is now proposing that BEAM and Shaker Mountain live under the same roof in an old, vacant school building outside of Burlington, and become a community school under ESEA Title III funds obtained through the school systems. BEAM would undertake full-time schooling for some participants, and would be required to impose greater structure on itself to meet minimal state and local demands. The community school, as outlined by Mark Smith, a BEAM enabler, would draw heavily on community resources, use a tutorial group as a working unit, and maintain the democratic practices begun in BEAM and Shaker Mountain. Such a proposal, which would ally the two experiments with the system, does not smack so strongly of co-optation in Burlington as it might elsewhere. In Burlington, the Establishment is still a nice guy, reasonable, and likable. "I'm one of you," Goodrich tells the BEAM kids. They look quizzical, half-believing him, half not.

Perhaps Shaker Mountain and BEAM can become an annex of the system without losing their vitality, perhaps they can remain a force for change inside them as well as out. But if ASPIRE dies, and Shaker Mountain and BEAM are subsumed into the school system, there are still people in Burlington uncomfortable enough with the status quo to try something else, something new. Play your hunches for all they're worth. Take the risks. Learning is an adventure, remember? The kids get the message.

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The Skill of Relevance

Continued from page 68

faces of relevance, that there be a very basic change in pedagogical practice along the following lines:

First, education must no longer strike an exclusive posture of neutrality and objectivity. Knowledge, we know now as never before, is power. This does not mean that there are not canons of truth or that the idea of proof is not a precious one. Rather, let knowledge as it appears in our schooling be put into the context of action and commitment. The lawyer's brief, a parliamentary strategy, or a town planner's subtle balancings are as humanly important a way of knowing as a physicist's theorem. Gathering together the data for the indictment of a society that tolerates, in the United States, the ninth rank in infant mortality when it ranks first in gross national product—this is not an exercise in radical invective but in the mobilizing of knowledge in the interest of conviction that change is imperative. Let the skills of problem solving be given a chance to develop on problems that have an inherent passion—whether racism, crimes in the street, pollution, war and aggression, or marriage and the family.

Second, education must concentrate more on the unknown and the speculative, using the known and established as a basis for extrapolation. This will create two problems immediately. One is that the shift in emphasis will shake the traditional role of the teacher as the one who knows, contrasting with the student who does not. The other is that, in any body of men who use their minds at all, one usually gets a sharp division between what my friend Joseph Agassis calls "knowers" and "seekers." Knowers are valuers of firm declarative statements about the state of things. Seekers regard such statements as invitations to speculation and doubt. The two groups often deplore each other. Just as surely as authority will not easily be given up by teachers, so too will knowers resist the threatening speculations of seekers. Revolution does have difficulties.

With respect to encouraging speculative extrapolation, I would particularly want to concentrate on "subjects" or "disciplines" that have a plainly visible growing edge, particularly the life sciences and the human sciences: human and behavioral biology, politics, economics, sociology, and psychology organized around problems, solutions to which are not clearly known. The reward for working one's way through the known is to find a new question on the other side, formulated in a new way. Let it be plain that inquiry of this

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kind can be made not just through "the social sciences" but equally via the arts, literature, and philosophy, as well as by the syntactical sciences of logic and mathematical analysis.

Third, share the process of education with the learner. There are few things so exciting as sensing where one is trying to go, what one is trying to get hold of, and then making progress toward it. The reward of mastering something is the mastery, not the assurance that some day you will make more money or have more prestige. There must be a system of counseling that assures better than now that the learner knows what he is up to and that he has some hand in choosing the goal. This may be raising the specter of totally individualized instruction. But learning *is* individual, no matter how many pupils there are per teacher. I am only urging that in the organization of curricula, units, and lessons there be option provided as to how a student sets his goal for learning.

Fourth and finally, I would like to propose that as a transition we divide the curriculum into a Monday-Wednesday-Friday section that continues during the transition to work with what has been best in our school curricula up to this point, and a Tuesday-Thursday curriculum that is as experimental as we care to make it—seminars, political analyses, the development of position papers on school problems, "problem-finding" in the local community, you name it. Let it be as controversial as needs be. We are lacking diversity in experiment, and can afford controversy in order to get it. Tuesday and Thursday need be no respecter of conventional teaching qualification. Indeed it might provide the proper occasion for bringing outsiders into the school and "hooking" them with its challenge. I would also want to bring to the school (or to its pupils on visit) other than the conventional media of learning—film, political debate, and the carrying out of plans of action, all to be subject to scrutiny, discussion, and criticism.

I am no innocent to matters of schooling and the conduct of instructional enterprises. What I am proposing involves a vast change in our thinking about schools, about growth, about the assumption of responsibility in the technological world as we know it. I have wanted to highlight the role of intention and goal-directedness in learning and the acquisition of knowledge, the conversion of skill into the management of one's own enterprises. The objective is to produce skill in our citizens, skill in the achieving of goals of personal significance, and of assuring a society in which personal significance can still be possible.

What's Left?

Continued from page 71

applied to management consultant Alan Lakein's idea that "there is always enough time for the important things," and the corollary that "you always do what at the time you consider the most important thing." By constantly making the transition between the process in the larger society as part of group dynamics and as part of the students' inner economy, we hoped to make it a very powerful and personal part of their conscious abilities.

The three different sources of interest in process education—the desires to handle the knowledge explosion, to learn from the logical precision of the computer, and to respond more powerfully to the immediate concerns of kids—have produced curriculum projects with a variety of characteristics. But all of them attempt to define in an explicit fashion the processes they think are important, and then to teach them in what turns out to be a remarkably similar manner. Once the process is explicit, the students step aside to analyze it (most projects report difficulty handling this transition) and then apply it to new areas so that it becomes flexible and internalized.

There is a common faith among process educators that this methodology can in fact teach important processes so that they will be used appropriately in the student's future life. Their faith is backed by personal experience and by such research as that of Crutchfield on *The Productive Thinking Program.* This evidence is as good as that of any other curriculum project, but it is on the basis of such paper-and-pencil tests that educators have fooled themselves into thinking that Latin and geometry trained an organized mind, or English a humane one. In a like manner, students may be regurgitating process knowledge in a test context, but not using it in the real one—the result found in research on the Harvard Project Social Studies' attempt to teach students the basic processes of productive discussion. While some processes can be learned quickly, it is becoming increasingly evident that many take a great deal of time and effort to learn well enough to be used spontaneously and flexibly in an appropriate out-of-school situation. Given the process educator's hope for long-term transfer of the processes he teaches, the only significant test of his work is to find out whether knowing the process helps the student at some future real life place and time. Such research presents practical and methodological difficulties that have been a major obstacle to

A Photographic Study of John Knowles' ***A SEPARATE PEACE***

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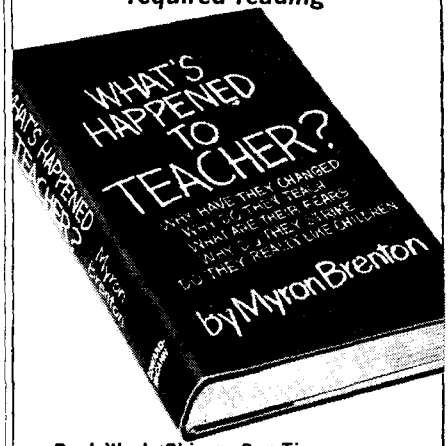

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producing evidence that process educators themselves will accept as conclusive.

When man isolated some of the basic processes that governed the physical world, he discovered tools that allowed him to control his environment. He was no longer operating by accident or magic; he knew what he was doing. Gradually, the whirling world of mental experience is being described by similar process generalizations, primarily through analogy with the computer. Although these processes are clearly useful, many are still rough, unsystematized, and awkward. One of the jobs ahead is to increase their power by further definition and systematization, by increasing their simplicity. Then, as students learn the specific content of a changing world, they can also become more aware of the elemental processes they are using, and develop the idiosyncratic variations that turn abstractions into personal style.

The power of isolating basic processes suggests that, when a student learns processes defined by the teacher, he should also become *conscious* of his own logical and psychological operations. Consciousness gives the student the power over his own mind, for with it he not only knows what he is doing—he knows that he knows. Such self-awareness is the foundation of an "educated mind." It helps a student examine the modes of behavior learned implicitly from parents and friends, or explicitly from process teachers, determining for himself what processes are to form the daily data of his life. In a process education, the student himself is clearly the most important content, and his own consciousness the most important teacher.

Process education is a different kind of education from what most of us experienced, for we grew up in a system that forced us to learn what it taught, but rarely helped us learn what was happening in ourselves. As a result, we have come to believe that learning how to learn, or how to think, or how to be is either impossible or accidental. Our attitude is revealed, as one of the Philadelphia project teachers once pointed out, in the common lament, "I only wish I knew then what I know now." "What we know now" usually refers to a set of simple processes that we have had to learn through painful trial and error. We speak of our knowledge with sadness, because we do not really believe that we could have been spared the pain of accidental learning; we do not believe that schools *could* have helped us learn how consciously to build new processes for coping with ourselves, our society, and our environment. But all things change.

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Book Publishing

Continued from page 21

fessional responsibility. Thus again did progress and prosperity go hand in hand.

The curious phenomenon that helped to produce in the 1960s an inordinate increase of scientific and technical books had a powerful effect on publishing through many years; I have called this, by analogy, the "twigging phenomenon." It can best be described as the continual furcation and fractionation of scientific and technical knowledge, and, hence, of the subject matter of books in these fields. Naturally, this endless fractionation has resulted in the publication each year of hundreds of highly specialized books for groups of readers that are no larger today than they were ten or twenty years ago, despite the fact that our total population of scientists and engineers has almost quadrupled in the past two decades. The specialists need and write books on proliferated and refined subjects; the technical publisher who properly serves his clientele must, of course, publish them in proliferated numbers.

In my analogy, the subjects of such books represent the twigs on the tree of scientific and technical knowledge. Although the tree itself is perhaps five times as big as it was twenty years ago, the twigs are still the same size—and so are the markets for the specialized books. This phenomenon explains in large part why publishers of scientific and technical books have had to scramble to keep up with their markets, and why these particular markets have so readily absorbed the greatly escalated numbers of new titles published in the past decade.

Finally, another, but not so subtle, phenomenon that worked with force on the book industry in the 1960s was the wide impulse for corporate mergers and for related marriages, in some instances, between the electronics industry and book publishing. Many of the mergers were impelled by "cross-media" marriages, and all the latter were inspired by rationalized dreams of synergistically induced extra-dividend happiness. The industrial giants (hardware grooms) happily took to wife many carefully selected bedmates among the available book firms (software brides). "We have the hardware, they have the software," General Sarnoff is reported to have said when RCA acquired Random House in 1965.

Then what happened? It is, of course, too early to say for sure, but two things now seem quite obvious to insiders.

First, the hardware-software marriages, though widely celebrated in the press and greatly feared by many in

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the book industry, have been tried and found wanting. The synergistic effect has not come off as expected; to date, the unions have been disappointingly unproductive of profitable hybrids. Clearly, computers and books have not mixed so readily and effectively as many people believed they would. Consequently, some high-powered grooms already have been heard to grumble about their brides, many of which were bought at quite fancy prices. At the same time, many relatively low-powered book publishers have unexpectedly been enjoying life as millionaires. Thus, by the end of the decade, the miscegenetic marriages were rapidly going out of style. Maybe we shall see some annulments or spin-off divorces in the 1970s. Even so, many publishing houses will have been provided, meanwhile, with more adequate working capital and more progressive management.

Second, the many mergers and cross-media marriages have not resulted, as widely supposed, in a baneful concentration of book publishing in the hands of a few large and powerful corporate complexes and conglomerates. To be sure, many independent houses, both large and small, have become operating units in a wide variety of much larger corporate structures. But, at the same time, many new and growing firms have come along to take their places in the ranks of the independents. In fact, contrary to popular belief, these ranks have been more than filled every year. Actually, there were more independent book houses in the United States at the end than at the beginning of the 1960s, just as there were more at the end than at the beginning of the 1950s. Anyone who doubts this statement can be self-convinced by counting the number of independent firms listed in *Literary Market Place* (Bowker's annual guide to book publishing) for certain years. He will find that there were 508 in 1949; 638 in 1959; and 675 in 1969.

No, the book industry is not about to be gobbled up or monopolized by a few large and sinister industrial octopuses —not, at least, for some time to come.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 77: relives, reviles, servile, leviers.

Table I: Books Published Annually—by Subject

Literary Books	*1929*	*1939*	*1949*	*1959*	*1969*
Biography	738	628	595	776	1,161
Fiction	2,142	1,547	1,644	2,437	2,717
General Literature	572	584	535	836	724
Poetry & Drama	727	657	574	499	1,254
	4,179	3,416	3,348	4,548	5,856
	(Increase 1969 over 1929: 1,677 titles, or 40.1 per cent.)				
Nonliterary Books					
Agriculture	82	129	191	129	260
Business	213	357	306	422	683
Education	317	315	254	417	842
Sports & Games	130	219	235	259	734
Home Economics	53	148	263	181	314
Law	116	160	267	302	525
Medicine	402	431	450	590	1,190
Sociology & Economics	484	854	548	625	4,462
Science	424	523	676	1,033	2,353
Technology	359	461	455	736	1,035
	2,580	3,597	3,645	4,694	12,398
	(Increase 1969 over 1929: 9,818 titles, or 380.5 per cent.)				

Table II: Comparative Growth Figures

	Number of Titles Published Annually	*Value of Book Sales* ($ Million)*	*Value of U.S. GNP* ($ Billion)*	*Number of College Graduates (Million)*
1929	10,187	$ 199	$ 104.4	1.7
1939	10,640	178	108.7	3.4
1949	10,892	NA	167.9	5.3
1959	14,876	675	244.3	8.3
1969	29,579	1,290	368.3	13.8
1969 over 1929 Actual		190 per cent		712 per cent
1969 over 1929 Adjusted		548 per cent	253 per cent	

*Stated in 1929 dollars

Books for Young People

Continued from page 37

taining account of the devoted amateurs who rob tombs in Italy, several dramatic stories of forgery and detection, and two chapters on underwater archeology. The writing is smooth and competent, the photographs excellent. Ages 12 up.

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(Continued on page 84)

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(Continued from page 83)

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(Continued on page 86)

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(Continued from page 85)

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(Continued on page 88)

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(Continued from page 87)

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SOUTH AMERICA nontourist teen trip. 7 weeks, $810. Peru, Ecuador. Hiking, canoeing, hidden Incan ruins, Amazon tributary, Andean mountain villages, palm-lined Pacific beaches. Free information. MNYC, American Youth Hostels, Rochester, Vermont 05767.

EXPO '70 $450 jet round trip Paris-Osaka via Moscow, Siberia. Price includes 5 days all expenses in USSR. NYC-Paris round trip available $239 up. 201-757-5122 evenings. Box T-980.

MEXICO: Meet-the People Tour. Six weeks beginning June 22nd. $135. Limited enrollment; experienced guide. Details, application: $1.00. Infocus, Box 6356, Carmel, California 93921.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1880

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Irish political leader 1856-1918), supporter of Parnell	7 33 68 81 104 118 134
B. Bodily, external	136 154 160 187 2 30 110
C. Its capital is Bridgetown	85 119 146 100 139 168 191 198
D. Reason earnestly in order to dissuade someone	49 94 115 129 166 173 14 43 64 79 90
E. Director of "Open City" and "Paisan"	157 159 170 184 193 16 75 88 97 116
F. Educated	150 188 86 120 123 137
G. Baubles	180 186 21 27 37 127 46
H. Slandering	112 13 126 142 1 9 41 58
I. Place of which Clym Yeobright is a native in "The Return of the Native" (2 wds.)	62 77 147 34 52 103 121 4 13 25
J. Detestable acts	39 57 70 72 44 78 93 114
K. Frequent choice in a multiple-choice exam (4 wds.)	190 40 89 96 131 143 175 5 67 82 106 53 140 152
L. Shielding	32 76 144 162 182 23 45 194 99
M. Resort town NW of Kingston, Jamaica (2 wds.)	145 12 28 60 65 80 108 38

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Folded, bent back on itself	48 84 95 107 124 130 6 20 141
O. Objects or ideas eliciting unquestioning reverence	17 111 3 26 50 55 125 87
P. Informs	167 196 133 172 29 176 47 148 10 91
Q. Greek nature-goddess, mother of Zeus, Poseidon, etc.	61 161 169 11
R. Personification of the sea in classical mythology	54 185 18 153 42 51 73 15
S. Progress	128 174 197 183 164 22 158
T. Civil order under good laws	179 156 135 69 63 200
U. He defeated Hannibal at Zama	92 35 165 171 8 109
V. To a precise degree	199 195 163 71 177 19 192 178 101
W. Ionian island, home of Odysseus	56 83 138 24 36 31
X. Summer resort of Devonshire, England	181 155 59 117 132 105 151
Y. Nebbish, drip; bumbler, esp. in the army (2 wds.)	98 102 149 189 74 122 65

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

					1 H	2 B	3 O	4 I		5 K	6 N	7 A	8 U		9 H	10 P			
11 Q	12 M	13 I	14 D	15 R	16 E		17 O	18 R	19 V	20 N		21 G	22 S	23 L		24 W			
25 I	26 O	27 G	28 M	_	29 P	30 B	31 W	32 L	33 A		34 I	35 U	36 W	37 G	38 M	39 J	40 K		
41 H	42 R	43 D		44 J	45 L	46 G	47 P	48 N	49 D	50 O	51 R		52 I	53 K	54 R	55 O	56 W		
57 J	58 H		59 X	60 M	61 Q	62 I		63 T	64 D	65 M	66 Y	67 K	68 A		69 T	70 J	71 V		
	72 J	73 R		74 Y		75 E	76 L	77 I	78 J	79 D	80 M	81 A	82 K	83 W	84 N		85 C		
86 F	87 O	88 E	89 K	90 D	91 P	92 U		93 J	94 D	95 N	96 K	97 E	98 Y	99 L		100 C	101 V		
	102 Y		103 I	104 A	105 X	_	106 K	107 N	108 M	109 U	110 B	111 O	112 H		113 H	114 J	115 D		
116 E	117 X	118 A	119 C	120 F	121 I		122 Y	123 F	124 N	125 O	126 H		127 G	128 S	129 D		130 N		
131 K	132 X	133 P	134 A		135 T	136 B	137 F		138 W	139 C	140 K	141 N		142 H	143 K	144 L	145 M		
146 C	147 I	148 P	149 Y		150 F	151 X	152 K		153 R	154 B	155 X	156 T	157 E	158 S		159 E	160 B		
161 Q	162 L	163 V	164 S	165 U	166 D	167 P		168 C	169 Q	170 E	171 U	172 P	173 D	174 S		175 K	176 P		
177 V		178 V	179 T	180 G	181 X	182 L	183 S		184 E	185 R	186 G		187 B	188 F	189 Y		190 K		
191 C	192 V		193 E	194 L	195 V	196 P		197 S		198 C	199 V	200 T							

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 17 of this issue.

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COMING SOON: THE LITTLE CAR THAT DOES EVERY-THING WELL.

Late this summer, Chevrolet will bring out a new little car.

Truly new.

And truly little.

Who needs it, you ask?

Fair question. There's already a bunch of little cars on the market. And a few of them, we'll reluctantly admit, aren't half bad. We'll also admit that they all leave a little something to be desired.

Everything? Everything.

Our little car, which we're still finding ways to improve, will leave nothing to be desired.

Its talents will be impressive.

For instance, in our own highway tests, our new mini has been traveling almost as far on a quart of gas as some cars go on a gallon.

Yet the car moves like a rabbit.

Front disc brakes will stop you emphatically.

It is uncommonly steady in cross-winds.

Nimble and easy to park.

Simple and easy to fix.

And strong. Strong body, strong chassis, strong engine, strong everything.

The inside isn't fancy. But it sure isn't plain. And there's room in there for four full-grown people. (Or, two full-grown people and three or four semi-grown people.)

All that, and considerably more, for the same kind of money people have been paying for ordinary everyday little cars.

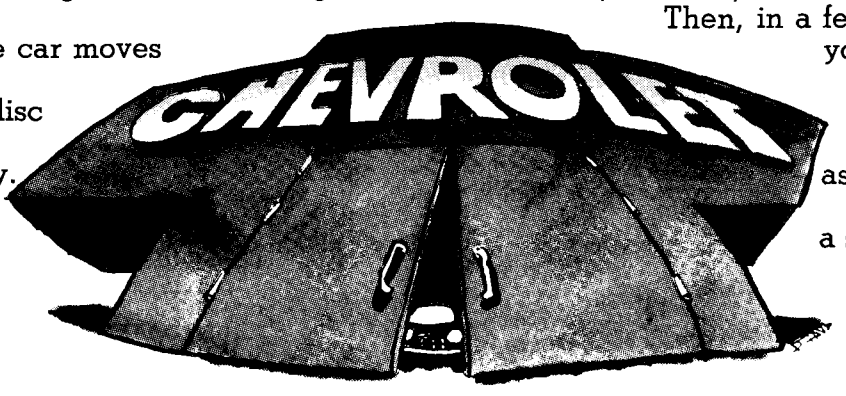
We wouldn't blame you for being skeptical. The car does indeed sound too good to be true.

To be continued.

Bear with us. Read our future ads, in which we'll get progressively specific with facts, features, dimensions, statistics.

Then, in a few months, we'll hit you with the biggest little persuader of them all: the car itself. Four of them as a matter of fact.

A sedan, a coupe, a station wagon. And even a little panel truck.



You'll see.

CHEVROLET

GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

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12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

If one of your guests brings Chivas for the party, remember.....it's for the party.

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